

For the Grandfather and Military.

Read for Melvin.

From "As Good as it Gets"

Note: Don't perform as Jack Nicholson. But do perform as a cantankerous old coot that doesn't give a damn.

Melvin is at home working on a speech as there is knocking at the door.

MELVIN

'At last she was able to define love. Love was... love was...'
... Son-of-a-bitch-pansy-assed-stool-pusher...

(Melving throws open the door)

What do you want!!??

SIMON

I found my dog.

MELVIN

Do you like to be interrupted when you're dancing around in your little garden?

SIMON

No. I even shut the phone off...

MELVIN

Well, I work all the time. So never, never again interrupt me. Okay? I mean, never. Not 30 years from now... not if there's fire. Not even if you hear a thud from inside my home and a week later there's a smell from in there that can only come from a decaying body and you have to hold a hanky against your face because the stench is so thick you think you're going to faint even then don't come knocking or, if it's election night and you're excited and want to celebrate because some fudge-packer you dated has been elected the first queer President of the United States... and he's going to put you up in Camp David and you just want to share the moment with someone... don't knock ... not on this door. Not for anything. – Got me. Sweetheart?

