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# Married Life

By Ira Sachs

# I can't give you  
anything but love, baby  
# That's the only thing  
I've plenty of, baby  
# Dream a while  
# Scheme a while  
# You're sure to find  
# Happiness, and I guess  
# All the things  
you've always pined for  
# Gee, I'd like to see  
you looking swell, baby  
# Diamond cufflinks  
Woolworth's doesn't sell, baby  
# Till that lucky day  
you know darn well, baby  
# I can't give you  
anything but love  
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anything but love  
# I can't give you  
anything but love  
# I can't give you  
anything but love, baby  
# I can't give you anything  
# But love #  
This is  
my friend Harry Allen.

He's married.  
He likes his wife.  
It can happen.  
I'm sorry, Mr. Allen,  
were you calling for me?  
Yes, Miss Jones.  
Get Mr. Langley  
on the phone for me.  
Yes, sir.  
Right away, sir.  
Myself? I always thought marriage  
was a mild kind of illness.  
Like the flu or chickenpox,  
to which I was  
safely immune.  
It all began on  
the 5th of September, 1949,  
when Harry called to ask me  
to lunch at the Cloud Room,  
saying he had something  
urgent he wished to tell me.  
So, what's so  
damn important?  
To our mutual  
good health.  
Uh-huh.  
You're not dying on me or  
something, old chap, are you?  
No.  
Just the opposite.  
So?  
Let's grab a table before  
it gets too crowded.  
Do you like Pat, Rich?  
I mean,  
are you fond of her?  
Of course I like Pat.  
She's your wife.  
You know I'm fond of her.  
Since the day I met her.  
Of course.  
What are you getting at?  
Well, I'm going  
to leave Pat.

And I thought  
I'd better tell you.  
I thought you  
ought to know.  
Why, may I ask,  
are you gonna leave Pat?  
Because I want  
to be truly happy.  
Oh. That sounds  
reasonable.  
I'm being  
very reasonable.  
Well, what's her name?  
Look, I know you and Pat  
well enough to figure  
your marriage is  
not an unhappy one.  
As a matter of fact,  
as marriages go,  
I always thought  
it was pretty good.  
The most successful marriage  
I've ever known.  
Her name is Kay.  
It's Kay Nesbitt.  
Pat will take it hard.  
I know. I tried  
telling her. I couldn't.  
I can't stand to  
see anyone suffer.  
You know how I am.  
Why don't you have Kay,  
if you want,  
as your girlfriend?  
Just to make sure.  
What, you mean  
as a mistress?  
Just to make sure.  
I am sure.  
I always dreamed of a woman being  
really in love with me, Richard.  
For Pat, love means  
only one thing.  
And what is that?

Sex.

All the rest of it, the romantic  
dreams, the self-deception,  
what you always call  
"the wish to give and give," Harry,  
it all boils down  
to that. Bed.

Love is sex.

The rest is affection  
and companionship.

You're wrong.

You're completely  
and utterly wrong.

Well, you're a romantic  
and sentimental fool.

If you don't want the truth,  
you shouldn't ask me questions.

But I do love you,  
darling.

I do. Really.

And you know

I find you as attractive  
as that very first night  
we danced together.

I know you do.

Perhaps I'm not made  
like other women.

I don't know.

I've tried to be  
a good wife to you.

From the day  
we were married,  
she committed herself,  
she came to life.

But physically only.

Only physically, Richard.

I know some men  
crave that sex,  
but I want more.

We all have to put up with  
something in life, Harry.

We can't have everything.

You can't possibly  
understand.

You're with a different woman  
every other week.  
I'm going to have to  
find a way to leave Pat.  
I have to.  
I've made up my mind.  
Dear, sweet, gentle Kay.  
What on earth drew a girl  
like you to my friend Harry?  
That I could  
never understand.  
Maybe you were lonely.  
Maybe you were smitten.  
In truth, who can ever  
explain a woman's desire?  
It's always been  
a bit of a mystery.  
It was the next Sunday  
that, as habit,  
Harry and Pat walked to have  
lunch with their daughter Becky,  
her husband Tom and their  
grandson, little Charlie.  
Good afternoon.  
Hello.  
That awful dog.  
That awful woman.  
Poor old  
Mrs. Walsh.  
So I said, "What you have is an  
inability to express your emotions.  
"You're frigid in  
a Freudian sense,"  
which completely confused  
her, the poor woman.  
So I told her that without  
a very serious analysis,  
she would never  
get over it.  
We talked about her  
childhood for an hour.  
Harry was already looking  
forward to his evening with Kay.  
He'd made all

the proper arrangements.  
All his excuses  
were lined up.  
It has always been the  
privilege of the well-to-do  
to use their business  
as camouflage.  
Gotta go.  
Harry, it's Sunday.  
Duty calls, darling.  
I need to get a head start  
on tomorrow's meetings.  
So be it.  
It is on your own head.  
But when evil  
comes to you...  
I appreciate the television  
set, darling, I do.  
That's all  
I want to do, Kay.  
I want to spoil you,  
and shower you  
with gifts,  
and give and give.  
Just to see you smile.  
I love that smile.  
Harry,  
you're such a romantic.  
That's why I love you.  
He had to get out  
of his marriage.  
He had to have Kay.  
But how?  
He couldn't stand to shatter  
Pat's world and make her suffer.  
You know, the other  
week at the cabin,  
John O'Brien was  
telling Newt Baum  
that he thinks a woman  
who does a lot for her man  
can pay a heavy price.  
What do you suppose  
he meant?

Oh, it's all rather  
uncomplicated, I'm sure.  
He was drinking.  
You know John.  
What is the price  
a good wife pays?  
Tell me.  
I don't know.  
Let's skip it. You'll  
upset your stomach.  
No, go on.  
I'd say he was  
probably thinking that  
if a married man  
falls in love  
with another woman,  
the dedicated wife is  
surprised and hurt.  
And she remembers  
him as he was.  
Before they married,  
and she sees him now,  
as she made him.  
A better-finished  
product altogether.  
A product another woman  
is soon going to enjoy.  
You've given this  
a lot of thought.  
I know you don't  
love me anymore.  
No.  
I do love you.  
Pat.  
Pat.  
Pat?  
Pat! Pat?  
Pat?  
Thanks for coming  
at this ungodly hour, Doc.  
That's all  
in a day's work.  
I thought she was  
having a heart attack.



Not a bad way to go,  
coronary thrombosis.  
If you ask me, it's the  
most merciful death of all.  
Quick and easy.

But, no, she's fine.  
The pain in her chest  
is most likely caused  
by an emotional  
condition.

Are you aware of anything that  
could disturb her emotionally?  
Anything at all?

No. Nothing I can think of.  
When it comes to the  
opposite sex, most men are selfish.

Whereabouts  
does she live, Harry?  
Fairhaven.

I'm no exception.  
She's got a little house with  
a flower garden down there,  
and a decent job in town,  
selling wallpaper.

I wanted Harry's girl.  
That's near your weekend cabin.  
Yeah, not far.  
That's right.

You know, if you come by one  
weekend to see us at the cabin,  
you should stop by  
and say hello to Kay.

Hmm.  
There's not much for  
her to do out there.  
When I'm not around, she's just  
curled up with a book by the fireplace.  
She's a reader,  
you know.

Hmm.  
Is she?  
I want you to get to know  
her, the way you know Pat.  
Oh, but she won't

want to see me.  
I assure you,  
she'd love to see you.  
She'll have nothing to do  
with someone like me, Harry.  
You know how  
honest-to-goodness women  
run kicking  
and screaming,  
when they see me coming.  
Well, stick with me,  
my friend.  
I'll make a good man out of you yet.  
It was while Harry was away  
on business that I visited her first.  
As a friend.  
Or a friend of a friend.  
These look wonderful.  
Thank you.  
Is this your father?  
Yes, it is.  
He died of cancer, the  
day after Christmas, 1931.  
Oh, I'm sorry.  
He looks like a kind man.  
He was a drunk, actually.  
But he was kind,  
at least to us kids.  
Thank you.  
You're welcome.  
That's my late husband,  
Ronald.  
The men in my life don't  
seem to live very long.  
I'll warn Harry.  
Please do.  
Ronnie and I moved here  
right after we were married.  
But he went missing right  
at the beginning of the war.  
The Navy declared  
him officially dead.  
February of '47.  
It's funny

how he kept me hoping.  
His body was  
never found.  
I'm sorry.  
I only had him for  
about three years,  
but I really don't  
regret a moment.  
You're lucky.  
Why? Do you  
regret anything?  
Hmm.  
Lots.  
And much more to come.  
But about two years ago,  
I pulled  
myself together.  
And then with Harry's help.  
My dear, sweet Harry.  
Would you care  
for a real drink?  
Yes, please.  
Okay.  
I'll take a whiskey.  
Straight up.  
My mother came to live with  
me at the beginning of the war.  
And taught me to  
laugh at everything.  
A year ago, she died.  
Thank you.  
So here I am.  
Gloomy, lonely Kay.  
That's my life,  
in a nutshell.  
What about coming out  
with me for a dinner?  
We could go into town  
or someplace nearby.  
Come on. Little change  
would do you good.  
Well, I don't see why not.  
Thank you.  
- Sure.

You know, the trouble with Harry is  
he's a man who depends  
on emotions for happiness.  
And he's married  
to a woman  
who maybe doesn't.  
Is that what Harry says?  
No, that's what I think.  
Harry's just never had  
anyone truly in love with him.  
Until now.  
Yes, until now.  
You know,  
he loves you very much.  
Yes.  
It must be difficult  
to be apart.  
I hate it.  
You know, they say  
a woman needs to be  
loved, and that's true.  
But it's not  
the whole truth.  
She also needs  
somebody to love.  
Sounds old-fashioned.  
But it's true.  
I'm sure it is.  
I want to look after Harry,  
just as he wants  
to look after me.  
You're his closest friend.  
You know.  
He's been hurt  
and disillusioned.  
And I want  
to heal him.  
Like a nurse.  
Well, then.  
Well, then.  
Let's have some pie.  
No, I'm fine,  
thank you.  
One pie. Two forks.

Do you think I'm wrong  
to want to marry Harry?  
I'm not the judge  
of your conscience.  
I don't know you  
that well.  
I just want him  
to be happy.  
Well, I do, too.  
And I can  
make him happy.  
Happier than he's been.  
Then it's agreed.  
Are you in love  
with Harry?  
I love him dearly.  
Are you in love with him?  
Yes.  
Did I sense  
a breath of hesitation?  
I thought I did.  
I wanted to.  
Should I come in for  
one last cup of coffee?  
No. I'm pooped.  
Okay.  
Good night, then.  
Good night.  
Thanks a bunch.  
When are you and  
Stephen getting married?  
September the 3rd is  
the date we've set.  
Then I shall miss  
the wedding.  
I sail on  
September the 3rd.  
Something was  
happening to me.  
Something I had  
never felt before.  
The thought that those  
colorless lips of Harry's  
should ever be allowed

to press upon Kay's mouth  
tortured me  
day and night.  
I love you.  
Where was he now?  
With his wife, like a  
good husband should be?  
Or with Kay?  
In her home?  
In her arms?  
In her bed?  
I had to find out.  
Pat, how are you?  
Fine, Rich.  
Yourself?  
Oh, couldn't be better.  
How is the old chap?  
Out of town.  
On business. As usual.  
Oh, I didn't know that.  
Neither did he.  
He plumb forgot.  
I tell you, I don't  
know where he'd be  
if he didn't have me  
to organize him.  
Can you hear me, Rich?  
Mmm-hmm. We've had  
troubles with the line.  
Rich? Yes. I hear  
you fine. I, um...  
Well, I suppose  
I'm just a little tired.  
You sound as though  
you need a vacation.  
Maybe a quiet  
weekend at your cabin.  
Anytime.  
You know your room  
is always ready.  
Well, thank you.  
Thank you so much, Pat.  
And, well, good night.  
Good night, dear.

Pat Allen could never imagine  
that her husband would lie to her.  
So much for  
women's intuition.  
I never believed much in it.  
I believe even less now.  
How far are you going?  
Couple of miles  
down the road.  
Thanks for stopping, pal.  
Mind if I turn up  
the heat a little?  
It's bitter out there.  
Alvin's my name.  
Alvin Walters.  
Nice meeting you, Alvin.  
Care for a smoke?  
No, thank you.  
You're out late.  
I was with my sister.  
My oldest. You?  
Just visiting a friend.  
Whereabouts does  
your sister live?  
Ferndale.  
She died tonight.  
I'm sorry to hear that.  
Very sorry.  
Frankly, pal,  
I was happy to see her go.  
She was barely hanging on  
for the last seven months.  
We all gotta go sometime.  
It's not dying that counts,  
it's how you die.  
And she died  
bad and slow.  
Both my parents  
died in my youth,  
so I'm no stranger  
to death.  
The last two days  
were real bad.  
Then the poison just burst right

into the walls of her stomach,  
and she was gone.

"A blessed release," she  
called it, and that's the truth.  
It was a blessed release.  
Just ended.

She's at peace now, Mildred.  
That's all that matters.  
She's happy.

And so,  
with the innocent touch  
of his wife's hand,  
Harry's mind was made up.  
He would have to kill her.

"A blessed release."  
It was the only logical way for  
him to save Pat from suffering.

And he would  
never doubt it again.  
Once the emotions involved in taking  
a decision to murder have subsided,  
the greater emotion involved  
in the crime lies ahead.

Between plan  
and final action,  
there's a wide gap.  
You know, you've gotta be  
careful with Altrapeine.

That stuff can  
be dangerous.

Yes, I know.

I keep it hidden away  
tightly in my darkroom.  
If you got kids around...

No.

I don't have any children.

Thank you.

I have to ask you  
to sign for it.

Of course.

Right here at the "x".

If you don't mind.

Alvin's my name.

Alvin Walters.



So, what kind you got?  
Huh?  
Camera.  
Uh...  
All kinds.  
Sir?  
You do need to pay.  
Uh, pardon me.  
How was your trip, darling?  
Nothing unusual.  
You're still in your coat.  
Are you cold?  
I just wanted  
to see you first  
before I settled in  
for the night.  
I missed you, too.  
I think we should go to  
the cabin this weekend.  
Spend some time alone.  
Harry, we can't. What about  
our plans with the Arnoffs?  
Cancel them.  
I want to be  
alone with you.  
Okay.  
I might go up  
a little early, then.  
Okay.  
I'll go get  
ready for bed.  
Good night.  
Good night.  
I love you.  
On Friday afternoon,  
the 7th of October,  
I took the rest  
of the day off  
and drove north  
to the Allen cabin.  
I had visited Kay  
quite a few times by then.  
But today I knew  
Harry would be up there.

I was restless.  
I needed to know how much time  
I had before Harry left Pat.  
Before I lost Kay forever.  
Jesus Christ!  
John O'Brien.  
O'Brien was part of  
Harry and Pat's group.  
An unpublished fiction writer  
of some talent.  
And to his credit, the only one  
among us who actually fought the Huns.  
He lived alone nearby and  
traveled every so often to town  
for drinks and inspiration.  
Richard?  
Ah!  
John.  
Yes, I was just popping in  
on Pat and Harry  
for a breath of  
fresh country air.  
"The Assyrian came down  
like a wolf on the fold."  
Yes.  
Come in this way.  
Thanks.  
How are you, Richard?  
Yes, very good. Thank you.  
Hello, Pat.  
Got a bed for  
an old friend?  
Of course  
I have, Rich.  
You know that,  
or you wouldn't be here.  
God, it's a lovely evening.  
Isn't it?  
Absolutely gorgeous.  
Should be fine tomorrow, too,  
judging by the sunset.  
I should buy  
a house in the country.  
You really should.

Yes.  
Maybe I will one day.  
Would you like  
a cup of coffee?  
No, thanks.  
I can put some on.  
Please. Don't make  
it especially for me.  
I could do with a cup.  
And some cookies,  
if you got them, Pat.  
Maybe Richard would prefer  
a whiskey and soda  
to warm him up  
after the drive.  
I expect Pat could  
provide it, Rich.  
I think just a cup of  
coffee will do, thanks.  
Sure.  
Maybe I should go upstairs,  
and see if I can freshen up.  
It seems I forgot  
my weekend bag.  
I'm sorry.  
I'll survive.  
Well...  
Now you know, don't you?  
Know what?  
How things stand  
between Pat and me.  
Yes. Yes, I guess I do.  
At least I know how  
things appear to stand.  
But appearance  
is not everything.  
I saw you kissing her  
if that's what you mean.  
That's exactly  
what I mean.  
Yes, well,  
it's none of my business.  
I'm not married to Pat, and I  
have no need to cause trouble.

Pat's not the first woman  
to flirt a little  
when her husband's  
out of the house.  
It's not a flirtation.  
As far as I'm concerned,  
I've seen nothing.  
The fire can play  
strange tricks.  
It's not for me  
to pass on stories  
that could be based  
on a vivid imagination.  
I'm very much  
in love with John.  
And he's in love with me.  
That's the way it is.  
So.  
Divorce?  
No.  
No divorce.  
Not ever?  
I made a bargain with Harry,  
and I'll keep it.  
In sickness  
and in health.  
If I thought he didn't  
need me so much...  
But I'm all he's got  
to hang on to, you know?  
He has no one.  
I'm very fond  
of Harry.  
And I can't stand the thought of  
what he might do if I left him.  
Do you think he might  
commit suicide?  
Perhaps not  
so much that.  
He may start  
drinking. Maybe.  
And his clothes  
would all go to pot.  
He'd be lonely.

He'd get caught up  
with some floozy  
who would drag him down and  
take all his money with her.  
What do you think, John?  
I guess  
Pat knows him best.  
Poor guy hasn't had much fun  
out of life, that's for sure.  
Do you want to  
know my thoughts?  
Please.  
He would be lost  
without you, Pat.  
I certainly think he might try  
to kill the pain in some way.  
Drinking, maybe.  
Too much at first.  
No, thank you.  
And the business.  
I can't stand to think what  
that humiliation would do to him.  
And think of  
yourself, Pat.  
I'm not at all certain  
that one can build happiness  
upon the unhappiness  
of someone else.  
Some could.  
But not someone with  
your burden of conscience.  
You're too good.  
Thanks for being  
so honest.  
Don't you think, Rich,  
he might marry again?  
With some nice  
woman or other.  
No, I don't.  
I don't think Harry would  
ever fall in love again.  
Pat is his entire world.  
And don't forget I've  
known him since childhood.

Harry arrived  
late that evening,  
not long after  
O'Brien had left.  
He was disappointed  
to learn I was there.  
I didn't know  
why at the time.  
I didn't know of  
his plans for Pat,  
and that he needed  
to be alone with her.  
I'll put the water on.  
I didn't know there was  
a murderer in the house.  
Good evening, Rich.  
Good to see you, Harry.  
Can you believe  
this cold weather?  
Yeah, I got it.  
Just what I need.  
Pharmaceuticals.  
That's the future.  
I could use a good stock tip  
if you have one, Harry.  
What I could use  
is a drink.  
Harry!  
He just went to  
sleep and died.  
Oh, Pat.  
Harry.  
Poor old Brutus.  
His heart just stopped.  
Here you go. Here you go.  
Here you go. Shh, shh.  
At least he didn't  
have to suffer.  
It was a practice run.  
And it confirmed everything  
Harry was capable of.  
You'll have to come and stay with  
Kay and me when we're married.  
When are you

gonna tell Pat?  
One of these days.  
Seeing her standing there,  
I was suddenly  
swept by a wave  
of the most revolting  
sentimentality.  
I had never imagined  
that I could be moved  
to sacrifice  
my own desires for Kay.  
But that is what I  
now proposed to do.  
And it made me  
feel happy.  
I will come clean.  
I knew enough to  
set them all free.  
Pat?  
Yes?  
Pat...  
What is it, Rich?  
Please, tell me.  
I could go to town  
and buy a stone  
with Brutus' name  
on it, if you'd like.  
Yes.  
That would be nice.  
What do you say, Harry?  
Yeah, if you'd like.  
If only Harry had stayed  
by the grave a minute longer,  
so much might have been changed.  
As it turned out,  
it was the last time  
such sentimentality  
swept over me.  
What's the uproar about?  
Are you on fire?  
Come on, throw on some  
clothes and get cracking.  
We're going out  
to celebrate.

Celebrate what,  
for heaven's sake?  
Well, we'll decide  
that in the car.  
Come on,  
country mouse.  
Change into something sleek,  
and let's go.  
Let no time be wasted.  
This is no night for  
a beautiful girl like you  
to be in the house  
all on her own.  
But what's so special  
about tonight?  
Nothing special about tonight.  
Come on, go.  
Give me ten minutes?  
Too long.  
Seven minutes.  
The horses are  
getting cold outside.  
Well, if the coachman wants  
another drink, he can help himself.  
The coachman will!  
# Turn back the clock and  
let's get together and rock  
# All night long  
# All night long  
# All night long  
Sir, there's only 20  
minutes left in the picture.  
We don't care.  
We really don't.  
# Now it don't matter  
if you got to fight  
# The cops ain't coming out  
till Sunday night  
# The joint is jumpin',  
let the good times roll  
# And satisfy your soul  
# All night long  
# All night long  
# All night long



# Rockin' all night long #

Would you like to do  
this again next week?

There'll be a swell new  
picture at the Hollywood.

I don't think  
Harry would mind.

Well...

I think he might be  
a little bit jealous.

We can't be together  
on the town like this.

He might be a bit hurt.

I'm not sure Harry has  
a right to feel hurt.

What do you mean?

You know as well  
as I do, Kay.

I suppose I do.

It's just hard for him  
to find a way to leave her.

I wouldn't want to be  
in Harry's shoes.

He's always trying to do  
things with such perfection.

Well, I don't know  
about that.

What I do know is you are.

Perfect, that is.

In my eyes.

You know, Kay,

it'll be hard to build  
your happiness

upon the unhappiness  
of somebody else.

Some people could.

But not people with your  
burden of conscience.

Not this way.

Would you like to  
come in for a nightcap?

Or a nightcap  
to a nightcap?

Hmm.

A morning cap?  
Well, just about.  
I think even I  
have my limits.  
Okay. Good night.  
Good night.  
May I have that  
cigarette you're smoking?  
What's left of it.  
Well, if you want.  
Why?  
Because it touched  
your lips.  
Good night.  
I'd heard a Texan say  
it once to a pretty brunette  
after the liberation  
of Paris.  
It was corny, of course.  
But it worked.  
And it was from the heart.  
October 26th.  
Harry Allen is as sane  
and as cool as you and I.  
He was simply convinced that  
for Pat to fall asleep forever,  
without fear,  
and in the bloom of her life,  
involved no hardship at all.  
What was the alternative?  
A life of suffering  
and loneliness?  
The humiliation of  
an abandoned wife?  
Harry loved Pat too much  
to allow that to happen.  
You look especially  
pretty this morning.  
Thank you, darling.  
Like one of those Sleep All  
advertisements you see in the magazines.  
"Drink a cup of Sleep All  
and get eight hours of sleep  
"and be a beauty like me."

I don't think they'd sell much  
Sleep All if they hired me.  
They'd sell plenty of  
Sleep All with you, Pat.  
You're prettier today  
than you've ever been.  
Thank you.  
Let's feast this morning.  
You know I shouldn't.  
Eat, drink and be merry,  
my dear.  
I'll taste everything.  
I promise, darling.  
That's the paper.  
Let me go down  
and get it for you.  
I feel like a queen!  
Care for another  
slice of toast?  
Yes, please.  
Not so much butter on it  
this time, please.  
Been having  
indigestion again?  
Not too bad.  
Just the usual.  
But you still take  
your medicine?  
Religiously, sir.  
One spoon before bedtime.  
Sometimes around lunch.  
It depends.  
That's good.  
Have another sausage.  
No, I shouldn't.  
It took a long  
time to prepare.  
Honestly, Harry.  
I don't know what we're gonna eat  
the rest of the week for breakfast.  
Harry?  
Harry, have you seen  
my medicine bottle?  
What's going on in there?

I'm in the tub.  
In the tub?  
What on earth for?  
I forgot to take  
my bath this morning.  
Guess I'm not  
myself today.  
I'll say.  
Have you seen my  
medicine bottle?  
That last sausage  
really did it.  
What, the bottle?  
Yes.  
I have it here.  
Why do you  
have it in there?  
Oh, my stomach's  
bothering me.  
Thought I'd steal a dose  
from you, if you don't mind.  
You poor thing.  
What a messy day.  
Uh...  
Not much of a cook, am I?  
Well, use the toothbrush mug,  
not the rinsing cup.  
The powder makes the glass  
so hard to polish.  
All right, will do.  
Here you go.  
Thanks.  
You're not gonna  
take it now?  
Not quite yet.  
I'm better.  
I'll take a dose before  
lunch, then another before bed.  
That should repair  
the damage.  
I'm sorry.  
It was a lovely breakfast.  
A lovely gesture, darling.  
Bye-bye, Harry.

Bye-bye, Pat.  
Take care of yourself.  
I will.  
I'm sorry.  
Don't be silly.  
Harry.  
Harry.  
Harry, what do you think?  
Excuse me  
for a moment.  
Operator.  
I have been dialing  
my home over and over.  
And I get a strange tone.  
We've had this  
trouble before.  
What's the number  
you're calling?  
Hold the line.  
I'm sorry, caller,  
that line is out of order.  
Well, can't you fix it  
right away? It's very...  
I'll report it to  
the engineer's department.  
Daddy?  
No, Charlie, put your  
mommy on the phone.  
Grandpa, is that you?  
Call your mommy, Charlie.  
When are you gonna come  
and visit me, Grandpa?  
I don't know, sweetie.  
You go play.  
Mrs. Walsh?  
This is Harry Allen  
from next door.  
Listen, I wonder if you  
wouldn't mind doing me a favor.  
I've been trying to call my wife,  
but the line's out of order.  
You want  
me to go over and see if she's in?  
Yes. Yes, that's it.

Hold on a moment.

Shut up! Just shut up!

Mr. Allen?

Mr. Allen?

Yes?

There's no answer  
at the door.

I could write a note for you  
if you want, and slip it under.

Oh, that's so kind  
of you, Mrs. Walsh.

Could you ask her  
to call me?

She could use my  
phone if she wants.

Of course.

Now, thank you,

Mrs. Walsh.

Goodbye.

Is everything all right,  
Mr. Allen?

Why shouldn't it be?

I thought you looked  
a little pale, that's all.

Nonsense.

I'm sorry if I snapped  
at you, Miss Jones.

I think I might  
be getting a cold.

You know how

I hate to be sick.

Oh...

I'll give you some of  
my cold pills, Mr. Allen.

I have some in my desk.

They're wonderful.

Don't bother.

You take a red one  
in the morning,  
a green one at lunchtime, and a  
yellow one before you go to bed.

So it doesn't matter  
when you start.

I don't think

I really need it.  
It worked  
for my sister.  
And Milt in shipping.  
He swears by them.  
I just want you  
to be well.  
Otherwise, Mrs. Allen  
might catch it.  
Mr. Allen's office.  
Yes, of course.  
Speak of the devil.  
Hello?  
Well, hello, Harry.  
What's the matter?  
Mrs. Walsh left a note on the  
door, telling me to call you.  
Nothing, really.  
Oh, good.  
I was worried.  
It's not like you to  
call during the day.  
The line was out of order.  
Where are you  
calling from?  
Mrs. Walsh's.  
I was washing my hair when  
she rang the bell before.  
I'll call the phone  
company from here.  
And how's your tummy?  
Better, thanks. I didn't  
take anything for it.  
I'll just take the usual  
dose tonight before bed.  
Oh...  
There's this ghastly  
dinner tonight  
with some local  
manufacturers.  
I'll be late.  
That's all I wanted to say.  
That's okay.  
I'll go see that movie

at the Arabian.  
It probably won't  
be there much longer.  
It's supposed to be good.  
Well, don't wait up for me.  
Uh...  
You know how  
these things are.  
I'll be in bed by 11:30,  
as usual. I promise.  
Bye-bye.  
Harry, you must be frozen.  
Come in.  
I've got a fire going.  
Would you like  
a gin and tonic?  
I'd rather have a whiskey  
and soda, if you can spare it.  
Of course I can  
spare it, Harry.  
It's yours, anyway.  
You bought it.  
Don't keep telling me that the  
things I give you are mine, darling.  
They're ours.  
Well, then. Cheers.  
And God bless.  
God bless.  
Amen.  
If there is a God.  
Don't you think  
there might not be?  
This cruel world.  
Well, I like to think  
there's a God.  
Otherwise, how could we  
explain all this hard rain  
we've been having  
all of a sudden?  
Harry, are you  
feeling all right?  
Yes, thank you,  
darling.  
I feel wonderful.



I feel wonderful  
when I'm with you.  
You do look a bit off.  
It's a little chill.  
It's nothing.  
I'm fine now.  
Okay.  
Well, you shouldn't have come  
if you have a chill.  
Not on a night like this.  
And not be here with you?  
No, thank you.  
Best take a few aspirins  
before you go to bed.  
What's so funny?  
Dear Kay,  
I love you so much.  
Nothing frightens me  
when I'm with you.  
Why don't I put on  
some soup for you?  
I'll help you.  
There's nothing  
you can do, really.  
There isn't.  
It's just soup.  
It just needs  
heating up.  
Go and sit.  
I'll miss you.  
I'll be back  
in a minute.  
Go on, fix yourself another drink.  
What's the matter, Kay?  
You're very  
thoughtful tonight.  
Well, I have  
good cause to be.  
Then what's the matter?  
For heaven's sake,  
tell me.  
Don't just sit there.  
What's wrong?  
Harry,

I don't want you to  
get the wrong idea.  
The wrong idea?  
What wrong idea  
could I possibly get?  
Kay, what's wrong?  
Harry,  
there's no one who means  
as much to me as you do.  
The way you do.  
And there never has  
been since Ron died.  
I just can't go through  
with this thing, dearest.  
I've given it  
a lot of thought.  
I don't think  
it's fair to Pat.  
I don't think  
it's fair to you  
or me.  
Please, Kay,  
don't do this.  
Don't you see she would  
always be between us?  
Would she?  
I doubt it.  
I want to be happy.  
With you.  
Well, I, for one,  
cannot take that chance.  
I would have liked to have married  
you, Harry. But not like this.  
We can't build our happiness on  
the unhappiness of someone else.  
Some people could,  
but not people with our  
burden of conscience.  
What other way is there?  
Harry,  
this is as hard for me  
as it is for you.  
Then don't let's make  
a final decision tonight.

I won't feel any  
different tomorrow.  
Let's just see if we could get  
through to the end of our lives  
without further damage.  
Thank you for  
your past kindness.  
And for tonight's dinner.  
Harry, please don't  
let it end like this.  
Like what?  
In bitterness.  
Don't let it end  
like that, either.  
You think I'm a monster,  
don't you?  
I think you might have  
let me know a bit earlier.  
You did the right  
thing, dear.  
It was so quick.  
May I...  
May I have back the letters  
I wrote to you, Kay?  
Now?  
It's easier for both of us  
if the letters are  
out of the way.  
I can burn them.  
I'd rather have them.  
Harry,  
they're all over the place.  
Well, burn them  
tomorrow morning, Kay.  
The whole lot.  
Without fail. Please.  
Harry.  
You...  
Let's pretend  
that I'm  
just running down to the  
store to get a bottle of gin.  
Or, better yet,  
that I was never here.

I've lost  
everything tonight.  
And I'd rather  
not think about it.  
I'll be in bed by 11:30,  
as usual.  
Here you go.  
Are you aware you have only one  
rear light working on this car, sir?  
No, sir, I'm not aware.  
Well, don't take  
my word for it.  
Why don't you step out of the  
car, and check for yourself?  
No, that's all right,  
I believe you.  
Can we just  
do this quickly?  
Step out  
of the car, sir.  
It's just a bad  
connection.  
Let me see your  
driver's license.  
Well, surely you're not going  
to give me a summons for this?  
You're not driving  
without a license?  
No. No.  
Sure I... Here.  
You in a hurry, sir?  
No.  
But I should  
get back home.  
Well, you should've  
thought of that  
before you decided  
to break the law, sir.  
But I haven't  
broken the law.  
Everything's in order.  
Good, thank you.  
You're free to go.  
All right. Thank you.

You're home early.  
Are you all right, Harry?  
I must've dozed off.  
Oh, dear, what's wrong?  
I want you to know.  
Know what?  
How much I need you.  
I know, darling.  
I've always known that.  
Funny, I could swear  
this bottle was half empty.  
I think my mind is going.  
We must be getting older.  
Yes, we are.  
A bit too set in  
our ways, aren't we?  
Yes.  
I love you, Pat.  
I love you, too.  
Harry?  
Why don't we take a trip  
somewhere, just the two of us?  
I would like that.  
How was the picture?  
Fine.  
It was a good picture.  
And so Harry and Pat  
Allen resumed their lives together  
in that way couples do.  
Kay and I waited till the  
next winter before coming out.  
I guess we want to be  
kind in our own way.  
To let the pain  
subside for Harry.  
She's a doll.  
You're a lucky man.  
I suppose I am.  
You are.  
Couldn't happen  
to a nicer fellow.  
Aw...  
Thank you, Pat.  
How serious is it?

Oh, it's very serious.  
The most serious  
I've ever been.  
There's something  
really great between us.  
So, marriage?  
Yes, marriage.  
If she'll have me.  
Of course she'll  
have you, Rich.  
How could she not?  
Wait, wait,  
wait, wait.  
A toast.  
To Richard and Kay.  
To us.  
To all of us.  
To life!  
It was later that night  
that Harry told me everything.  
It was a funny story,  
in its way,  
about a man who tried  
to poison his wife,  
and then found he would  
be lost without her.  
Three words.  
The drummer boy  
is on a road.  
And so we were married,  
Kay and I.  
We were meant  
for each other.  
Harry was my best man.  
Did we build our happiness  
upon the unhappiness of others?  
That's for you to judge.  
Road. Road. Road.  
Whoever in this  
room knows what goes on  
in the mind of the person  
who sleeps next to you...  
Road to Morocco!  
...please, raise your hand.

I know you can't.

Not honestly.

Thank you.

I appreciate the drinks.

Good night, pal.

Your turn. Take care. Good night.

Thank you.

Good night!

Harry Allen was the  
most noble man I'd ever met.

He never once talked  
to me about his loss.

Come on, boy!

In fact, I now believe  
it was a new beginning.

It's funny, isn't it?

What we do for love.