

SCENE VIII: Will's Apartment

(GRACE is in the Kitchen. WILL enters.)

WILL: Hey.

GRACE: Hi.

WILL: Let me just fill you in on the rest of my evening, you know, just so you think I'm keeping anything from you.

GRACE: Will--

WILL: Uh, on the way home I bought a pretzel from a vendor-- I think his name was Luba-- and I scraped off about half the salt.

GRACE: Come on.

WILL: Then I was in the bookstore, and I was absent-mindedly thumbing through *Marilu Henner's Guide to Life*. It was in the bargain bin. You know, she has been able to the splits since she was 5, and bunions are her personal hell.

GRACE: I get the point.

WILL: Then, when I was almost home, I thought I recognized someone in the street, I--I sort of half waved, but then it wasn't who I thought it was, so I--I pretended to scratch my ear. Just so you know.

GRACE: Enough already.

WILL: What's the deal, Grace? I mean, so I don't tell you about Steven. It was a stupid affair. I wasn't particularly proud of it, and I knew if I told you, I'd to really examine it, when I really just wanted it to go away.

GRACE: But, will, if I think you're hiding something, I'm always going to think you're hiding something that's much bigger than it really is.

WILL: Why? Why would you think that?

GRACE: Because I don't want you to tell me that you're gay again.

WILL: What?

GRACE: When we were in college, and at Christmas break you told me you were gay... everything changed.

WILL: Of course it changed. My whole life changed.

GRACE: So did mine. Look, everything worked out, but I guess I'm just still waiting for you to... change my world with your next big secret.

WILL: You almost said "rock my world," didn't you?

GRACE: Maybe.



WILL: Gracie, coming out of the closet is something you only do once in life, you know? It's like being born or watching Magic Johnson's talk show. I promise, no big surprises.

GRACE: Good.

WILL: Well, the-- there is one more I should tell you about... I'm pregnant.