

ACT ONE

SCENE ONE

INT. GRACE'S OFFICE --- AFTERNOON

KAREN IS AT DESK FILING HER NAILS, DRINKING MARTINI.
GRACE IS WEARING A LOOSE-FITTING SUNDRESS-TYPE OUTFIT
AND PUTTERING AROUND WITH SWATCHES OF FABRIC.

KAREN

Grace, honey, I've got a benefits
question for you. Does working here
make you eligible for maternity leave?

GRACE

Karen? Oh my God! Karen! Sweetie,
you're having a baby?

KAREN

No. But I saw you waddling around in
that outfit you got there and thought
you might be.

GRACE

What? This doesn't make me look
pregnant does it?

KAREN

Like you flunked the third trimester
and had to repeat.

GRACE

I wondered why that guy on the subway
gave up his seat for me.

KAREN

The subway? Oh Grace.

GRACE

What? You got a problem with public transportation?

KAREN

For starters, the public?

(looking for something on desk)

Oh hey, have you seen my dolls laying around here?

GRACE

Dolls?

KAREN

You know, mother's little helpers? Happy pills?

GRACE

Karen, I don't think you should be taking anything that could impair your work. Ooh, irony alert.

KAREN

(searching under desk)

Relax. They aren't for work. Well, not usually. Mostly I just slip 'em in Stan's drink on those nights he wants to sleep over in my wing. And if that doesn't work I just slip 'em in my drink. Ha Ha!

GRACE

Have you ever tried to quit?

KAREN

I would if Stan would. Damn that
Viagra!

GRACE

Well, I haven't seen your "dolls."
I'd tell you to retrace your steps,
but I'm sure you've already checked
the mini-bar.

KAREN

Where can my babies be?

(rifling through wastebasket)

Oh bother. Looks like I'll have to
call Dr. Bose for a new prescription.

(she hits speed dial)

He is the absolute best. Complete
incompetent. Last year I told him I
was taking up riding at the club and
he wrote out a prescription for horse
tranquilizers! Its hard to find doctors
like that in this day and age. I tell
you, HMO's are just ruining this
country.

GRACE ISN'T REALLY LISTENING. SHE HAS GROWN
FASCINATED BY THE IDEA THAT HER DRESS MAKES HER
LOOK PREGNANT AND SHE'S EXPERIMENTING BY STUFFING A
THROW PILLOW DOWN HER FRONT.

KAREN (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Yes I'll hold.

(MORE)

KAREN (CONT'D)

(to Grace)

Honey, while I'm at it, anything you need for your medicine cabinet?

GRACE

No thanks. I'm high on life.

KAREN

Yeah, you're high on something.

(waving at dress and throw
pillow stomach)

But remember, you're medicating for two now. Hello, Stella?

(into phone)

Hiya. Its Mrs. Walker. I need Dr. Bose to phone in a scrip for my dolls. Just the standing order. Oh hey, maybe he can throw in some of the little green ones, they're kinda kicky. What? Oh my God.

(hangs up phone)

Oh sweet criminy.

GRACE

(noticing KAREN's anxiety)

Karen, what's wrong?

KAREN

Dr. Bose. He's been indicted for writing illegal prescriptions.

ACT ONE

SCENE TWO

INT. WILL'S OFFICE - DAY

WILL HAS HIS HEAD IN BOOKS AT DESK. JACK ENTERS IN A HUFF, TURNS AND YELLS AT OFFSCREEN RECEPTIONIST.

JACK

Oh, I think he'll see me all right.
You hassle me one more time and I'll
have your job.

(slams door, addresses WILL)

Can I have her job? How much would
that pay?

WILL

Jack I'm busy here.

JACK

Yeah Will, you're always saying that
but I never see you doing anything.
Don't you ever go to court?

WILL

We've been through this before. I'm a
contract lawyer. No *Perry Mason* moments
for me.

JACK

Too bad. That Raymond Burr was a
hottie. Not the *Ironside* Raymond Burr.
But the proud, young virile *Perry Mason*
Raymond Burr. Perry liked the guys.

WILL

You think that whole thing with his secretary was just a beard?

JACK

Della Reese was so fooling herself. I liked her hats though.

WILL

That's Della Street. Jack. I repeat, I'm busy here. What do you want.

JACK

I have come to brighten the arid wasteland that is your love life.

WILL

Its hardly arid wasteland. More like an urban landfill. Okay, I'll bite. What did you have in mind?

JACK

You are going to go *Speed Dating* with me.

WILL

Is that like a circuit party?

JACK

No! Its...its...Okay, not exactly sure what it is, but I found this flyer, see?

(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)

(pulls flyer out of backpack
and hands it to WILL)

Meals on Wheels is hosting a charity event for single gay guys. You just show up, make a donation, and they guarantee you'll meet at least 20 eligible bachelors in one night.

WILL

20 guys huh? That's my problem. Focusing on quality when the smart money's on quantity.

JACK

Works for me.

WILL

Right. When is this *Speed Dating* thing?

JACK

Tonight. 8:00

WILL

I don't know Jack. I kinda had plans.

JACK

What plans, Will? Sitting on the couch watching tv? You can always tape *Diagnosis Murder*. C'mon, c'mon. Don't be such a coward. Who knows? You might meet someone you like.

WILL

Oh, what the hell.

JACK

Yay! That's the spirit.

(JACK opens door to exit
and stands near doorway)

I'll swing by your place at 7:30. Can
I wear your black leather jacket
tonight?

WILL

No! You big mooch. I'm tired of you
pilfering my wardrobe.

JACK

Oh c'mon. Tell you what. I'll let
you borrow something of mine. You can
wear this sweater if you want. You'd
look good in it.

WILL

Jack, that's my sweater.

JACK

Are you sure?

(smacks his head in
realization)

I *thought* it was kinda poochy.

(turns head and notices he
has an offscreen audience
outside in hallway)

What are you looking at, Missy?
(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)

I'm here on important, weighty, legal matters. Stop badgering the innocent and go back to answering your phones.

(as door closes, still
addressing secretary
offscreen)

Oh hey, what's it like to work here?

DISSOLVE TO:

ACT ONE

SCENE THREE

INT. GRACE'S OFFICE - DAY

A FEW MOMENTS HAVE PASSED SINCE KAREN GOT THE BAD NEWS ABOUT HER DOCTOR. SHE IS AT HER DESK, IN SHOCK. GRACE IS STILL BEFORE THE MIRROR APPRAISING HERSELF WITH THE PILLOW UNDER HER DRESS

GRACE

You know, I kind of like this look.

Sure its just a pillow,

(clutches stomach)

but I'm feeling *fiercely* protective.

Also, I think I sorta glow.

KAREN

Hey, fat glowing lady. Can we get back to me? I'm having a crisis here!

GRACE

So your doctor's been arrested. I could see this one coming a mile away. Hey, its not *that* big a deal. I'm sure you can find a new doctor to get you horse tranquilizers.

KAREN

You don't understand. Dr. Bose was my man. I've already been blackballed by every other doctor on the upper east side!

GRACE

Now you're just exaggerating. Its not like the AMA sent out a memo to everyone with a prescription pad --- Beware Walker the Stalker.

(registering Karen's reaction)

Or maybe they did. Karen you don't need the pills. You can get through the day without any drugs.

KAREN

Oh its easy for you to say, what with your... And your... Oh who am I kidding. You need the pills more than anybody. How can you stand it?

GRACE

Karen, honey, listen to me. You can get through this. You might have a rough couple of days, but think how much better off you'll be if you can kick this habit.

KAREN

(nods head in agreement and
accepts hug)

Grace. Would you do something for me?

GRACE

Of course. You name it.

KAREN

Would you get on the horn with your
shrink and ask him for some dolls?

GRACE

(incredulous)

What?

KAREN

Oh c'mon. I give you my drugs all the
time!

GRACE

Once. You gave me a Feenamint. Karen,
I don't *have* a shrink!

KAREN

Huh? I could've sworn you did.

(beat)

Maybe you should get one.

GRACE

And, even if I were seeing a
psychiatrist, I wouldn't ask him for
drugs for you!

KAREN

Some friend you are.

GRACE

Okay, you know what? This is you're
problem and you're just gonna have to
deal with it.

(MORE)

GRACE (CONT'D)

(gets coat, portfolio, and
prepares to leave)

I have a meeting with the Weinbergs to
go over their living room plans...

KAREN

Hey, isn't that Sam Weinberg a
podiatrist?

GRACE

You want me to ask a foot doctor for
drugs? Karen, No!

(on exiting)

If anybody calls...and you bother to
answer....I'll be back at 2:30.

GRACE EXITS, OBLIVIOUS TO PILLOW STILL STUFFED UP
HER DRESS

KAREN

And she says she doesn't need a
psychiatrist.

DOOR OPENS, GRACE LEANS IN, NOW WITH PILLOW IN HAND.
SHE TOSSES IT INTO ROOM.

GRACE

I heard that. Make it 3:30. I'm going
home to change.

KAREN

You do that.

GRACE EXITS. KAREN SITS AT HER DESK, CLEARLY
ANXIOUS. BITES NAIL. PULLS OUT PHONE BOOK

KAREN (CONT'D)

(to herself as she scans
pages of phone book)

Printing Supplies, Process Serving,
Psychic... Ahh, well, look at that!
Psychiatrists.

(She looks away from page
and randomly drops her
finger onto a listing.
Looks down at page again)

Dr. Thomas Sobiak.

(picks up phone and dials
number)

Hello? How are you? Yeah yeah, like
I care. Listen honey, I need to make
an appointment with Dr. Sobiak. New
patient. Not till next week, huh?
Would it speed things up a bit if I
told you I had nothing to live for and
was thinking of jumping out of a
building? Good, yeah tomorrow morning
works for me too. My name? Grace.
Grace Adler.

DISSOLVE TO:

ACT ONE

SCENE FOUR

INT. FRANKLIN HEIGHTS SENIORS COMMUNITY CENTER LOBBY -
EVENING

WILL AND JACK ENTER IN RUSH. THEY ARE LATE. THE
DOUBLE DOORS TO REC ROOM ARE CLOSED. THERE IS A
REGISTRATION TABLE MANNED BY AN OLDER NONDESCRIPT
VOLUNTEER AND CLAY, A VERY HANDSOME VOLUNTEER.

WILL

(on entering)

...are you sure we have the right address?

JACK

(pointing to flyer in hand)

See, the Franklin Heights Seniors'
Community Center. Besides, I've been
here before.

(to WILL's raised eyebrow)

For Bingo night.

(to WILL's continued raised
brow)

Long story. And I don't come off well
in it.

CLAY

You guys here for the Speed Dating?

WILL

Yeah, but we're kind of in a hurry so
can we have a couple of those to go?

WILL POINTS TO A PAIR OF NICE-LOOKING LATINO MEN
THAT WANDER BY

CLAY

Okay, you're a little late, so let's
get you signed up real quick. Ever
done this before?

WILL

Well I haven't, but my friend here
went to a Sexaholics Anonymous meeting
because he was hoping to get lucky.
Does that count?

JACK

(addressing CLAY)

He's not my friend. He's just the bitter
old queen that lives across the hall.

CLAY

(Extends hand) I'm Clay.

JACK

And I'm Putty. Putty in your hands.

WILL

He's Jack. I'm Will. Will Truman.

CLAY

Nice to meet you.

CLAY FIRST SHAKES JACK'S HAND AND THEN PAUSES
SLIGHTLY WHEN SHAKING WILL'S HAND. THERE IS A SLIGHT
VIBE BETWEEN THE TWO OF THEM

CLAY (CONT'D)

Okay, here's how it works. You walk
into that room and choose an open seat.
(MORE)

CLAY (CONT'D)

You got 6 minutes to talk to the guy across from you. When the buzzer sounds—just get up, find another open seat and talk to the next guy for six minutes. At the end of the night you've met about 20 different guys.

(hands them adhesive ID tags)

Here put these number tags on.

JACK

(holding out his badge to Will)

I'm 72. Just 72

(performing trademark "Just Jack gesture)

I always forget, left or right?

JACK MOTIONS BADGE TO LEFT AND RIGHT OF HIS CHEST. WILL TAKES BADGE OUT OF JACK'S HANDS AND PLASTER'S IT ON JACK'S FOREHEAD.

CLAY

If you like someone and want to get to know them better, write down their I.D. Number on this sheet (hands them each a form) Drop your sheet off here as you leave. I'll sort through them tomorrow.

(MORE)

CLAY (CONT'D)

If you put somebody's number down and they do the same for you, then I call you both and give out phone numbers.

JACK

What happens if you put someone down on your list, but they don't do the same? *Realize*, I'm asking this for you, Will.

CLAY

Then nothing happens. He won't find out you were interested and you won't get a call back from me with his number. I only let you know about the matches.

WILL

Great system. No rejection.

CLAY

Yep. I am the keeper of all rejection.

JACK

No, that would be Will's answering machine.

CLAY

Make sure and put your first name, ID number and phone number at the top of your sheet so I'll know who you are and how to get in touch.

WILL

So, uh, Clay, Any tips for us first-timers?

CLAY

Yeah, you'll meet all kinds of people here. Don't think that everyone you talk to is supposed to be a potential date. Just remember, you can talk to anybody for six minutes.

WILL

You've never spoken to my Mother.

CLAY

Oh yeah, one other thing - there are way too many people here tonight for you to meet everyone, so if you see a guy you think is cute, try to sit close to him.

WILL

(pointing to chair next to

CLAY)

That seat taken?

CLAY

Funny guy. Oh, the service is free, but we do have a donation box for *Meals on Wheels*.

WILL

That's great.

(MORE)

WILL (CONT'D)

(takes money out of wallet
and stuffs it into box on
table)

JACK

Um, Will...

WILL GROANS AND PUTS MORE MONEY IN BOX

JACK (CONT'D)

Just doing my part to help the
community.

WILL

Okay Jack, let's do this. Really nice
meeting you Clay.

CLAY

You too Will. Putty. Good Luck.

JACK

(Aside to WILL)

Hot tee. Shame he's just the help.

WILL

This from a cater-waiter.

WILL AND JACK HEAD TO DOUBLE DOORS AND GO INSIDE.

CUT TO:

ACT ONE

SCENE FIVE

INT. FRANKLIN HEIGHTS COMMUNITY CENTER LOBBY -
CONTINUOUS

WILL AND JACK STEP INTO ROOM AND ARE IMMEDIATELY
CONFRONTED WITH A VERY OLD GAY MAN WHO WAVES AT
THEM AND SHUFFLES BY USING A WALKER. THE CROWD IS
LARGE, BUT LESS THAN APPEALING, WITH MUCH OF THE
CROWD BEING ELDERLY.

JACK

He tricked us! It's actually bingo
night. I want your money back!

WILL

See any empty seats?

JACK AND WILL BOTH SPOT THE EMPTY SEAT IMMEDIATELY
ACROSS FROM TIM, A VERY ATTRACTIVE MAN IN HIS EARLY
THIRTIES. THEY LOOK AT EACH OTHER FOR A BEAT AND
THEN RACE ACROSS ROOM. WILL NARROWLY BEATS JACK
FOR THE SEAT.

JACK

(For the benefit of TIM in
seat across.)

Gosh Will, that false hip doesn't slow
you down one bit.

(sotto voce to TIM)

I'll be back.

TIM

You're late. The buzzer is going to
sound any second, so let's make it
quick. I'm Tim. I'm a Virgo.
Recovering alcoholic-- 13 days sober,
God bless,

WILL

(noticing a
metallic/electronic ankle
cuff on TIM's right leg.)

What's with the ankle weight?

TIM

Oh that. Ignore it. Just my
restraining sensor. It only starts
buzzing if I get within 50 feet of my
ex-boyfriend's house, or forget to
call in to my probation officer.

A LOUD "BUZZZZ" IS HEARD. WILL MISTAKES IT FOR
TIM'S RESTRAINING SENSOR.

TIM

Oh, no, that means we have to switch
seats. Nice talking to you. Call me!!

WILD MELEE ENSUES AS GUYS START CASTING ABOUT FOR
NEW SEATS. WILL, BEWILDERED, FINALLY FINDS EMPTY
SEAT. OLD MAN WITH WALKER STATIONS HIMSELF ACROSS
FROM WILL, TRIES TO SIT ONCE, TWICE.

OLD MAN

Oh hell son, mind if I just stand? If
I sit down I'm never gonna get up again.
So I just overheard. You had hip
replacement surgery? Me too!

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

SCENE ONE

INT. DR. SOBIAK'S OFFICE - DAY

ENTER DR. SOBIAK FOLLOWED CLOSELY BY KAREN. SHE IS DRESSED AS GRACE IN A LOUD OUTFIT AND A LONG CURLY RED WIG. SHE IS ALSO HIDING BEHIND LARGE DARK SUNGLASSES. SHE LOOKS AROUND THE NATTILY FURNISHED OFFICE WITH DISDAIN. THERE IS A PLAID COUCH AND THE DOCTOR'S ARMCHAIR.

DR. SOBIAK

(while reviewing patient
information chart)

I see you're an interior designer. I should get your advice on rearranging the furniture in here.

KAREN

(appraises furniture)

Oh well, let's see, you could put that over here... and this over there... and then you could burn everything.

DR. SOBIAK

Okay Ms. Adler. Please have a seat.

KAREN SITS IN ARMCHAIR.

DR. SOBIAK (CONT'D)

My patients generally prefer the couch.

KAREN

I passed one of your patients in the waiting room.

(waves to couch)

I'm not going near that thing.

DR. SOBIAK

All right.

(he sits down on couch)

You left a lot of blank spaces on your patient information form.

KAREN

I filled out the important stuff didn't I? Did you see my comments at the bottom? No known drug allergies? Willing to pay cash?

DR. SOBIAK

Yes, very helpful. Thank you. But Ms. Adler, I'm trying to figure out why you've sought psychiatric counseling.

KAREN

Oh Lord. Where to begin... I live with a gay boy, my business is just tassels and throw pillows...I buy off the rack. Just about the only thing I have going for me is a crackerjack assistant. Karen. The one bright spot in my life.

DR. SOBIAK

Are you unhappy Ms. Adler?

KAREN

I think I could be a lot happier if
you'd just take your pad there and
write me out a little prescription.

DR. SOBIAK

That's not how it works.

KAREN

Hey! What kind of doctor are you?

DR. SOBIAK

Ms. Adler, I'd like to start by having
you look at a few cards for me. Its
called a Rorshach test.....

DISSOLVE TO:

ACT TWO

SCENE TWO

INT. DR. SOBIAK'S OFFICE - LATER

45 MINUTES LATER AND KAREN'S EYES ARE VIRTUALLY
GLAZED OVER.

DR. SOBIAK

...And this last one?

KAREN SQUINTS AT IMAGE, MOMENTARILY ATTENTIVE.

KAREN

Oh yeah! Looks like the time I walked
in on Wilma getting out of the tub.

DR. SOBIAK

Most interesting!

KAREN

Hey Doc, its been almost an hour. Are
you trying to make me crazy or what?
Just pull out the old pad there, write
me out a prescription and I'll be on
my way.

DR. SOBIAK

You know, I'm going to write something
down for you. Any pharmacy should
have it.

KAREN

(rubbing hands together)

Now we're getting somewhere!

KAREN TAKES SLIP OF PAPER FROM DOCTOR.

KAREN (CONT'D)

Hey!

(disgusted)

What is this? St. John's Wort?

DISSOLVE TO:

ACT TWO

SCENE THREE

INT. WILL AND GRACE'S APARTMENT - EVENING

JACK IS IN KITCHEN HAS A SNACK BAR IN HIS MOUTH AND IS ROOTING AROUND IN THE REFRIGERATOR. WILL ENTERS FROM WORK, DROPS BRIEFCASE ON COUCH.

WILL

Again I find you scurrying around my kitchen. I'm really going to have invest in those little "Jack Motels"

JACK

Oh please. Feeding me is the least you can do after trying to poach the hottie with the ankle bracelet last night.

WILL

The hottie with the ankle bracelet is under a restraining order. Besides, I saw you talking to him later in the evening.

JACK

See, I was confused about that restraining order stuff. Is that a legal thing or was he tipping me off to his interest in bondage and discipline?

WILL

Oh my God. Oh my God! You put him down as a match, didn't you?

JACK

Well yeah! Who else was I gonna put down as a match? You seemed to have a lock on the old guy with the walker. Careful Will, I hear he really gets around.

(Jack pantomimes using a walker)

WILL

Don't make fun of Lloyd. He's a nice guy.

JACK

So, did you put him down as a match?

WILL

Of course not. He's old enough to be my grandfather. He was just nice is all. I didn't put anyone down as a match. My speed dating experience was an official bust.

(presses button on answering machine)

CLAY

(message on answering machine)

Hello, Will? This is Clay Peters. The facilitator at Speed Dating last night? I was hoping we could get together for coffee or something. Drop a line. You've got my number.

JACK

A bust, huh? I got your number too,
Will.

WILL

(sheepish)

We chatted a bit after you cut out.

RECEPTIONIST VOICE

(message on answering machine)

Hello, this message is for Grace Adler.
I'm Pam from Dr. Sobiak's office? You
left today before we could schedule
your next appointment. Doctor Sobiak
was kinda worried about you. If you
have a chance, give me a call.

JACK

What was *that* about?

WILL

I don't know. Do you think something
is wrong with Grace?

JACK

Where to begin.

WILL

I'm serious, Jack. Dr. Sobiak. What's
his practice, I wonder?

(grabs phone book and begins
flipping through it)

A *psychiatrist*! Grace started seeing
a shrink.

JACK

You mean she wasn't before? 'Cause I
thought she was.

WILL

Don't be a schmuck. I wonder what's
going on with her.

ENTER GRACE.

GRACE

Hey guys.

WILL AND JACK JUST STARE AT HER.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Uhm. What's up?

WILL

Oh nothing. How was your day?

GRACE

Crazy, as usual.

JACK

(hugs GRACE perfunctorily)

Sister, I know just what you mean.
Some days I have a voice in my head
saying -- Jack, just chill out. Take
a break from the rat race. Pour
yourself a bubble bath. Anyway, that's
what the voices in *my* head say. What
do the voices in *your* head say?

WILL

Jack, don't you have that thing to do?

JACK

What thing?

WILL

That thing. In your apartment.

(forcefully leads Jack to
door)

JACK

Oh you mean *Miss Thing*. He's not coming
over until eight.

WILL

(sotto voce to JACK)

Get out.

JACK

(as door slams on him)

Bye Grace.

AWKWARD PAUSE. GRACE AT KITCHEN BAR COUNTER DRINKING
BOTTLED WATER.

WILL

Hey there.

GRACE

Hey.

WILL

So. Rough day, huh?

GRACE

Okay, what's up. You're acting really
weird.

WILL

Am not. You're just being paran...
Can I fix you some herbal tea or
something?

GRACE

No thanks.

WILL

Grace, if something was wrong, you'd
tell me right?

GRACE

Well, I don't know. I mean if you had
your shirt on inside out or your pants
were unzipped, I'd probably tell you.
Do you mean like that?

WILL

No. I mean if something were seriously
wrong. With you.

GRACE

Okay, now you're scaring me. What is
going on, Will?

WILL

Grace, are you seeing a psychiatrist?

GRACE

What?

WILL

Because if you are, I think that's
great. I mean not great. Not great,
but perfectly okay.

GRACE

Okay, weird. Karen and I were talking about me seeing a shrink yesterday.

WILL

(hugs her)

Well Gracie, maybe we're all worried about you.

GRACE

(shrugs him off)

Will, I am not seeing a psychiatrist. I swear to you. What made you think I was seeing a shrink?

WILL

Then you're not seeing Dr. Sobiak?

GRACE

Who the hell is that?

WILL

Well call *me* relieved. There's this message on the machine.

(he hits answering machine
button, fast forwards
through CLAY message)

RECEPTIONIST'S VOICE

(message on answering machine)

Hello, this message is for Grace Adler.

I'm Pam from Dr. Sobiak's office?

(MORE)

RECEPTIONIST'S VOICE (CONT'D)

You left today before we could schedule your next appointment. Doctor Sobiak was kinda worried about you. If you have a chance, give me a call.

GRACE

What is that? Will, I don't know who Dr. Sobiak is. This has gotta be some mistake. Maybe they were trying to contact another Grace Adler and got the wrong number.

WILL

Yeah, that's probably it.

GRACE

Will, I'm not seeing a psychiatrist.

(beat)

You believe me, right?

WILL

(kidding)

I believe that *you* believe...

GRACE THROWS A COUCH PILLOW AT HIM.

DISSOLVE TO:

ACT TWO

SCENE FOUR

INT. GRACE'S OFFICE - DAY

KAREN IS FIDGETING IN HER CHAIR. LOOKS GLUM, AND IS FLICKING SMALL ITEMS OFF HER DESK, CAUSING A GENERAL COMMOTION THAT FINALLY GETS GRACE'S ATTENTION.

GRACE

Okay, Looking a little strung out there.
I'm guessing this means you haven't
found a new supplier for your dolls.

KAREN

Yap yap yap.

(makes hand puppet imitation)

Do you ever shut up?

GRACE

Serves you right. Prescription drug
abuse is no joke.

KAREN

Listen Chatty Cathy, are you gonna zip
it, or do I have to strangle you with
your pull string?

GRACE

Cranky! You really are in a foul mood
aren't you?

KAREN

Oh Grace, I'm miserable. I think I'm
going through withdrawal symptoms.

GRACE

That bad huh?

KAREN

I haven't been this wiggled out since,
well since that time Stan mentioned
getting his vasectomy reversed. How am
I gonna get through this?

GRACE

Look, maybe you need something to get
your mind off it. You wanna help
inventory the fabric catalogs in the
stock room?

KAREN OFFERS A LOOK.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Or not. Look, I'll just be in the
back. If you wanna go home early. Er,
earlier. Feel free.

GRACE EXITS TO BACK ROOM. KAREN CONTINUES TO FIDGET
AND MOMENTS LATER DOOR OPENS TENTATIVELY AND DR.
SOBIAK ENTERS.

DR. SOBIAK

Ms. Adler? I'm sorry to both...

KAREN

What are you doing here?

DR. SOBIAK

I'm sorry to bother you at work, but I
think our session yesterday ended badly.
I just wanted to make sure you were
all right.

KAREN

Well I was fine until you showed up.
Now scram.

DR. SOBIAK

Ms. Adler, I feel I would be remiss...

KAREN

Oh I get it. Shaking me down, huh?

KAREN REACHES FOR PURSE, GRABS A WAD OF BILLS AND
TRIES TO THRUST THEM AT HIM.

DR. SOBIAK

(he gestures a decline)

Miss Adler I... I...

KAREN

Just my luck. I pick the one doctor
in new York City who makes house calls.
I'm fine, see? Look, I'm even dressing
better today. Thanks for being worried,
but you gotta get out of here before...

GRACE COMES IN FROM STOCK ROOM. SEES DOCTOR.

GRACE

(pauses, unsure who this is)

Hi.

DR. SOBIAK

Hello.

(moves toward GRACE to
introduce himself)

I'm Dr. Sobiak.....

KAREN IS FRANTIC, TRYING TO AVOID ANY CONVERSATION
BETWEEN GRACE AND DR. SOBIAK.

SHE GETS BETWEEN THEM AND POINTS OUT WINDOW.

KAREN

Oh Hey. Hey! There's a guy up on
that ledge. Looks like he's ready to
jump! Why don't you go talk him down?

GRACE GOES OVER TO WINDOW TO SEE.

GRACE

I don't see any...

MEANWHILE KAREN IS HUSTLING DR. SOBIAK OUT THE DOOR

DR. SOBIAK

But but, Ms. Adler!

KAREN

Get out, you quack!

KAREN SLAMS DOOR AFTER HIM AND LEANS AGAINST IT.

GRACE

Karen, there is no one out there on a
ledge. Who was that, and why did he
call you Ms. Adler?

KAREN

Who was who, dear?

GRACE

The guy in the plaid jacket. The one
you just hustled out. Wait a minute.
Wait a minute. Dr. Sobiak!

KAREN

Okay, all ready to help you with those
fabric catalogs. Let's go Grace. Chop
chop. Chintz a callin'.

GRACE

You witch! That was Dr. Sobiak. You went to see that guy and pretended you were me, didn't you?

NO RESPONSE FROM KAREN

GRACE (CONT'D)

Didn't you! Just to get a new prescription!

KAREN

All right already. I confess! I couldn't get anyone to write *me* a prescription, so I just let someone think I was you for an hour. It was no big deal, Grace. It was just a shrink session.

GRACE

I can't believe you. What did you talk about at your...

(correcting herself)

... *My* session?

KAREN

Oh, you know.

GRACE

No I don't

KAREN

Well, we talked about Wilma a bit.
(MORE)

KAREN (CONT'D)

You know, your sexless lover? And then we spent some time learning how to forgive your mother. He had some interesting theories about your hysterical pregnancy.

GRACE

I never...I cannot *believe* you! You pretend to be me, and air -- or make up! -- personal details about my life? Oh my God. I have a psychiatric medical record now! And for what? So you can get your dolls! I thought you were my friend.

KAREN

But Grace honey, I am your friend.

GRACE

No you're not. I don't even know who you are.

KAREN

Well you don't have to get snippy about it, Grace. The whole pretending to be you thing, it didn't even work. He put me through hell. Ink blots! He made me do a Rorschach test.

(MORE)

KAREN (CONT'D)

An hour of Stan's liver spots staring up at me. And at the end. You know what I got? You know what I got for all my trouble? A prescription for St. John's Wort! That's right. I mean, haven't I been punished enough?

GRACE

I think you should go.

KAREN

Grace?

GRACE

Get out. Oh, and here.

(reaches out and tosses a
bottle of pills to KAREN)

Your dolls. I found them in the stock room.

KAREN CATCHES THE BOTTLE OF PILLS AND LOOKS ANGUISHED, GUILTY.

KAREN

Just let me make this up to you, Grace. I can take you shopping! Or we could send Rosario over to clean your bathroom.

(grasping, desperate)

I'll clean your bathroom?

GRACE

Just go. I don't even wanna look at
you right now.

KAREN

Please Grace. I know I'm not the easiest
person. All right, sometimes I'm a
lousy person. I screwed up. I did
something wrong. But you really are
my friend, and I need you to forgive
me. I mean, I know Will's *your* best
friend. But your *my* best friend.

GRACE

Go play with your dolls, and leave me
alone.

GRACE TURNS AWAY FROM KAREN WHO SLOWLY PUTS ON HER
JACKET AND LOOKS BACK PAINFULLY AT GRACE, WHO DOESN'T
TURN AROUND. KAREN PAUSES AND BEFORE LEAVING SHE
PUTS HER BOTTLE OF PILLS ON THE DESK. THEN TURNS
SADLY AND WALKS OUT.

GRACE TURNS AROUND, AND NOTICES THE PILLS ON THE
DESK. SHE PICKS THEM UP, PAUSES, SIGHS, AND EXITS
TO HALLWAY.

HALLWAY GRACE'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

KAREN IS WAITING FOR ELEVATOR. GRACE TAPS HER ON
SHOULDER.

GRACE

Did you mean it?

KAREN

What?

GRACE

Did you mean it when you said I was
your best friend?

KAREN

I meant it.

GRACE

All right then, I want you to prove it
to me.

DISSOLVE TO:

ACT TWO

SCENE FIVE

INT. GRACE'S BATHROOM - LATER

CLOSE UP ON COMMODORE TANK KAREN'S HEAD POPS UP, IN ONE RUBBER GLOVED HAND IS A TOILET SCRUBBER. SHE USES THE OTHER TO PUSH HER BANGS OUT OF HER EYES.

KAREN

You know Grace, I appreciate you letting me make this up to you and all, but Rosario's a whiz at this sort of thing.

GRACE

Karen, honey, cleaning my toilet was just the warm up.

WILL

If you think I'm doing Wilma's bathroom you're crazy.

GRACE

No. Here comes the real test.

GRACE HANDS KAREN THE BOTTLE OF PILLS.

KAREN

Oh. You want me to...
(makes swirly gesture at toilet.)

GRACE

Yep.

KAREN SIGHS, OPENS BOTTLE AND SLOWLY POURS THE PILLS OUT.

KAREN

Goodbye sweeties. We sure had some good times together didn't we? That weekend in Cannes, when I woke up with the funny hat? Last Halloween when we ran out of candy and gave cocktail onions to the neighborhood kids?

(rueful smile)

My wedding night.

THE LAST FEW PILLS DROP INTO TOILET, KAREN THE PICTURE OF MOURNING.

GRACE

If we had a bugle we could play taps.

KAREN FLUSHES TOILET.

KAREN

All right, are you satisfied? That's the last of them. No more dolls for me! It feels good, really, sort of liberating. I'm really gonna go straight, Grace. I promise. They were just a crutch. Something to get me through the days. And the nights. I realize that now. But no more. From now on, I'm clean and sober.

(beat)

Well, clean anyway. Honey, it's been a long day and I'm parched. What say we kick back and make us some martinis?

GRACE

That's my girl.

GRACE THROWS AN ARM OVER KAREN'S SHOULDER AND THEY
EXIT BATHROOM.

CUT TO:

ACT TWO

SCENE SIX

INT. HALLWAY OF WILL & GRACE'S APARTMENT BUILDING -
EVENING

ELEVATOR OPENS AND ITS WILL ARRIVING HOME LATE FROM
WORK. AS HE CROSSES HALLWAY THE DOOR TO JACK'S
APARTMENT OPENS. JACK AND TIM (THE GUY WITH THE
RESTRAINING ANKLE BAND) ENTER INTO HALL.

TIM

(on recognizing WILL)

False hip guy, right?

WILL

Restraining order guy, right?

(to JACK)

That's my tuxedo I see. You two out
on a date?

JACK

Uhuh. Tim's taking me to the opera.
Hey Tim, why don't you hold the
elevator. I need to chat with Will
about something.

TIM

(proceeding to elevator)

Don't keep me waiting!

WILL

I can't believe you're going out with
that guy!

JACK

I know, isn't he dreamy?

WILL

No, I mean, isn't he dangerous?

JACK

Nah! I got hold of his probation officer and got the 411 on that restraining order. It wasn't a fatal attraction type deal. He just got little obsessed with his ex-boyfriend. Kept showing up on his doorstep.

WILL

Newsflash! That *is* a fatal attraction type thing.

JACK

Oh. I thought that was about boiling rabbits.

WILL

That comes later.

TIM

Jack are you coming? Don't wanna be late for the opera.

JACK

Yeah. Loosen up Will!

(hops on elevator)

What are we seeing anyway?

TIM

(as elevator doors begin to close)

Madame Butterfly.

AT LAST SECOND, JACK JUMPS OUT OF ELEVATOR.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

END OF EPISODE

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