

An Act of Grace

by John Muggleton

Copyright © February 2020 John Muggleton

<https://offthewallplays.com>

This script is provided for reading purposes only. Professionals and amateurs are hereby advised that it is subject to royalty. It is fully protected under the laws of South Africa, the United States of America, the British Empire, including the Dominion of Canada, and all other countries of the Copyright Union. All rights, including but not limited to professional, amateur, film, radio, and all other media (including use on the worldwide web) and the rights of translation into foreign languages are strictly reserved; and any unauthorized use of the material may subject the user to any and all applicable civil and criminal penalties. For any information about royalties or to apply for a performance license please click the following link:

<https://offthewallplays.com/royalties-and-licensing-of-plays-sold-by-off-the-wall-plays/>

CAUTION: Professionals and amateurs are hereby warned that An Act of Grace is fully protected. All rights, including professional, amateur, motion picture, recitation, lecturing, public reading, radio and television broadcasting and translation into foreign languages are strictly reserved. No performance for profit may be given without the written permission of the author and the payment of royalty. Visit www.burntheplay.ca for information or contact www.playwrights-guild.ca

An Act of Grace

Simple set, couch with a chair at either end, a coffee table and small drinks table off to the side.

Chuck: late 40s, Former golf pro, now a financial/Investment advisor

Tony: late 40s, Lawyer

Grace: 50's/early 60s, stylish, wealthy.

Lights up fast

We see a woman tied to a chair with a hood over her head, she is gripping the arms of the chair and breathing heavily, standing in front of her is CHUCK, he is pointing a gun at her, he is nervous, shaking and stressed. TONY is standing yelling at CHUCK. The scene is mayhem, overlapped.

Tony: SHOOT HER!!

Chuck: I just need a —

Tony: — Do it! Just do it Chuck! DO IT!

Chuck: WOULD YOU SHUT UP!

Tony: YOU CAN'T LET HER DO IT CHUCK!!

Chuck: SHUT UP!

Tony: JUST FUCKING DO IT!!

Chuck levels the gun at Graces head, he takes a few steps back trying to find the right angle, the right way.

Chuck: I DON'T KNOW WHAT I'M...WHAT IF I MISS???

The woman is breathing heavily, gripping the arms of the chair

Tony: You gotta get closer! SQUEEZE THE TRIGGER!

Chuck: Oh God! OH GOD!! OKAY!!

Tony: SHOOT HER!!!

Black out, light on CHUCK as he turns to the audience quickly, the gun is taken away by Tony as both he and the woman leave the stage

Chuck: Today was a real shitty day. Started shitty and got shittier...there was a brief moment of sunshine...*hope* I guess it was...then just...well clearly things went from bad to worse. *(beat)* How did things get so fucked up??? How the hell did I end up with a gun?

Chuck: Desperate times call for desperate measures, that's how I ended up with a gun. Man this has been a really shitty day.

Lights cross fade to full.

Chuck sits on the couch, waiting. On his phone. A beat. In walks Grace and Tony, Grace is chatting as they enter.

Grace: *(from off coming in)* It wasn't always like that, there are also a lot of emotions swirling around about what other people will think about it— the “status”. I think that's where the anxiety came from. *(now fully in the room)* I hope you don't mind but I've asked someone to Join us. Tony this is —

Tony: *(smiling and recognizing Chuck)* — Chuck Casey, hey Chuck

Chuck: Hey (big smile)

Tony: Tony

Chuck: (smiling) Tony, yes, hey how are you?

Grace: Oh you know each other

Tony: We went to school together. Now our kids do

Chuck: Tony was part of the cool gang. *(laughs)*

Tony: Ah yes, the much sought after chess club

Chuck: Feels like a lifetime ago

Business meeting polite laugh

Grace: Small world. If you'll excuse me I'll go get my files and I'll be back in a moment.

Tony: Of course

Grace: *(turns)* Coffee?

Chuck: I'm good thank you

Tony: No thank you

Grace: Make yourselves comfortable and I'll be right back

Grace leaves, they drop the professional air about them for a moment, old friends, They take in the room.

Tony: Nice place huh?

Chuck: Yeah Jesus, someone's got money.

Tony: Did you see the Porsche in the laneway?

Chuck: Mint.

Tony: I bet there's another just like it in the garage.

Chuck: You know who drives a Porsche?

Tony: I —

Tony: —Danny Rogers. Fucking Danny Rogers drives a Porsche!

Tony: Danny Rogers??

Chuck: Yeah the guy couldn't get through high school but he's driving around in a Goddamn Red Porsche.

Tony: Ha yeah. Isn't he —

Chuck: *(smiles, slaps Tony and the shoulder)* — How are you buddy?

Tony: Good good

Chuck: Been a while huh? Things good?

Tony: Yeah, Good yeah, busy, you know

Chuck: I do, I do indeed sir.

Tony: Last time I saw you was at the...

Chuck: — Christmas thing at the school

Tony: Dance recital. *(beat)* I see the your ads around town.

Chuck: *(smiles)* Oh yeah

Tony: Financial planning, good for you.

Chuck: Yeah planning, Investments, went out on my own a couple of years ago. Nothing exciting, just plugging away

Pause

Tony: I saw you on the sports channel

Chuck: Yeah, they are talking about making it a regular thing

Tony: Great. They look good. Do they work?

Chuck: Hm?

Tony: The Ads

Chuck: Oh... Yeah they bring in the odd client.

Tony: How many you got?

Chuck: Fifteen. The ninety-five and the seven yeah.

Tony: Good routes. I was thinking of looking into —

Chuck: *(looking around)* Oh yeah?

Tony: Yeah, I was thinking of doing a bit of bus marketing myself, The —

Chuck: *(pre-occupied looking around)* — Like I said, it works.

Pause

Chuck: How's uh..sorry..

Tony: Emma

Chuck: Right, Goddammit. why can I never remember her name...How's Emma

Tony: She's good

Chuck: Great. She called me a few months ago about something. *(takes out his phone to look at old callers)*

Tony: She was looking for sponsors for soccer. Janey and Abby are on the same team.

Chuck: Right yeah absolutely

Tony: Kids good?

Chuck: Yeah

Tony: How old now?

Chuck: Thirteen and fifteen

Tony: Twenty, seventeen and fifteen

Chuck: I suddenly feel old. *(switching gears quickly)* Did she say anything to you?

Tony: No

Chuck: You think maybe legal trouble, money?

Tony: I dunno, Seemed pretty cheery

Chuck: Yeah, just strange to also ask a lawyer to a meeting.

Tony: Maybe she invited you to our meeting.

Chuck: *(smiling)* Maybe she did.

Tony: Plus, I don't do criminal.

Chuck: I heard that's where the money is.

Tony: Yeah well it's also where the headaches are.

Chuck: Could be financial trouble.

Tony: I think it's Investment advice, just feels more comfortable with a lawyer present.

Chuck: Trust me, there's no good situation in life where someone actually needs a lawyer present.

Tony: *(chuckle)* Not bad.

Chuck: I sure could use her as a client, must be loaded *(looking toward the door)* Listen do me a favour and back me up.

Tony: Back you up?

Chuck: On any advice I give her.

Tony: I don't follow.

Chuck: Just go along with stuff.

Tony: Stuff?

Chuck: Yeah, advice.

Tony: If you tell her the *right* things why wouldn't I?

Chuck: *(straight up)* Just don't fill the her head with all sorts of options.

Tony: What the hell are you taking about?

Chuck: Lawyers, not all lawyers but a lot of them, have a tendency —

Tony: — Oh here we go —

Chuck: —listen, listen—have a tendency to make things more complicated than they have to be, billable hours and whatnot...

Tony: *(Laughing)* “Billable hours” oh come on, you think—

Chuck: — Buddy, buddy I’m not saying anything, I’m just sayin’. Let’s help each other out. Be on the same team right?

Tony: Same team. You make it sound like a game.

Chuck: Everything’s a game. You just gotta know how far you can push the rules.

Tony: Is that your motto? Put that in the ads *(checking his phone)* “how far to push the rules” ... You’re hilarious

Chuck: Where the fuck is she, I have —

Grace pops back in quickly, they switch back into friendly professional mode

Grace: Sorry, I have everything, just need to make a quick call.

Chuck: *(big smile)* No problem at all, take your time.

Tony: We’re good Grace.

Grace: *(leaving)* Won’t be a minute!

Grace leaves

Tony: That sounded stupid..good Grace..did that sound stupid?

Chuck: She’s had all morning to make a quick call, I’ve got a two o’clock. *(taking out his phone)*

Tony: What were you saying about lawyers?

Chuck gives him a “one second” motion while he checks a message, he puts his phone away. Tony waits, Chuck puts the phone away.

Chuck: Lawyers, in general, I'm not saying you —

Tony: Chuck —

Chuck: —Tony, Tony...I'm just saying *some* lawyers want to get their clients to overthink everything.

Tony: (*slight laugh*) you haven't changed

Chuck: Don't take it all personal.

Tony: I'm here to help a potential client.

Chuck: Yeah that's what my first wife's lawyer said.

Tony: You worry about your job and I'll worry about mine.

Chuck: Potential. She's not your client?

Tony: No, not yet?

Chuck: (*sitting down taking out his phone, he is sending an email*) I better push back the two o'clock, I bet this broads a talker.

Tony: You bet *she's* a talker?

Chuck: (*looking at his phone*) Oh you're a funny little fucker aren't you? (beat) I love these people with money, keep everyone waiting for —

Grace enters,. The minute he does Chuck and Tony get up quickly and puts his phone away

Grace: Sorry, sorry...

Chuck: (*big smile*) No problem at all, no problem at all. Gave us a chance to catch up.

Grace: Thank you for both for coming, please sit sit. (*motions for them to sit*)

Both men sit, there is a brief power struggle for prime seating. Just slight. Grace sits back and looks at Chuck for a moment

Grace: First of all thank you so much for coming.

Tony: Of course.

Grace: *(sits back and looks at Chuck)* Chuck Casey

Chuck: At your service.

Grace: Chuck Casey *(beat)* I used to watch you on the circuit.

Chuck: Ah yes, another thing that feels like a lifetime ago.

Grace: *(smiling)* You were good.

Chuck: I had a good run.

Grace: Played in a few majors.

Chuck: With varying degrees of success, yes I did.

Grace: I remember Cyprus Point, you came in third.

Chuck: I'm glad someone remembers, because I don't.

Grace: I lost a small fortune.

Chuck: *(smile)* You and me both, my apologies.

Grace: Ah, yes I read you um...well...struggled with a few things.

Chuck: It was no struggle, the nineteenth hole became more important than the first eighteen, easy.

Grace: I bet you've used that line a few times.

Chuck: *(laughs)* A few. I'm thirteen years sober.

Grace: Thirteen...good for you, *(sits back)* good for you.

Tony: *(trying to get the ball rolling)* So...Grace...what can I..or I guess what can *we* do for you.

Grace: **Right, well** I realized it was time to get my affairs in order, Finances, will.

Chuck: We can certainly help there.

Grace: Are you sure you wouldn't like a drink! *(Grace gets up)*

Chuck: I'm fine thank you.

Tony: Thank you, I'm good really.

Grace: Are you sure? I've got...ginger ale I believe, rye, I mean if you indulge Tony, obviously not —

Tony: —I'm fine really. But thank you.

Chuck: So what specifically can I help you with?

Grace: Right yes, business. (*Grace sits*) It always boils down to business.

Chuck: When your sitting with a lawyer and a finance guy, it would.

Grace: (*laughs*) I suppose it would. I try to avoid taking business. It bores me.

Chuck: It's a necessary evil.

Tony: What business are you in Grace?

Grace: I'm the business of inheriting money. I'm "Old money."

Chuck: Good work if you can get it. (*laughs, she doesn't*)

Tony: Well that's something you definitely want to protect.

Grace: Yes (*pause*) So here we are and here's where we sit.

Grace smiles at them, change of tone in the room as Grace gets serious

Grace: two weeks ago I was informed I have, at most, six months to live.

Pause

Chuck: I'm sorry.

Grace: And unfortunately, it won't be a very pleasant six months.

Pause

Tony: I'm sorry Grace, I honestly don't know what to say.

Grace: There's nothing you can say, but, there are things you can do.

Chuck: We are at your service, whatever you need.

Grace: Chuck I'll explain why you're here in a moment. Tony, I need guidance, legal advice on wills, estates, taxes...

Tony: Of course *(begins taking papers out of a briefcase)* I can help get things started.

Grace: Thank you.

Tony gets some paperwork ready, digs through his briefcase

Grace: *(slight chuckle)* Things.

Tony: Affairs.

Grace: No it's exactly what they are...things—I've lived a life of nothing but things. That's a pretty sad way to finish.

Tony: Our faith in —

Grace: — Please don't .

Tony: Okay.

Chuck: You know, Grace, I look around and I see anything but a sad life.

Grace: I didn't say I *lived* a sad life, I said it's a sad way to finish. Vey different.

Chuck: Of course, my mistake. Still, I don't agree.

Grace: *(chuckles)* Oh?

Tony: Chuck—

Grace: —No it's okay.

Tony goes back to his paperwork

Grace: You've known me for ten minutes.

Chuck: True, but a lot of people would love to have what you have.

Grace: What I have?

Tony passes a business card and folder to Grace, Grace briefly scans it but is more interested in the conversation with Chuck

Tony: You should put these with your documents and perhaps put the business card..somewhere out.

Grace: Of course.

Chuck: You surrounded yourself with things you wanted.

Grace: That's funny.

Chuck: How so?

Grace: I didn't want any of this, I hated it all growing up.

Chuck: And now?

Grace: Now?

Chuck: You said hated. Past tense.

Grace pauses

Grace: It grows on you

Chuck: I'm sure it does

Grace: Okay Chuck....do me a favour and look around and tell me what you see, take a good look around.

Chuck: I'm sorry I shouldn't have —

Grace: — No no, this is the best conversation I've had in a long time. Please

Tony: Would you happen to have your —

Grace passes a sheet of paper to Tony without looking, she is very much involved in the conversation with Chuck

Tony: Ah perfect, Thank you. *(He transfers some info on to one of his forms)*

Chuck: What I see?

Grace: Yes...what you see...go ahead

Chuck stands and looks around, he moves around a little taking in the room around him

Chuck: I see...a valuable art pieces, I'm assuming they're valuable, frames look expensive. That's a hell of a liquor cabinet, high end scotch. Expensive furniture. Books...the IKEA piece sticks out.

Grace: My favourite chair. It cost seventy nine dollars

Chuck: I have one just like it.

Grace: Everyone has one just like it. Okay now tell me what you don't see.

Chuck looks around

Chuck: What *I don't* see?

Grace: Yes.

Chuck: I'm afraid you have me there.

Grace: It's simple, what don't you see?

Chuck: You have everything.

Grace: No I don't.

Tony: *(knew from the start, as he writes in his file without looking up)* People. There's no pictures of people. Just things. *(hands Grace a piece of paper)*

Grace: Tony is exactly right. No people, no family, no friends. Not even a pet. Nothing. Nothing looking back at you. *(to Tony)* What am I signing?

Tony: Oh that's the —

Grace: — Retainer yes of course.

Tony: Yes, standard retainer, I can go through -

Grace: No need.

Grace signs it, hands it back

Grace: Just things.

Chuck: To each their own. I have a picture of dogs playing poker in my rec-room, not sure what that says about me.

Grace: I could hazard a guess.

Chuck: My point is, to each their own, we all take different paths.

Grace: I'd say my path was pretty straight and narrow...and void of anything interesting.

Chuck: We all make choices. I'm sure when I'm...when I'm facing...

Grace: Death.

Chuck: Yes. I'll probably look back and wonder if I made the right decisions. Did the right thing.

Grace: Regrets are poison.

Tony: *(handing Grace some papers)* This is tax information regarding estate planning.

Chuck: You'll want to read that unless you want to donate half your estate to the government. *(back to the conversation)* I learned to let go of regrets a long time ago. "Humbly ask God to remove our shortcomings."

Grace: Step number....?

Chuck: Six..or seven..one of those.

Tony: Speaking of steps, have you named, or do you have, an executor? That would be a good first one.

Grace: No..I...my will needs updating, it's been years....always meant to get all this sorted out.

Tony: We should do that before anything else (*taking out a notebook, papers*). We can make an appointment to update your will if you like, no need to keep Chuck here.

Chuck: Don't worry about me Tony.

Tony: Oh I thought you had a two o'clock to get to.

Chuck: (*smiling*) I moved it.

Tony: (*smiling*) Excellent.

Grace: It should be fairly straight forward, I have no family

Tony: No family at all?...siblings, nieces, nephews?

Grace: No, none. My husband and I never had children. I was an only child. I don't imagine there will be a big turnout at the funeral, at least I'll save on sandwiches (*weak smile*)

Chuck: Your husband Grace, are you divorced because that may become —

Grace: My husband died ten years ago. He won't be a problem.

Chuck: Oh I'm sorry.

Grace: Ten years ago today as a matter of fact.

Chuck: Ten years ago today.

Grace: Yes, which is why you are here. It's a rather morbid anniversary.

Tony: You'll still need an executor.

Grace: yes of course.

Chuck: It doesn't have to be a family member.

Tony: Not at all, do you have someone...a friend?

Grace: Not not really.

Chuck: (*quickly*) One of us, or both of us, can act as your executor. Keep an eye on each other. (*smiles*)

Grace: (*getting up*) Well that might not be...prudent.

Tony and Chuck give a quick glance to each other

Chuck: Sorry bad joke...but in all seriousness, as far as...final arrangements...are concerned, and the estate, it's important to —

Grace: — Oh I realize.

Tony: The executor has full authority to follow the wishes of —

Grace: — The deceased yes.

Tony: Yes.

Grace: uh huh.

Pause

Tony: If you're not sure about either myself or Chuck, I can assure you many of my clients —

Grace: — oh it's not that.

Grace stands and hands a file to Tony

Grace: — Perhaps you should go through these papers, explains everything.

Grace hands Tony a thick file of blank pages, Tony begins looking at them and then goes faster as he realizes they are all blank.

Tony: I don't...sorry, I don't quite understand what I'm looking at.

Chuck reaches over and takes some papers, Tony hands them over confused.

Chuck: These are all blank.

Grace: Yes.

Chuck: There's nothing on these.

Grace: That's right.

Chuck: Is this still part of the "look around and tell me what you see thing?"

Grace: (*laughs*) No, this is a different thing Chuck.

Chuck: Then?

Tony: What is this?

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 us in the —

Grace: — It might look a little suspicious.

Chuck: (*confused*) why would it look suspicious? It's completely —

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.

Beat

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

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

Chuck stands in stunned silence, he then starts to laugh.

Chuck: Okay.... yeah....okay...you got us!

Grace: Please...Tony.

Tony slowly sits.

Chuck: (*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 handing her estate, which I'm assuming is a very large estate.

Grace: Very.

Chuck: So the question is, can you trust us? The answer is yes.

Quiet

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: 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 stops

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: I'm familiar with the....excuse me?

Grace: Looking at it like cleavage. Nice quick little glances to make sure its still there. *(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, forty proof, 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 it sit 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, Grace doesn't defend himself 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..let's go.

Grace: You won't leave.

Tony: Watch us!

Chuck: Fucking weirdo.

Grace: Your customer service needs work.

Chuck: How about I give you some —

Tony: —*CHUCK! Let's just get out of here!!*

Grace: *(pulls out her phone)* Of course go! Two minutes after you leave I place two calls. One to the police to report misappropriation of clients' funds by Mr. Charles...“Chuck”... Casey, a BIG misappropriation of funds. Jail time I would think. That'll make the news. There goes your commentary work...ooh just when it was talking off too...

Chuck freezes in his steps

Chuck: Okay whoa —

Grace: — The second one to the wife of respected lawyer and God fearing family man Tony Jarvis, to notify her that her loving husband of eighteen years has been carrying on a rather inappropriate relationship with the pretty young thang Sarah Wilks of 3550 Forest Lea Drive. You won't make the cover of Lawyer Today after that I wouldn't think. Pictures at eleven folks. *(sips her drink)* Nice butt Tony!

Pause

Tony: What the hell? Chuck? what the hell is going on???

Grace: Once they start shaking the trees God knows what else will fall out. Sticks and stones may break my bones, but whips and chains will hurt me...right Tony?

Tony: *(utterly stunned, quietly)* Fuck me.

Chuck: Okay, let's just calm down a minute Okay? Let's just calm down.

Grace: *(slight chuckle)* I'm calm.

Chuck: *(thinking)* Okay, let's just talk about this.

Grace: Sure but we don't have much time.

Tony: What's going on??

Grace: Funny thing about shaking the tree, once people look for the bad in someone, they can find it easy enough. It's all about context.

Chuck: Answer the question! Why are you doing this? What do you want?

Grace: It's a fair question.

Chuck: (*stressed, aggressive*) Well I'm glad you think it's a fair question, do you think it's a fair question Tony? I do...SO ANSWER THE FUCKING QUESTION!

Grace: (*jumping out of her chair*) BECAUSE YOU'RE NOT VERY NICE PEOPLE! You lie, you..you steal, you cheat, you gamble!

There is a pause while they let that sink in.

Tony: OK, I only did one of those things, just for the record, the cheat one, and that was —

Chuck: Shut up Tony...(to Grace) You don't even know us.

Grace: Plus...PLUS...Zoom there goes Chuck Casey!!

Chuck: What?

Grace: Those Goddamn bus ads with your stupid smiling face!

Chuck: The —

Grace: (*laughs*) And for the record...don't know you?? I know you better than your wives know you!

Chuck: So you're...you're doing this because bus ads? Is this some kind of joke?

Grace: A Joke? I can assure you this is not a joke. No I'm not doing this because of some goddamn bus ads, BUT it is how I found you. I'm so SICK OF SEEING THEM!

Chuck: I knew those were a stupid —

Tony: — This is insane!

Chuck: Why are you doing this???

Grace: I told you.