

**SCENE VI: Will's Apartment**

(GRACE is waiting for WILL as he enters.)

WILL: Hi.

GRACE: Hi. He called.

WILL: Oh, Grace, I'm sorry. I couldn't control myself. It's just... outside of a circus contortionist, he's the only man I've ever met that can actually blow smoke up his own ass.

GRACE: It's pretty bad.

WILL: Did he fire you?

GRACE: Actually, he doubled my budget.

WILL: He doub-- That's fantastic. That's-- Why are you eating a ding dong?

GRACE: I did something bad.

WILL: Tell me.

GRACE: You don't want to know.

WILL: Honey, after a date with Nathan Berry, nothing could be that bad.

GRACE: Even a second date with Nathan Berry?

WILL: What?

GRACE: 'Cause I told him you'd go out with him again. [GRACE RUNS OUT ONTO THE BALCONY]

WILL: Grace!

GRACE: [OUTSIDE] Will, he loved you.

WILL: [SIGHS]

GRACE: [OUTSIDE] He said it turned him on the way you were totally direct with him and put him in his place.

WILL: Yeah, well, let me be totally direct with you. [OPENING THE CURTAIN] I would rather go out with an Ebola-riddled gibbon monkey than this guy. Hell, I'd rather go out with Pat Buchanan than this guy.

GRACE: [ENTERING] Will, please, *please*. Remember how you told me to do whatever it takes to get this job? I'm still doing that.

WILL: I can't believe you're using me like this.

GRACE: Just one more date. By then the only thing he'll want to fluff is the curtains. Oh, come on, Will. I've done things for you that is just as bad as this without even batting an eye.

WILL: Name one.

GRACE: [THINKING] I won't belittle this with examples. Will, Will. Will, please, please. I'm begging. One more date. Please. Unless he wants a third.

WILL: No. Oh, for god's sake, Grace, why don't you just dress me up in fishnet stockings and thigh-high boots?

GRACE: You'd do that?