

ACT ONE

SCENE A

INT. LAZARUS - NIGHT (N-1)
(WILL, GRACE, KAREN, JACK)

THE FOUR ARE HAVING A NICE DINNER. GRACE TAKES A FORKFUL OF HER FOOD IN HER MOUTH.

GRACE

(GRIMACING) What the hell did I just put
in my mouth?

JACK

Now those are words nearest and dearest
to my heart.

WILL

Grace, it's veal.

GRACE

It's nasty.

KAREN

It's expensive. Now stop complaining.

JACK

Yeah, guys. If it wasn't for Karen-

WILL

(INTERRUPTING) I know, I know, we
wouldn't have gotten in. What kind of a
name for a restaurant is "Lazarus"
anyway? "Lazarus" sounds like a place
for an 18 and over dance club.

(MORE)

WILL (CONT'D)

(MIMICKING A TEENY BOPPER) "Like, did you guys go to Lazarus last week? It was the rage."

GRACE

(PUTTING DOWN HER FORK) Okay, number one, that's disturbing. Number two, I'm done with this--

WILL

(INTERRUPTING) Veal.

GRACE

You know, I can't wait for the day when people can minimize food into little tablets. You just pop it in, and you don't have to spit it out if you don't like the taste.

KAREN

(POPPING A COUPLE PILLS IN HER MOUTH)

Yeah, I can't wait. (TAKES A SIP OF HER MARTINI)

GRACE

I am so sick of these expensive places we go to where the only thing that isn't stuffy is the stuffed shells appetizer. Next week, we're having dinner at the IHOP.

KAREN

(CONFUSED) You lost me. Who did what?
Hopping on who?

JACK

It's the International House of
Pancakes, Karen; a land filled with
cute, sassy waiters and yummy pancakey
goodness. That place should be called
"International House of--"

JACK/WILL

--"Mancakes."

KAREN

Uh-huh. And how come you've never told
me about this place?

WILL

Karen, you might not know this, but
before you, Jack was poor.

A VIOLINIST ENTERS AND STARTS PLAYING BY THEIR TABLE.

JACK

The IHOP was part of my past. I've been
ashamed that I've been going there on my
own, but now, I'm ready to admit that I
love the IHOP--(QUICKLY TO THE VIOLINIST)
You're at the wrong table! Shoo, you
overrated circus performer!

THE VIOLINIST EXITS. KAREN'S MIND SEEMS TO HAVE
GONE ELSEWHERE.

KAREN

(REGAINING AWARENESS) Oh, sorry, you
lost me on "poor."

JACK

(TO KAREN) Why don't I take you there
tomorrow? It'll be like a date, which
reminds me; I'm going to need money for
that.

GRACE

Ooh! Can I come with?

WILL

Yeah, it will be fun!

JACK

I guess no one else wants to come. (TO
KAREN) I guess it's just you and me,
Kare. These pancakes are to die for.
They represent my humble beginnings as a
starving artist. (BEAT) Karen.

KAREN

Oh, I'm sorry, you lost me on "humble."

JACK MAKES A FACE.