

## SIDE 2- GRACE/CHUCK/TONY

**GRACE:** It's exactly what it is. Nothing, no information, no background, no wishes, no names, no numbers, no trace. Just blank pages

**TONY:** I don't get it

**GRACE:** You will

**CHUCK:** Do you want us to sign something? I'm a little in the dark here

**GRACE:** I don't think you will want to have your name on anything, much less anything benefiting from my death

**TONY:** No one said anything about benefitting from you death

**CHUCK:** I was just suggesting one of *could* act as executor, under —

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**GRACE:** As much fun as it was watching the two of you sweat it out as to who was going to be in charge of the estate— It might look a little suspicious

**CHUCK:** (*Confused*) Suspicious?

**GRACE:** Yes

**CHUCK:** Why would it look suspicious

**GRACE:** Because you are going to be directly responsible for it

**TONY:** It?

**CHUCK:** I'm sorry?

**GRACE:** My death. (*beat*) you, or perhaps both of you, but I'm assuming Chuck will do it alone...are going to be responsible for my death

(*Beat.*)

**TONY:** Responsible for —

**GRACE:** My death yes, you're going to kill me

**CHUCK:** Kill you?

**GRACE:** Yes, tonight. Very soon in fact

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**TONY:** I'm sorry?

**CHUCK:** Kill you?

**GRACE:** Yes. And as I said..very soon

**TONY:** Okay (*getting up*) well how about we leave this for now, I have to head back to the office, I have your info...however there are a lot of great estate lawyers —

**GRACE:** —Sit down Tony (*motions to the couch*) please.

(*TONY doesn't move.*)

**GRACE:** Please...Tony

(*TONY slowly sits.*)

(*CHUCK stands in stunned silence, he then starts to laugh.*)

**CHUCK:** Ha okay okay very good (*laughing*) You're testing us. See how we react. Very good. Strange but good

**GRACE:** I assumed you would react exactly as you are

**CHUCK:** Oh I bet we are (*laughs*) well Okay, I'll call, whatcha got?

**GRACE:** Some expensive scotch over my right shoulder

**CHUCK:** (*Laughs but eyeing her*) You're a funny —

**GRACE:** — Broad?

**CHUCK:** Ah (*wags a finger*) shame on you for listening at the door. Okay yeah that was inappropriate. Okay you got me, payback. Well done. (*laughs*)

**TONY:** Chuck, maybe it —

**CHUCK:** She's just fucking...pardon my French Grace...*playing* with us to see how we handle stress, how we react to the possibility of..I don't know...committing a crime because we will be handling her estate, which I'm assuming is a very large estate

*handling*  
**GRACE:** Very



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**CHUCK:** So the question is, can you trust us? The answer is yes

*(GRACE sits without responding.)*

**CHUCK:** You can trust us. *(long pause as Grace sits)* What do you want me to do to prove it?

**GRACE:** Kill me

**TONY:** *(Getting up again)* She said it again.

*(CHUCK gently sits him back down with a hand on the shoulder.)*

**CHUCK:** You know, you gotta really get some new material

**GRACE:** I've never really had good material, that was always one of my problems

**CHUCK:** No shit

*(CHUCK studies the situation.)*

**GRACE:** I can assure you I am not joking.

**TONY:** On that note...well this has become sufficiently weird, please don't get up Grace, I'll just call for Lurch and he can let us out. This has been a terrific waste of time. Thank you so much

**GRACE:** *(Friendly)* sit down, have a drink...Chuck join us for a drink! A *real* drink

**CHUCK:** You know I don't drink

**GRACE:** Oh come on Chuck. You've been licking your chops since you spotted that Black label

**CHUCK:** Excuse me?

**GRACE:** I've been watching you

**CHUCK:** Licking my chops?

**GRACE:** lick one's chops, to await with pleasure; anticipate; relish

**CHUCK:** Yes, I'm familiar with the expre....excuse me?

## SIDE 2- GRACE/CHUCK/TONY

**GRACE:** Looking at it like cleavage. Nice quick little glances to make sure its still there, but always afraid to get caught looking (*seductively*) Go on take a good look.

**CHUCK:** (*Taken aback*) First of all, I've been sober for —

**GRACE:** (*takes on a different voice*) Who's gonna know that good old clean and sober Chuck Casey is sipping from the big jug of vodka in the garage? That ain't vinegar for cleaning, hell no, the wife ain't never out there. Sip sip. Golf clap everyone!

**TONY:** (*quietly*) What the hell?

(*CHUCK is stunned, he stares at Grace.*)

**CHUCK:** Is that supposed to be a joke?

**GRACE:** (*Same voice*) Just takin' the dog out honey! If of course taking the dog out means letting poor old Rexy in the car while good old Chuck Casey enjoys a couple of shots of Jim Beam with the rest of the drunks down at O'Hara's, then I guess yeah...the dog is out. Sip sip. Golf clap everyone!

**TONY:** (*Stunned, trying to process*) Golf clap—

**CHUCK:** — Okay, Tony get your shit, let's—

**GRACE:** (*Normal voice*) Yes Tony, grab your shit. Grab your shit and head on down to the Pond Motel, just an hour out of town

**TONY:** I —

**GRACE:** — Only place around that rents by the hour...but (*looks sadly at Tony*) you never quite need the full hour do you? Oops!

**TONY:** What the...shut up!

**GRACE:** Wifey thinks you're at a church meeting, but really...whole different kind of kneeling going on. Kinky bastard. (*makes a whipping motion and sound*)

(*TONY moves towards GRACE, who doesn't defend herself or move, CHUCK grabs TONY off Grace.*)

**CHUCK:** Leave it! Tony! LEAVE IT! She's crazy, let's just get the hell out of here...She's crazy and lonely..and fucking crazy. let's go