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# Send Me No Flowers

By Julius J. Epstein

"The desire to take medicine  
is perhaps the greatest feature  
which distinguishes man from animals."

Feeling low?

Tossing and turning all night?

Having trouble going beddy-bye?

Know what?|You've got a headache.

Try the new painkiller Nipsarin, the|pill 9 out of 10 doctors prescribe,  
and get instant relief.

Painful sinuses got you down?

Nasal passages clogging up on you?

Don't give it another thought! Try,|new doctor-prescribed Nauseadrine,  
with the new,|magic ingredient N.U. 202,  
and smash your troubles away.

Tummy feel crummy? You bet it does!

And there you go,|taking those rotten tablets.

Nothing happens,|they just lay there.

Now watch wonder-working|Garbagine go to work.

See how much faster the new-formula,|better-than-ever  
Garbagine tablets are|than that no-good brand.

George, breakfast!

Good morning, Arnold.

Mrs. Kimball?

Hi, Ernie. - Isn't it|a lovely morning? - Oh, it is cute.

Yoghurt, carrot juice, cottage cheese,  
organic honey,|non-fat, and eggs, fertile.

The Fishers on Maple St. Got|a new car today. Only it's 2nd hand.

Don't breathe a word of this,|but you know the Bullards?

Now, remember,|don't spread this around.

George!

Hey Nash, it's Vito, the cleaner.

Hey Daddy-O, I got your cleaning.

Ruth!

Need a hand, Mrs. Kimball?

Judy?|- I heard you, you said "ooh."

Doesn't it concern you,|I have this pain in my chest?

I'm always concerned.

It's just that I've had such|a morning. You would not believe it.

I called Dr. Morrissey.|I'm going to have a complete check-up.

It's probably nothing serious.|- But you just had one 2 weeks ago!

In 2 weeks a body can turn on you.|Just like that.

While it's turning, eat breakfast.|- Not until Ralph looks me over.

At least have a piece of toast.|It won't show up in the X-ray.

It's roughage.|- I don't know why I bother to cook.

Well, maybe one piece of toast.  
Have I got something to tell you!|Guess what.  
The Bullards are getting a divorce.  
The Bullards?|- The milkman told me. - Who are they?  
They live on the next block.|I don't know them,  
but I expected it.  
You did? Although you don't know them?  
I know all about them.|Marjorie told me at bridge.  
That poor thing! There must be|really something wrong with him.  
How do you know? Maybe|there's something wrong with her.  
Oh, no. She's very nice.|I met her at the supermarket.  
She may be nice at the supermarket,|but not nice at home.  
You know... - No butter!|It's loaded with cholesterol.  
2 years ago you'd never heard|of cholesterol. Now it's a big thing!  
Laugh if you want, but men my age|are dropping like flies!  
Do you read the obituary page?|It's enough to scare you to death.  
Then why do you read it?|- Should I bury my head in the sand?  
No. But why do you think you have|every disease you hear about?  
What do you mean by that?  
Come on! Remember|when they operated on Whitey Ford?  
You thought|you had bone chips in your elbow.  
There definitely was pain there.  
Your hypochondria's showing.  
I am not a hypochondriac.|Listen,  
someday when I'm lying in hospital,|then you'll change your tune.  
You better hurry,|you'll miss your train. Bye!  
What's today?|- Friday.  
Maybe I better cancel lunch|with Winston Burr, the way I feel...  
Darling,|I think you could risk a cup of tea.  
I don't suppose a cup of weak tea|would hurt me, whatever's wrong.  
Your call to Mrs. Bullard, Mr. Burr.|- Thank you. - Bullard?  
Is she the one getting a divorce?|- Yeah. How did you know?  
We have the same milkman.|- Watch this,  
the Winston Burr patented procedure|for potential divorcees:  
Hello, Linda.  
Winston. Winny Burr.  
Linda, I heard the horrible news.|Well, I'm just heartbroken.  
Yeah. I always considered|you and David my best friends.  
If there's anything I can do,|you mustn't hesitate to call me.  
Yeah. The next couple of weeks|are going to be very tough.  
You'll be... lonely.  
Yeah. Say, why don't we have|a quiet little drink together tonight?  
Maybe I could think of something|to bring you and David back together.  
Okay, I'll pick you up at 8 o'clock.|Tonight. How's that?

Alright, little darling. |And... cheer up.  
You are a 100%, |non-shrinkable, no-money-back ratfink!  
Yeah, but a bachelor ratfink.  
I'll see you at the club tomorrow. |Good luck with your doctor.  
Check, please!  
Ooh boy, am I pooped!  
I made 8 house calls this morning.  
Why in blazes didn't I specialize, |so I could get some sleep?  
Like those lucky allergists.  
They keep hours just like a banker, |and make the same kind of money, too.  
I know one of them, built a |\$100,000 house on ragweed alone.  
When the pollen count goes up, |just like the stock market...  
Ralph, I have this pain... |- Thank goodness it's Friday.  
I'm going fishing this weekend. |A friend of mine has a cabin cruiser.  
Gastroenterologist. He'd look |at anything but gall bladders.  
He is absolutely cleaning up.  
You'll be on a boat the whole weekend? |- That's right.  
Can't you be reached in an emergency? |- Emergency?  
What emergency?  
No, 90% of my patients have |absolutely nothing wrong with them.  
And the 10% that have |something seriously wrong,  
I send them to a specialist.  
Now, what is the trouble? |- What?  
Oh, well, I have this pain... |- Can you show me  
where it is? - Right here. It hurts |like the Devil when I press it.  
Then don't press it. |Now George,  
tell me, is it a sharp pain, |is it a dull pain,  
or does it grip, like a vice? |- Yes.  
No. Pick one.  
I'd say it was more of a sharp pain.  
I guess we'd better take a listen.  
Do you have any idea what it might be? |- Not yet.  
It's probably nothing serious. |You know how Judy worries.  
Take a deep breath.  
Exhale.  
Inhale.  
Exhale.  
Inhale.  
Exhale.  
You can button up now, George. |- What's the bad news?  
What? - This pain in my chest, |is there a medical term for it?  
Yes.  
It's called indigestion.  
I want you to take

these pills. One before each meal|and again before retiring.  
What kind of pills are they?|- You wouldn't know if I told you.  
Oh, Ralph...|That cardiogram you took...  
Yeah, what about it?|- That's what I was going to ask.  
What are you talking about?|- How did it turn out?  
I don't know. The results aren't due|from Dr. Peterson for another week.  
He's had it for 2 weeks.  
Isn't he studying it for a long time?|- Dr. Peterson is a very busy man.  
Biggest cardiologist in the city.|Got a regular goldmine there.  
Well, in your opinion,|everything is Okay?  
George, you are sound as a bell.  
I wish all my patients|were as healthy as you are.  
Speaking non-professionally, that is.|- And this pain in my chest?  
I can just live a normal life?|- I would.  
You can take|one of those pills now if you want.  
Right now? Is it so urgent?|- It doesn't make any difference.  
No, I'll take it now|if it's that important.  
Is that my chart, Ralph?  
Aren't you writing an awful lot|for just indigestion?  
The more I write,|the more money I charge.  
Oh, good.  
Hello? Oh yes, he is, Doctor.  
I appreciate how busy you've been.|That's why I didn't press you on it.  
Whose cardiogram?  
William Mallone's?  
Yes, I've been worried about him.|He's getting on in years.  
What does|the cardiogram show, Dr. Peterson?  
What?  
Oh, that's really a shame.  
But, still, what can you do?|Give him a few pills  
to ease the pain in his chest.  
Not much you can do|when the old ticker goes, eh?  
How much time do you figure he's got,|Doctor? Few weeks.  
Yes, I've seen them go just like that.  
No, I'm not going to tell him.|I think he's better off not knowing.  
Alright.  
Fine, you have a nice weekend too,|Doctor. Bye-bye.  
I'm back, Ralph.|- Good.  
Do you still want me to take these|pills? - Yes, to ease your chest pain.  
Ralph?  
Do you mind|if I ask you some questions?  
Not at all, go ahead.|- Well,  
suppose you had a patient  
and found out|he only had a few weeks to live.

I mean, he could go just like that.  
Would you tell him?|- Well, offhand I would say, but  
it'd all depend on the circumstances.|- Circumstances? - Yes.  
If I knew the man's affairs|were in order, his will made out,  
his insurance paid up, no loose ends,|well, I'd see no reason to tell him.  
Well, suppose he were an old friend,|like me.  
Are your affairs in order,|will made out, insurance paid up?  
The I wouldn't tell you. Anything else|I can do for you, George?  
Goodbye, Mr. Kimball.  
See you in church!  
Judy?|Yeah?  
Come on, we're teeing off at 2:30.|- Just a second. - What are you doing?  
Making George's sleeping pills.|- What are you, a pharmacist?  
I'm a very smart wife. |You know George.  
He's convinced he can't sleep|without a pill, but I know it's sugar.  
And it works? - It has for 5 years. |You know something else?  
When he takes two|he goes to sleep twice as fast.  
That's a story for a medical journal!|- That'd ruin everything. - Why?  
He reads it every week.|- Oh, no!  
Hi, George.|- Hello, Arnold.  
Ruth is flying to her mother's,|the kids are in camp, and I'm alone.  
And unafraid.  
What are you doing?|- Eating.  
Nuts? George Kimball? Cholesterol?  
What's the matter?|You seem kind of down.  
Arnold, can I take you into my|confidence? - You can, George.  
Well,|I've just heard some rather bad news.  
You've got to promise to keep quiet. |I wouldn't want it to get around.  
It's nothing that's going to|affect property values, is it?  
No, I wouldn't think so.  
That's a relief. What, then?  
You know this little pain in my chest|I've been complaining about?  
You mean your indigestion?|- Well, it's not indigestion.  
No?  
It's curtains, Arnold.  
Curtains?  
What do you mean, "curtains"?|- I just came from the doctor's.  
He only gives me a few weeks to live.|- Oh, come on!  
I don't believe it.|- It's true. It's the ticker.  
Holy cow!  
Are they sure?  
I had Peterson,|the biggest cardiologist in the city.  
Holy cow!  
Gee, George, |I don't know what to say.

This is so sudden, you...

George, I...|I believe I better have a drink.

I'd like to have one with you,|if you don't mind.

Certainly not.

I'd like a martini.|- Same. Double.

George?|- What?

How are you going to tell Judy?|- Judy?

Oh, I'm not going to tell her. - No?|- No. I couldn't bear it.

She'd probably go to pieces,|all that weeping and wailing.

You know Judy. - Yeah, I remember|how she was when the dog died.

I don't mean there'd be a comparison. |This would be much worse.

You know what I mean.

Of course, Arnold.|- George, is there anything I can do?

Not as a lawyer, but as|your best friend. - I don't know.

Somebody has to|take care of the funeral details.

Do you want to do that?|- I'll do it.

I'll do it.

What's the matter with him?|- It's so nice to see you.

It's good to see you, George.

How is everything?|- Everything's just fine.

That's wonderful, wonderful.

Hi, Arnold. - Hi.|- Ruth get off alright?

Like a rocket.|- Good.

How are you, Judy?

What are you taking,|George's vitamin pills?

Dear, I want you to know you can|always count on me. - Thanks, Arnold.

I think we should drive Arnold home. |He can pick up his car tomorrow.

Judy, do you know|what type of man you're married to?

Thinking of the other guy, even at|a time like this. - A time like this?

He means, at a time when|he forgets where he parked his car.

You can ride with us, Arnie. Come on.

That was brilliant.

Come on, Arnold.

Judy, I just wanted to tell you,|I live right next door, alright?

Right, Arnold. - If you need me|for anything, day or night,

that's where I'll be, right next door.

Thanks a lot, Arnold.

Oh, was he bombed. |What's he had to drink?

Hello, Mrs. Kimball. For you|we put it through special.

That is something! Almost as wild|as this morning's outfit, huh?

Bye, now.

Pretty fresh kid.|- Oh, he's just friendly.

Friendly? Bet he makes out|pretty good in this neighborhood.

Oh, darling? Joe at the gas station|gave me back this check.

He said it's the wrong amount|and I should make out a new one.  
The bill was 45.58 and,|I don't know why, but I wrote 78.60.  
The figure's not \$78.60, it's 7-8-6-0.|You paid your license plate!  
You're kidding. That's an odd one.  
Now, anybody can make a mistake...|- I'd like to talk to you. Judy?  
How would you like|to go to night school?  
Where? - Night school.|Just a couple of nights a week.  
To learn banking,|bookkeeping, a little accounting.  
That's just... Why? - Because|these things keep our ship afloat.

**For example:**

I don't care.|- But you've got to care.  
That's your department.|- But it's important for you to know.  
Why should we both know the|same things? - Judy, please.  
Will you let me get dinner going?|- That's what I want to talk about.  
How much is a pound of ham?|- I don't know, I didn't buy a pound.  
How much did you buy? - A half pound.|- How much was it?  
If I don't know that either.  
How do you know they're not cheating|you, if you don't know the prices?  
Would you tell me why you're|getting so worked up about ham?  
It's not just ham,|it's the whole principle.  
George, you didn't lose your job?|- No, I didn't lose my job.  
I'll have it the rest of my life.|- Then what are you worried about?  
You better check on Arnold.|See if he wants to have dinner, huh?  
We can eat in half an hour.  
What does "amortization" mean?  
Hindus had the right idea. When|the husband died, the wife went too.  
Threw herself on the funeral pyre.|And he didn't have to worry about her.  
I've been thinking, and|I want to do this, so don't say no.  
Fact is, I consider it a privilege.|- What? - I want to deliver a eulogy.  
That'd be fine. - And don't worry,|I'll give you one gorgeous send-off.  
I'm sure you will. Just wish|I could be around to hear it.  
Maybe I can knock out|a rough draft before you go.  
You know something, Arnold?|Judy will never make alone.  
Look at it this way, George:  
Judy's young, she's attractive,|she'll probably get married again.  
I'm sorry,  
I shouldn't say a thing like that,|with you not gone yet.  
It's alright, Arnold.  
Of course it's a possibility.|Judy might get married again.  
Suppose she married the wrong man,|like poor Janet Hart. Remember her?  
Who? - Janet and Bill Hart.|Don't you remember? - No.  
After Bill died Janet needed somebody|to lean on, so she took the first  
guy.



One week after the funeral|she ran off with a bongo player.  
A bongo player?|- Yeah.  
Took her for every cent.|- Is that going to happen to Judy?  
Who knows? She could turn to the first|man that comes along. - Holy cow!  
Arnold? There's no question:  
Judy should marry again, but to|the right man. I've got to find him.  
Another husband? Who, George?  
I don't know. I'll find somebody.  
I'm a married man, George.  
Not you. Woods must be|full of eligible bachelors.  
Did it come yet, baby?|- What, mio amore?  
The 50 thou,|the old boy's life insurance.  
Is that enough, Vito?|- For now.  
If we need more we can sell the joint.  
Mr. Kimball is here, Mr. Atkins.  
You phoned us about|the purchase of a final resting place.  
Sit down, won't you?|- Thank you.  
This has been a busy morning.|Did you see the Archers? - Who?  
The Archers on Meadow Rd.|Do you know them? - I don't think so.  
They're a family of 8. They|were all in. Wonderful to see them.  
You don't get|those big families anymore.  
I can understand your point of view.|- Do you know Green Hills? - Pardon?  
Do you have anyone residing with us?|- Not as yet.  
You saw our advertising campaign.|- No, I must have missed it.  
I think I have a copy somewhere.|Oh, there it is.  
There she be.  
Sure hits you in the eye, doesn't it?  
Yes, it sure does.|- We suggest  
the entire family all go out|and select the final resting place.  
The kids love it. They have a ball!|- I'll bet they do.  
If you'll notice, all monuments|in Green Hills are the same height,  
4 feet. As you see, it gives|a wonderful impression of uniformity.  
A sort of Levittown of the hereafter.  
I like that.  
"The Levittown of..." - Mr. Atkins,|could we get down to business?  
Yes Siree-Bob.|As soon as I find the old order pad.  
Here we are!  
Now, how many in your family,|Mr. Kimball?  
Just my wife and myself.  
Oh, well. That's alright.  
Chance of any little additions, maybe?  
Well, there might be|another man along later.  
I beg your pardon.  
Mr. Atkins, let me ask you a question.

Assuming the husband goes first, |and then later on the wife remarries.  
Then the wife goes next, and she's |buried alongside her first husband.  
When the second husband goes, |is he buried alongside the other two?  
I mean, are they all put in together?  
Yes, that happens.  
Well, make it for three.  
Alrighty, reservations for three.  
Now, how much is this? | - \$1,000. - \$1,000?  
We throw in the 1st year's gardening. |How's that get you?  
Swell.  
I'd like write the check to cash. | - Suit yourself.  
You see, I'd rather |my wife didn't know about this.  
You want to surprise her. | - Yes.  
This'll give her a real thrill!  
It makes a very thoughtful gift. |Let me show you.  
We've got a lovely layout.  
I think we'll put you in K-1, 2 and 3.  
Sunset Hill, |right next to Folded Wings.  
Oh, you're lucky.  
That's nice high ground. |Lovely view from here.  
Sounds marvellous. | - It's a honey.  
When is it available? - It's kept |in tip-top shape at all times.  
Whenever you're ready,  
we're ready. | - That's comforting.  
Thank you, Mr. Atkins. - There's one |more thing I think you should know.  
What's that? - It's not of immediate |concern, but there are plans  
for a state highway |that would go through Green Hills.  
A state highway? - Not until 1980, |and that's not definite.  
But in the event it does |come to pass, we'll see to everything  
at our expense. - What does that mean? | - We'll either move you  
or, if you wish, |put you deeper under the freeway.  
I see.  
Either way, |whatever the others do, I'll go along.  
Fine and dandy.  
I'll get the deed to you |in a day or so.  
Enjoy your work, don't you? | - I wouldn't want to do anything else.  
I like people. | - Well, goodbye. - Oh, Mr. Kimball!  
Your green stamps.  
I'll change. Meet you in 15 minutes. | - I don't think I'll play today.  
Oh, George! | - No, I don't think I'd better.  
Oh honey, I hate to play alone. | - I'll meet you on the ninth green.  
Okay.  
Arnold, I did it. | - Yeah?  
I bought a cemetery plot. | - Good. Use it in good health.

I'm sorry. | I'm not in very good shape today.  
I've just one more thing to attend to, | then I'll stop this gallivanting,  
and go to bed and wait. | - What's that?  
A husband for Judy. Look:  
I made a list of all | the eligible bachelors around here.  
Good morning Arnold, George. | - Hi. - Hi, Sam.  
How about old Sam Scheffing? | - He hasn't got a quarter.  
Never could stand him, anyway. | - Judy needs a wealthy man.  
How about Paul Pendergrass? | He's playing tennis here today.  
He's reasonably good-looking.  
Not as reasonable as you, but...  
I'm sorry.  
There's Harry Hanson.  
Plays a great handicap. Two. | Is he on your list? - No.  
Put him on the list. Fine competitor.  
Fore!  
You're a fraud, Harry Hanson! | - Shh, quiet. Sit down and be quiet.  
You should be exposed! | - Come on, let's find Judy.  
It's a little discouraging, isn't it? | - A bit.  
I said it yesterday: | The woods are full of them.  
What woods, George? | - What's the difference? Any woods.  
What's that? | - Time for my pill.  
It hardly seems | worthwhile to take a pill.  
I'm sorry, George.  
Help! Look out, George!  
Look out, George!  
Judy, wait! Arnold, hurry.  
No, go that way.  
Faster, Arnold!  
Look out!  
I can't stop! I'm sorry.  
Somebody, stop this thing!  
Step on it! | - I am!  
Thank you. | - It's alright, you're safe now.  
What's the matter with you?  
Now, just a minute... | - Judy!  
Bert!  
Bert Power! | - Judy Heppleway!  
Gosh, you look pretty as ever! | - I'm sure I look terrible!  
Judy Heppleway. | - George, George Kimball!  
Maybe we should go, we're intruding. | - Bert,  
meet my husband George and our | good friend and neighbor Arnold Nash.  
Fellas, this is Bert Power, my | college... - Sweetheart. Hi, Arnold.  
George. - Oh, excuse me, | I thought you were the good friend.

I'm not her good friend, | I'm her husband. For now, anyway.  
So, you married little Judy Heppleway.  
Yes, I did. - No offence. | Judy was always the campus queen.  
I figured she'd wind up marrying | someone like Cary Grant.  
No, she just married me. | - I think she did just fine.  
So do I. - And so do I. | - Little Judy Heppleway.  
If you don't mind, her name's Kimball, | because she married me.  
Now, that's a perfectly good name. | - Bertie, what are you doing here?  
Just flew in from Phoenix for | a little business swindle. - Swindle?  
You should put on dry clothes. | Let's go to your little country club  
and some lunch, so we | can really talk. - Oh, marvellous!  
I'm so glad to see you. | - Are we invited too?  
Oh, sure, come along. | - Come on, George.  
Tell me, what do you do these days? | - As a matter of fact, I'm in oil.  
Oil? Isn't it fascinating?  
It's marvellous tax-wise.  
The first 27.5 percent | go right into your pocket. - Really?  
People always belly-aching about | needing money should all get into oil.  
It would certainly wipe out poverty.  
What's your line of business, George?  
I'm with Connell Electronics. | - Are you on the big board? - No.  
We're not on the little board either.  
It's a small company, | Bert, but it's very important.  
They manufacture a little transistor | about this big.  
This big.  
Anyway, | as George said in a speech once:  
Without it, a whole city | like Pittsburgh would be blacked out.  
From what I've seen of Pittsburgh, | it'd look better blacked out.  
It's true. - Tell me, Bert, | did your wife come with you?  
My wife? I'm not married.  
What? Bert Power, I don't believe you. | - Well, it's true.  
How did you escape? | - Well, if you really must know,  
it's partly your fault, passion girl.  
Mine? | - Yeah.  
After you threw me over | I couldn't settle for second-best.  
Excuse me, please. | I'll powder my nose. George,  
your nose needs a little powder too. | - Yeah, yeah.  
I'll be right back. Why don't you | order for me, passion girl?  
I'd like the chef salad, | vinegar, no oil.  
What is it? - Our worries are over. | - What? - We found a man for Judy.  
Who?  
Who? Bert Power, of course.  
Are you mad? Judy, married to | that cornball? Why, I'd live first!  
Judy doesn't think he's a cornball. | And he's loaded, George, loaded!

Do you want everybody here to know?|- How much time do you have to look?  
I'm sorry. But,|even if you find somebody you like,  
how do you know he'll go for Judy?|- Are you kidding? That's impossible.  
Nothing's impossible. Two girls|turned me down before Ruth said yes.  
One even laughed in my face.

Well...

It should make Judy happy.

And you know...

Welcome back, gentlemen.|- Glad to be back, Bert old man.

There's a dinner dance here tonight.

Why don't you come along|as my and Judy's guest?

That's very kind of you,|considering I'm not even deductible.

I'll take care of the champagne.|- Great!

Just great!

I've never seen anything greater|than Bert's backhand.

And those drives off the tee,|every one was over 350 yards.

Wasn't it a pleasure,|playing bridge with him?

Did you ever see|such a polished player? - Oh,

he's alright.|- Alright?

Why are you acting so nonchalant?|You were very happy to see him.

Of course I was happy,

very surprised. - Come on,|you couldn't keep your eyes off him.

How could I help it? He was there|all afternoon. Remember, darling,  
it was your suggestion|to play tennis and golf and bridge.

As a matter of fact, you insisted.|- Didn't you?

What's gotten into you?|- What?

Normally, if I spent so much time|with a man you'd be wildly jealous.  
Me?|- You always have been.

I'm not the jealous type at all.

Remember the Brinkhoff's party,|when Larry helped me on with my coat?  
Helped you on with your coat?|He was helping himself.

You see, you were jealous.|- Of course I was jealous.

And wouldn't you be furious|if I weren't? - Heck, yeah.

Hey, I have to get my shower.|- Not yet.

If I don't hurry we'll miss the dance.|- Wouldn't be the first one we  
missed.

You shouldn't have invited Bert.

Your loving husband,|the late George Kimball.

In here, Arnold.

I need help, I can't manage this.|- Later. I want you to hear something.  
What are you doing?|- Listen.

One... two... three...

What's this?|- Wait.

"My dearest Judy,

by the time you hear this tape, |I will be dead.  
Yes, |my hypochondria has finally paid off.  
Forgive the jest, but as you see, |I retain my sense of humor to the end.  
My darling, I want to tell you |how much I love you  
and how much happiness |you gave me during our marriage.  
When I found out that I was dying |I had great anxieties  
about you and your future welfare.  
It was for this reason |that I felt you should remarry,  
and that Bert |would make an ideal husband.  
I'm telling you all this |so you'll feel no guilt whatsoever  
about marrying Bert.  
After whatever is considered |a decent interval by your bridge club.  
And now, my dearest,  
I must close.  
With sincerest wishes |for your future happiness,  
your loving husband,  
the late George Kimball."  
Oh, it's beautiful,  
It's just beautiful.  
Hey, Arnold, would you take it easy? |You've been hitting the bottle hard.  
Yes, and I'll keep hitting it too. |I don't know how else to handle this.  
Quiet. Judy's upstairs. | - I'm sorry.  
George? | - What? - Do me. - Yeah. Come on.  
I want to tell you |how proud I am of you.  
The wonderful thing you're doing |for Judy. So unselfish and ennobled.  
I mean, actually fixing your wife up |with another man.  
Does it bother you |that Judy may marry this guy and,  
you know, the... | - You mean...?  
Yeah. | - No, Arnold!  
She wouldn't think of it.  
All she needs now is a companion.  
Someone to walk with, |over the hill and down the other side.  
That's a beautiful thought.  
I'm going to miss you, bud. | - I know you will, buddy.  
You know something, old buddy? |The fact that the end is near  
seems to have sharpened my senses. |See this tree here, Arnold?  
Not too well, George.  
It's beautiful.  
Such strength.  
It's magnificent.  
And this table.  
It feels so good |just to run your hand over it.  
It's so smooth and cool.  
Well, all this is coming |a little late for me, this awareness.

Why couldn't I have felt like this|every day of my life?  
But you still|have life ahead of you, Arnold.  
Arnold? Wake up! Feel alive,|appreciate the beauty around you.  
Don't you understand what I mean?|- Yeah, sure.  
Every chance I get,|I'm going to feel a table.  
Oh, boy,  
smooth.  
Do you know that|we haven't danced once? - I know.  
What's the matter?  
Aren't you feeling well? - I'm fine.|- Then why don't you ask me to dance?  
I mean, for me I feel fine. That's not|what you'd really call fine.  
Why don't you ask Bert to dance again?|- We've danced... - He's marvellous!  
Oh really? Have you danced with him?  
No.  
He must be a marvellous dancer.|He does everything so well.  
Hi, are you with us? - Sure.|- Darling, do you know George Kimball?  
No.|- George, this is Linda Bullard.  
It's so nice to meet you.|I've met your wife at the supermarket.  
Yes, she mentioned it.  
Would you boys excuse me a minute?|I must phone the sitter at home.  
I won't be a minute, Darling.  
Why don't you ask me how|it's going? - Alright, how's it going?  
A-Okay.  
Green.  
If you here of any prospects,|let me know.  
Saturday dance night at the club|is always good for a split-up or two.  
You appreciate the life around you?|Do you, John?  
I mean, did you ever really look|at a tree? John!  
It's magnificent.  
Did you ever feel a table?  
Wake up! Live your life!  
Hi, George. I love you, George.|- She's such a sweet little woman.  
She's just like Judy.|- Who, George?  
She's falling into the trap|of that small-time lecher.  
What time, George?  
I should do something. - Do what?|- Just one good deed before I go.  
Go where, George?|- Strange, the way  
facing the great adventure|changes all your moral values.  
How, George?  
I'm going to do it.|- Do what, George?  
When, George?  
It's so smooth.  
I won't be home any later than 1:30.  
Alright. Fine. Bye-bye.

May I talk to you for a moment, |please, in private?

Of course, Mr. Kimball. |- Good. In here.

Does this have a familiar ring? |- What?

"Look, I know your next few weeks |are going to be tough. You're going to be lonely. |Say, how would it be if we had a nice quiet little drink |together some night?" Please go on, Mr. Kimball.

Mr. Kimball, you just don't know |how grateful I am to you. You prevented me from making |a complete fool of myself. How can I ever thank you? |- Oh, you don't have to thank me. I'll never forget you for this. Never.

Judy!

May I help you, Mr. Kimball? |- No. Judy!

Judy, wait! Please, let me explain. |- That'll take some explaining.

Kissing that woman in the checkroom! |- That was Linda Bullard. - What? Yes. I was trying to tell her...

No wonder |the Bullards are splitting up!

Judy, this isn't our car.

Don't try to change the subject. |- Judy, wait.

Probably by now the |whole town knows. Everybody but me.

What on earth are you talking about? |- It all fits now.

What fits now?

Shoving me off on Bert, so you |don't feel guilty with another woman.

What do you mean? |- Trying to send me to night school, so you can have your evenings free. |- You're making a terrible mistake.

I'm leaving you, George Kimball! |I won't spend another night under the same roof with a swinger. |- Swinger? - You're a playboy and an adulterer! |- Judy, I have something to tell you.

Give me those keys! |- Move over.

Then say it. And please |take the lipstick off your face.

I didn't want to tell you this, |but you have to know the truth.

I won't have you thinking |I'm unfaithful to you. Especially now, at the ebb-tide of my life.

It's true, |I was trying to match you with Bert.

But for a completely unselfish reason, |that I wanted you to have somebody. Have somebody? |- After I'm gone.

So that's it. |You're going away with Linda Bullard, that's what. |- I'm not going with anyone.

Remember yesterday, when I saw |Dr. Morrissey about my chest pain? You mean your indigestion?

Yes.

Well, I lied to you.

Judy,

my time is up.



That's right, time for another pill.|- I'm serious. I'm dying. The ticker.  
George, if you don't stop...  
It's true.  
Call Ralph, he'll tell you.  
I may only have|a few more weeks to live.  
There, there. Chin up.  
Isn't it better|than having another woman?  
It's enough, Arnold. |I'll park here for a while.  
Arnold, turn me around a bit. |I'd like to look at my tree.  
That's fine. - If you need anything, |I'll be mowing your back lawn.  
I already mowed your front lawn. |- Oh, that is beautiful, Arnold.  
Hi, darling. |- Hi. - How are you feeling?  
Well, perhaps|a little weaker than yesterday.  
I think sitting here is weakening me.  
But we put you in it to conserve|your strength. - I know, but...  
And I've got the tickets. |Flight 17, leaving at 7:45 a.m.  
When we arrive in Rochester |there'll be  
a limousine at the airport to take us |directly to the Mayo Clinic.  
I think it's useless. |- Useless? George, nothing is useless!  
It'll be so costly.  
I don't care. - It'll just prolong it. |I'll just lie there and linger.  
One of the most expensive things |is to linger.  
I don't care about expense. |We'll spend every cent if we have to.  
Arnold!  
Thank you, Arnold.  
Did you reach Dr. Morrissey? |- No.  
Not even his answering service. |- You've kidding! - No.  
Oh, Arnold.  
And to think that |I accused him of being unfaithful,  
when his motives |were so unselfish, so noble.  
That's one heck of a guy |you got there, Judy.  
When they made George Kimball |they threw away the mold.  
Still no answer. I dialled right |through to Dr. Morrissey. - Me too.  
At a time like this he goes fishing! |Doesn't care for George at all.  
Just wait till I see him.  
Sit up, sweetheart. |It's good and hot.  
Alright, now back. Okay?  
Judy, you really surprise me. |- Do I?  
You've always been so dependent, |and you're taking this like a Trojan.  
I never had to do it before. |You always took care of everything.  
Know something? If I had known |I would have told you right away.  
You should have. Promise you'll never |keep anything from me again.  
I won't.  
We certainly have had |wonderful times, haven't we?

So wonderful.

Remember the little Chinese restaurant|just off Grant Avenue?

Yes. Where we first met.|- Met? It was a pick-up.

Was not.|- Was too.

You were just sitting there alone|trying to decide what to order...

And you walked over and said,|"Excuse me, I'm here with two friends,  
and we're entitled to wan-tan soup,|barbequed ribs and almond duck.

But if we have a fourth,|we also get chicken Canton..."

You see?

Yeah,|I guess it was a pick-up.

Be right back, sweetheart.

Hi. I saw your lights on, and thought|I'd see if you want some fish.

No, thank you, Ralph.

Please, Judy, you've got to take some. |I've got a carload out there.

Oh, really, Ralph?|How nice for you.

Isn't it wonderful that you can forget|everything and go off like that?

Yeah, it doesn't happen often. |Fortunately, I had nothing urgent.

Nothing urgent? A patient|who may be dying isn't urgent?

What?|- Look, all I can say is,

I have never been so disillusioned|with anyone in my whole life.

And you may as well know the truth:|I'm taking you off the case.

You're taking me off what case?|- That's right.

I guess I've been|out in the hot sun too long.

The fact that you|didn't want to tell me is one thing.

But to go off and leave George|when he's...

dying.

Oh, Ralph!|- Did I hear you right, Judy?

Did you say George was dying?|- Oh, stop it, Ralph!

I know all about it. I'm flying|him to the Mayo Clinic tomorrow.

But...

Ralph Morrissey, how can you laugh|at a time like this?

I've encountered hypochondriacs|in my time, but never one like him!

Ralph,|you mean it isn't true?

He had a complete check-up|just two weeks ago. - I know.

George Kimball will outlive us all,|unless he worries himself to death.

Then there's nothing wrong with him?|- Absolutely nothing.

I told him that|in my office on Friday.

Oh, how could he do this to me?|Why would he say he's dying?

I don't know. |I'm not a psychiatrist.

But, boy, they make a fortune!|- What possible reason could he have?

Well, maybe... I don't know!|- Why did he say a thing like this?

Oh. Of course...

Of course!|- What? - I'll tell you why.

Because I suspected him of|having an affair with another woman.

And when I accused him he thought|he could cover it up with this lie.  
My advice to any wife in this|situation is, forget it. - Forget it?  
Although, to the best of my knowledge|nobody's ever accepted that advice.  
And I won't be the first.|- That's what I thought.  
Would you like some fish?|They're awfully good for you!  
No, I hate fish!  
Then I guess I'll have to|eat the little fellas myself.  
Oh, my darling,|are you having another nightmare?  
No, honey, I...|- There, sweetheart.  
I think somebody hit me.  
It's alright, darling,|I'm here now.  
It's such a hot night,|I'll slip into something comfortable.  
Yes...  
I suddenly feel so warm.  
And damp.  
Oh, you poor angel!  
Isn't that the perfume|I gave you for our anniversary?  
Almost.  
The one I exchanged|for the one you gave me.  
It's such a hot night.  
Remember our 5th anniversary?|- Remember? I made notes!  
We came home right after dinner.  
It was a night just like tonight.  
Full moon.  
We had champagne on the patio.  
Isn't it a shame we can't|do the same tonight? - Why not?  
Darling, your condition.|You don't have the strength.  
Believe me, I'll find the strength.  
Well...  
I think there's champagne|in the refrigerator. I'll get it.  
I'll get it!  
Darling,  
didn't we have music?  
No, but I think I hummed a little.  
You're sweet,|I really don't need a wheelchair.  
Darling,|you need to conserve your strength.  
You're a sweetheart...  
Judy, let me in!  
Judy, What's going on?  
Will you let me in?|- Stop that banging down there.  
What are you doing?  
You'll wake the... dead!  
But what's wrong?  
Ask Dr. Morrissey!

What'd you do that for?|Will you let me in?  
I'll catch my death of a cold.  
Good. Be sure to give it to Linda!  
Oh, my cold pills.  
Hey, George.  
Thanks.|- Would you open up the door?  
You want to come in?|- Yes.  
I'll open the door.  
I love champagne.|How did you know I ran out of booze?  
How'd you get so wet? - Oh, shut up,|and get me some dry pyjamas.  
I just finished your eulogy.|Let me read it to you.  
I don't want to hear it.|- Yes, you do, listen:  
"They needed a good sport in heaven,  
so they sent for George Kimball. Yes,  
George Pommerton Kimball..."|- Arnold! - "the best..."  
I don't want to hear it.  
We're rather testy, aren't we?|- Yes, we certainly are.  
Well, I guess  
I'll have to|make a little change here.  
"Unfailing good humor."  
Sorry, George.  
Judy has thrown me out of the house.|- Judy, George?  
Thrown you out of the house, George?|Why, George?  
Is that the best you've got?|- Yes, till the laundry comes back.  
I know Judy.|She wouldn't do that without a reason.  
Well, she saw a woman|kissing me in the checkroom.  
"Faithful and devoted husband."|- Don't be ridiculous.  
It was all perfectly innocent...  
Well,|it's too long a story to go into now.  
I'm going to  
sleep in the kids' room, Okay? - It's|being painted while they're gone.  
You'll have to shack up with me.|- Oh, marvellous!  
The least a man can ask|is to die in his own bed.  
Which side do you sleep on? - I sleep|here, Ruth sleeps by the window.  
So does Judy.  
What are you doing?|I like fresh air when I'm sleeping.  
I will not be poisoned|by damp night air.  
"Courtesy and consideration."  
Egad, you've got cold feet!|- Complaints, nothing but complaints!  
I could complain a little, too!|You ever cut your toenails?  
There she is,|probably sleeping peacefully.  
And she has the nerve to accuse me...|- I don't know, George.  
Methinks you complain too much.|- Don't play holier-than-thou!  
You weren't just making eyes|at that waitress in Miami.

I have a good mind|to tell Ruth when she gets back.

"Loyal friend."

Keep it up, buddy. You'll have|the shortest eulogy on record.

Who?

What?

Yeah,

Douglas 2-0-0-2-4.|- That's my number!

That's what he wanted.|- Who?

Winnie. Winnie Burr.|- Winnie Burr?

What'd you give it to him for?

Hi, Winnie.

I heard the horrible news. |Well, I'm just heartbroken.

Who told you?

The milkman?

Yes, Winnie, I'm afraid it's true.

No, no, I don't think there's|anything you can do to patch it up.

Well, I guess|the next few weeks will be tough.

Lonely?

I imagine I will be.

Quiet drink?

Tonight?

Look, Winnie, |will you call back later? The nerve!

Oh, good morning, Mr. Kimball. |Excuse me for laughing, but

you look great for a doomed man. |- How do you know... - Dr. Morrissey.

Would you give this to Mr. Nash? |Thank you.

I'm sure it'd look better on him.

Milkman! Good morning.

Of course I'm glad I'm going to live.

But it's just one lousy way|of finding out.

You doctors should have a way|to tell a patient nothing's wrong

so he's sure there's nothing wrong! |Does Judy know?

What?

She thinks I'm covering up an affair.

No, I don't want any fish!

I took off so much, I'd better|put some back in. - Forget it.

What's the matter, George?|- I'm going to live.

That's the way to talk. |That's the old fighting...

You don't understand. Dr. Morrissey|just told me I'm perfectly alright.

There's not a thing wrong with me.

You mean, you're not dying?|- That's right. - That's wonderful.

Oh, thank heavens, George.

Was it a mistake in the X-rays?|They discover a new drug?

It was all a misunderstanding. |It was all my fault.

But you told me the old ticker...|- I know, but I was wrong.

And I'm sorry.

You should be! Damn it!

I've been drinking for 3 days on|account of you, I'm just recovering.

On top of that I spent 2 days|and 2 nights writing your eulogy.

And now you're not even dying!|- I'm sorry.

Well, I feel like an idiot!|Crying, drinking, writing and mowing.

Arnold, I said I'm sorry. - It's a|horrible thing to do to a friend!

### **News flash:**

Listen, he's got to go some time.

"Your loving husband,|the late George Kimball."

When was that dashed off? Right after|you concocted that wild dying bit?

No, Judy, I...|- An affair is bad enough,

but to cover it up with this lie!|To think he almost made a fool of me.

I was taking him to the Mayo Clinic.|- You were a real brick, Judy.

I'll tell my wife when she's a brick.|- Bert, what did he hope to gain?

He knew he'd be found out eventually. |Couldn't he see I'd get suspicious?

Judy, I told you, I took a pill...|- How could he get out of this?

Sooner or later he'd give you|the old story of a mistake in X-rays  
or the discovery of a new drug.|- And I would've believed it too.

But one thing went wrong,|didn't it George?

The Doctor went fishing and couldn't|back up your "old ticker" story.

And by accident, you saw|Dr. Morrissey first. - Exactly!

Do you mind if I put some clothes on?

Why can't you wear shoes,|like everybody else?

Well, she's really leaving me.|- Tonight the window stays open.

Arnold, you're a lawyer. |You've seen these things.

How can a man convince his wife|that he's not having an affair?

He can't. - But I'm not having one.|- Doesn't make any difference.

Isn't a man innocent until proven|guilty? - Look, boy, it's your wife.

You mean there's nothing I can do?|- There is one thing. - What?

Confess. And ask her to forgive you.

For what? - For the affair.|- When I'm not having one? - Right.

Guys lie out of affairs, but|I'd be the first guy to lie into one.

Face the facts. You know you're not|having an affair, she's sure you are.

Why be stubborn? Admit it.|- Well, I don't know...

Judy loves you. But she's a woman. |What woman doesn't want to see  
her husband crawl?|- Do you really think it would work?

Yes! Women spend their lives trying|to get something on their husbands!

Alright, Arnold, I'll take the advice. |I'll confess that I've had an  
affair,

beg her forgiveness, |and that'll be that. - It's not easy.

What more does she want?

Plenty. They always want to know: |Who was she? How does she look?

How old is she? Do you love her?|Did any of Judy's friends see you together?|- They ask all that?  
Yes. And what is most important:|Was it worth it?  
Was it?|- No, no matter how great it was, you say it wasn't so good.  
I can't answer those questions.  
You've got to. If you hem and haw she'll think you have dozens,|and can't keep them straight.  
No, Sir,|you've got to snap out those answers.  
Just like that? - I'm telling you|what can happen when you cop a plea.  
I'm not copping a plea.|I'm an innocent man.  
Arnold, she's really leaving!  
I've got to stop her.|- Wait, bud. Let's take my car.  
Alright, Arnold.  
"Just confess. Confess everything.  
Lay it on good and thick.|She'll eat it up."  
Judy, don't do anything wrong!|- Let go! - Don't do anything rash!  
I lied to you|and I've decided to confess everything and beg for your forgiveness.  
Judy, please. - I was right.|You are having an affair.  
Yes, and I'm a rat.|- Oh, you are! - Judy, please.  
Let go of me. - Isn't it better|to discuss it like civilised people?  
Oh yes, it's better, dear.  
It happened to me, and I...|- Will you keep out of this?  
Alright, let's discuss it. - You ask|and I'll snap out the answers.  
Alright. Who is she?  
And it isn't Linda Bullard.|- It isn't Linda?  
No. I spoke to Linda, and she told me|all about Winston Burr.  
As a matter of fact, he called me too.  
But that's beside the point.|Who is she?  
Her name is Dolores.  
Dolores who?  
Dolores...  
Yellowstone.  
Dolores Yellowstone?|- Yes.  
Where did you meet her?|- At a health food restaurant.  
Is she young?|- Yes.  
What is she, a chorus girl,|a stripper or something?  
Certainly not! She's a|marine biologist at the aquarium.  
Did any of my friends see|you two together? - Of course not.  
And, by the way,|she wasn't worth the trouble.  
Oh, who asked you for that? - No one.|I just threw it in as a bonus.  
When will you see her again?|- Never. - Never?  
It's over, finished. We broke up.

Do you expect me to believe that?|- Well, it's true.  
Don't you know|I can always tell when you're lying?  
I'm telling the truth.|I'm never going to see her again.  
I repent. I loathe her.|- I don't believe you've broken up.  
It's true. I sent Dolores to New York,|to start a new life.  
What do you mean?|- Well, she didn't want to go.  
She was broke.|I insisted that she go.  
I gave her money,|and put her on that plane.  
Oh, really, George? - Yes.|- How much did you give her?  
Well, I don't remember exactly.  
Yes, I do. I'll prove it to you.  
Here it is, a check made out to cash.  
\$1,000, and that's the end of Dolores.  
What? And you were nagging|about the price of ham!  
It was worth it to save our marriage.|- Well, it won't work,  
I'll tell you that right now.|- What do you mean?  
I was waiting to buy a ticket.|I was on my way to see a lawyer.  
But then I started to think,|am I doing the right thing?  
George has never lied before.  
Maybe I should believe him.|So I didn't buy a ticket.  
But now that you confessed,|George, it's all over.  
I can't live with you another minute.|There's just no love left.  
I feel nothing for you but...  
pity.  
Yes,  
I certainly am to be pitied.  
I don't suppose it would do any good|if I deny the whole thing over again?  
What? - If I tell you|I never had another woman,  
and I just made it up hoping you'd|forgive me? - Please, don't do it!  
You'd just show your contempt|for me. I'm going home to pack.  
And don't you try to follow me!|Goodbye, George.  
Where are you, George?|There you are. Well, it worked, huh?  
I told you to confess and it worked.|It didn't work?  
Not even a bit? It failed totally?|You're going to hit me, right?  
No, you're not going to hit me.|But you'll hurt me. George, please!  
Excuse me, is Mr. Kimball in?|- No. - Are you Mrs. Kimball?  
Yes, but I'm very busy. - If you|don't mind, I'll handle this with you.  
This is the deed. Since he gave us|this check for \$1,000 made out to cash  
I thought he should have this receipt.  
He gave you a \$1,000 check?|- Yes, he did. - For what?  
For your plot in Green Hills.|You must go up there with your hubby.  
It's lovely now. Everything's|in bloom. - Just a minute, please.  
My husband bought a cemetery plot?|- Yes. Didn't he tell you?  
No.



Oh dog-gone it! I could tear my tongue|out! He wanted it to be a surprise.  
I hope this doesn't take the joy out.|- No, not at all.  
So, he did make up that confession. |There is no other woman.  
No. But he|made arrangements for another man.  
Mr. Kimball was very thoughtful. |He made provisions for a 2nd husband.  
It's a very unique idea. In fact, |we're using it in our advertising.  
I hope Mr. Kimball won't be angry|because I let this slip out.  
Oh, I got it, Mr...? - Akins. |- Suppose we don't tell him?  
Just mail these to him, Okay? |He'll never know that I found out.  
Good! Then he can still surprise you. |- Yes. - You're a good egg! Thank  
you.  
Thank you, Mr. Akins. Oh, I'm sorry.  
Don't worry, I'll slip out the back.  
Don't be a stranger.  
Will you at least let me|drive you to the station?  
Suppose I told you|I changed my mind about leaving you?  
What about my affair with Dolores?  
I've decided to forgive you. |- You have? - Yes.  
Don't you move!  
Hi, Ju... George!  
Who was that?  
It was the florist. Sort of.  
Oh, George, what was that?|- A thorn.  
Have we got any iodine?|- No.