

CEMETERY CLUB

by
Yitz Brilliant

Current Revision:
August 30, 2008

www.cemeteryclubmovie.com

Yitz Brilliant
495 W. 187th Street Apt 4G
New York, NY 10033
917-678-8254
yitz@yitzbrilliant.com

EDGAR (late 70s), dour and craggy, rises into view. He looks around, curious, then brushes himself off stiffly.

EDGAR

Finally.

He looks around at the greenery. A country club of sorts. Ahead, old folks socialize. Some play cards.

A GOLF CART rounds the crest of a hill and pulls up alongside him.

ALLEN (70s), lean and wry, in a sweater vest and visor cap, hops out. He smokes a cigar. RALPH (70s) a chubby affable guy, hops out of the other side.

ALLEN

You must be Edgar. Glad you could join us. My condolences of course.

EDGAR

(gruffly)

Just happy it's over and done with.

Allen hands him a cigar and lights it.

ALLEN

Name's Allen. This is Ralph.

RALPH

We're the welcoming committee.

ALLEN

You're just in time. Afternoons we play golf.

EDGAR

Heh. Like a country club. Fifty-five years and Helen would never let me join one.

Edgar looks back over his shoulder, revealing a CEMETERY sprawling over the grassy hills.

A newly filled plot and headstone sit several yards away: "EDGAR GOODWIN Beloved Husband" etc. Flowers lie on top. Edgar mutters to himself.

EDGAR (CONT'D)

She knows I have allergies.

He approaches a monument: "Orchid Hill Cemetery."

ALLEN

It's a nice section. One of the last ones here. Will your wife be joining you?

EDGAR

(looks up and grimaces)
Nope. I just bought the one.

ALLEN

Ah, I see.

Edgar reaches his hand to the stone, surprised to find that he can feel it; we hear the friction of his hand on the stone. He brushes off a leaf. He looks at it. "Huh."

ALLEN (CONT'D)

Got a copy of your certificate?

Edgar looks momentarily confused. Allen gestures to Edgar's jacket. Edgar pats himself down, and is surprised to find a paper in his breast pocket--his DEATH CERTIFICATE. He hands it to Allen, who peruses it, nods.

ALLEN (CONT'D)

Looks good! Welcome to the Cemetery Club.

He shakes his hand. Ralph hoists a carry-bag of golf clubs from the cart and hands it to Allen, who hands it to Edgar.

ALLEN (CONT'D)

Yours to keep. Find us on the course once you get settled.

Allen and Ralph drive off in the golf cart, passing a STONE MONUMENT: "Orchid Hill Cemetery." Edgar, still in a daze, walks up to it.

On the stone's other side is an ENGRAVED SIGN: "Welcome to the Cemetery Club! Have a Pleasant Eternity."

Finally he smiles, and the wrinkles in his face lessen.

EDGAR

I will.

2

EXT. CEMETERY - EDGAR'S PLOT - DAY

2

A flat tombstone slab. An elderly HAND places a golf ball on the slab and swings.

Edgar, cigar in his mouth, lowers his club and watches his ball fly. He wears country-club golf attire; plaid shorts and a polo shirt. Allen and Ralph watch. Edgar looks around at his surroundings as he and Allen speak:

EDGAR

This is the life. So peaceful and quiet here.

Around them, old folks play rummy-cube and mahjong, using a tombstone as a table. One old couple sunbathe, leaning against their headstones.

ALLEN

Well it's down season. A lot of the mausoleum folks have summer homes.

Another couple play makeshift ping-pong on a raised flat stone slab. Some play shuffleboard on the pathway and others lawn-bowl on the long grass lanes between grave-markers.

In the background we hear a light angelic melody. It stops abruptly as one of the old folks flips open her cell phone.

Edgar lifts another ball and turns back to Allen, uncertain.

EDGAR

So this is how we spend our time?

ALLEN

Sometimes we go into town, mess with the living.

EDGAR

(a beat, wary)
I'll keep my distance.

Edgar winds up to swing--

EDGAR (CONT'D)

I haven't hit like this in years!
The last time Helen let me--

His swing stops midair and his grin drops. Right in line with his swing is:

His wife HELEN, approaching his plot, daisies in one hand, a cane in the other. With her is the cemetery MANAGER (40s), an upright man with the air of an English butler.

Helen points at the area around Edgar's plot with old lady-like authority. The Manager nods.

EDGAR (CONT'D)

I just got out here!

ALLEN

Well you have to go; you've got a visitor. Club rules.

EDGAR
I don't have to do anything! I'm
dead.

Edgar marches toward to Helen, ready for a fight.

ALLEN
She can't see you, Edgar.

EDGAR
(to Helen)
What do you think you're doing??

ALLEN
She can't hear you either.

EDGAR
(to the Manager)
I don't appreciate you ruining my
game.

Neither hears Edgar. Helen calls out to someone O.S.

HELEN
Bring it right over here. Come on,
I'm not getting any younger!

EDGAR
What the hell is going on here?

Edgar cranes his neck to see beyond them:

Several yards off, A BLANK TOMBSTONE on a HAND TRUCK is
wheeled toward us, pushed by two workers.

Edgar looks from one to the other, helpless, as the Manager
pulls out a YELLOW RIBBON and cordons off a rectangular area:
A NEW PLOT, smack next to Edgar's.

MANAGER
A beautiful plot for two.

HELEN
You'll have them plant the flowers
right along here.

Edgar's mouth slackens. He speaks in a whisper, to himself.

EDGAR
But you always said you wanted your
ashes scattered at home over your
garden...

He watches dumbfounded as the two workers DUMP the blank
HEADSTONE next to his own.

MANAGER

May you not need it for many years.

Helen smiles, satisfied, and lays the flowers in careful order on the stone. Edgar snaps out of his daze, furious.

EDGAR

You're damn right she won't!

He grabs the flowers from his gravestone and tosses them off.

All Helen sees is the wind blowing the flowers off. They land at the Manager's feet. He hands them to her.

She tsks, and rearranges the flowers fastidiously.

HELEN

(to his tombstone)

We'll have our plot circled by rows
of pink carnations. I know you
don't like carnations but you'll
get used to them.

Edgar glares as they leave. He marches to Allen and Ralph.

EDGAR

Our plot?! I'll be damned if she
joins the club!

ALLEN

Well if she's buried here...

EDGAR

But I'm more relaxed than I've been
in-- decades! She said she wanted--

ALLEN

Apparently she changed her mind.
One of the perks of being alive.

EDGAR

Then I'll change it right back!

They see Helen walk to the gate, and get in her OLDSMOBILE.

ALLEN

What's the rush? You've got time.

Just then, we hear a CRASH. Helen has backed into a tree. She looks back at the tree, unfazed but annoyed at the tree. The car makes an haphazard U-turn and swerves off zigzagging.

EDGAR

You don't know Helen.

2A EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

2A

Helen walks down the street, carrying groceries. With one bag laden arm, she holds a compact mirror before her face, and touches up her hair, not looking where she's going.

PULL OUT to show Edgar trailing after her. As they reach the intersection, Helen steps into the street without looking. A car whizzes by, and Edgar pulls her back.

Helen stares at the receding car: "The nerve." She brushes herself off, and mutters to herself.

HELEN

Worse than Edgar's driving.

With his free hand he flips open his cell phone. It makes the angelic start-up tone we heard before.

EDGAR

Allen? How's it going so far?

6 EXT. CEMETERY - EDGAR'S PLOT - DAY - SAME

6

ALLEN

It's a heavy sucker.

Behind Allen, Ralph is digging with a crowbar at the base of the blank headstone on Helen's plot.

7A EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY - SAME

7A

Edgar watches Helen walk ahead.

EDGAR

She's almost home. I'll be there soon.

We hear a HONK offscreen. Edgar closes the phone and runs after her.

8 EXT. CEMETERY - EDGAR'S PLOT - DAY

8

Allen and Ralph have succeeded in turning over her headstone, and look down at it in satisfaction. Edgar eyes it, exhausted and irritable.

Edgar tears the ribbon off her plot. He takes the flowers she left on his tombstone and dumps them on hers.

EDGAR

That should scare her off.

Edgar stands up and brushes off his hands, satisfied.

9

EXT. CEMETERY - EDGAR'S PLOT - DAY

9

Edgar plays golf, happy, twirling his golf club.

He swings, the ball flies, and hits his own headstone. He approaches his plot, swinging his club about, carefree. He bends down to retrieve the ball.

As he rises, he is shocked to see what seems like Helen's gravestone gliding behind a row of tombstones.

A second later the hand truck pushing it comes into view. The workers push the tombstone back toward the plot. Defying him as if nothing ever happened.

HELEN

... Ridiculous, how you run this place. I won't have you keeping me away from my Edgar.

Following the workers, Helen and the ever-officious Manager appear.

MANAGER

But ma'am --

HELEN

-- This is not the way things should be done. *Not* the way.

MANAGER

Ma'am, I assure you --

HELEN

Not the way.

Helen points at the fallen ribbon. With a sigh, he kneels down and lifts it back in place.

She appraises her headstone, using her cane to measure the space and alignment between the two plots.

HELEN (CONT'D)

You'll have to move his a few inches closer.

Edgar, dumbfounded, drops his golf ball. Allen and Ralph exchange concerned looks. Edgar's mouth tightens.

10

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

10

Helen walks down the street. This time Edgar, Allen and Ralph walk on each side, like guardian angels.

ALLEN

She doesn't scare easy.

RALPH
 Maybe you should just try to bear
 with her. She can't be that bad.

A PEDESTRIAN brushes past her, and she teeters. The three
 dead men all reach out to steady her.

EDGAR
 I could barely take it the few
 hours yesterday!

Soon they're walking with her, on each side, like guardian
 angels. They round the corner toward her house.

11 EXT. HELEN'S GARDEN - DAY

11

Helen kneels on a towel, before her flowers. She wears the
 same clothing, but with an apron.

EDGAR
 We just have to keep at it. We have
 to be as stubborn as she is.

RALPH
 We can't move her plot ever day. It
 took us hours to dig it up.

Helen removes gardening tools from her very organized
 gardening bag, fastidiously arranges the tools on the towel,
 and neatly places the bag beside them.

EDGAR
 It's the little things she can't
 stand. Things not being neat and
 orderly.

Allen, curious, nudges a trowel a few inches to see what'll
 happen. Helen automatically senses the disorder and puts it
 back into perfect place. Allen lets out a small "Huh."

EDGAR (CONT'D)
 If we can convince her that the
 cemetery won't meet her standards,
 she'll go back to cremation. We'll
 wear her down little by little.

RALPH
 Little by little could take a
 while.

EDGAR
 So?

ALLEN
 Your wife is no spring chicken.
 Traffic isn't the only thing that
 could kill her.

RALPH
Anything could happen.

ALLEN
Couples your age often die within
weeks of each other.

Allen drapes his arm around Edgar's shoulders, like a couch.

ALLEN (CONT'D)
If this is gonna take a while, you
better keep her alive and well in
the meantime.

EDGAR
What, what do you--

ALLEN
Keep an eye on her each day for as
long as she's up and about. Make
sure she eats right, that sorta
thing.

EDGAR
I don't want to spend every day
with her! I might as well be alive!

ALLEN
You've still got her afternoon
naptime wide open for golf.

RALPH
Just until you get her to change
her mind.

Edgar looks O.S. at Helen, conflicted.

ALLEN
Of course, you could just accept
the alternative of Helen joining
the club for eternity.

Allen and Ralph exchange looks. Edgar looks spent. Allen and
Ralph flank him. Edgar sighs and turns away from Helen.

EDGAR
Fine! I'll watch her.

Helen rises, brushes her hands off, and enters her house.
Edgar storms after her.

But once she returns that plot,
she's on her own!

The door slams.

MONTAGE:

12 INT. HELEN'S KITCHEN - DAY 12

Edgar sits across from her as she eats. She reaches for the salt, without looking. He slides it away.

13 EXT. CEMETERY - EDGAR'S PLOT - DAY 13

Edgar strides up to Allen. On the way, he passes her plot and kicks about at the flowers and ribbon, entangling himself in it, but tearing it down.

ALLEN
Hang in there.

16 INT. HELEN'S KITCHEN - DAY 16

She takes a teapot off the stove. He turns off the gas.

16A EXT. CEMETERY - EDGAR'S PLOT - DAY 16A

The ribbon is back up, and the flowers are replanted. Edgar stares down at them, grimacing.

16B INT. HELEN'S LIVING ROOM - DAY 16B

Edgar changes a light bulb at the foot of the steps, and burns his fingers.

16C INT. HELEN'S KITCHEN - DAY 16C

Edgar pulls out a bottle of milk, frowning at its label.

18 EXT. CEMETERY - EDGAR'S PLOT - DAY 18

Edgar strides up to his buddies, who play bocce. He passes the plot; The ribbon is back up, and the flowers orderly. He tears it down with his golf club, and swings at the flowers.

19 EXT. CEMETERY - EDGAR'S PLOT - DAY - LATER 19

They golf. Edgar looks up: Helen's car approaches and stops. Helen gets out.

EDGAR
I thought she was taking her
afternoon nap. She's not supposed
to go out alone!

RALPH
Well, you want her to see the mess,
don't you?

EDGAR
But she needs her rest!

Helen takes a few steps towards her messy plot, and fumes.

20

INT. MANAGER'S OFFICE - DAY

20

Helen stands across from the Manager, who sits at his desk.

HELEN

This is unacceptable!

MANAGER

I don't understand it Mrs. Goodman,
we're exceptionally immaculate here
at Orchid Hill.

As he speaks, Edgar saunters behind him, and casually knocks
a large pile of papers off a shelf.

MANAGER (CONT'D)

Oh, excuse me--

The Manager fumbles to pick the papers up. Edgar motions to
Allen, who kicks over a trash basket.

HELEN

The flowers are a mess, your
garbage is overflowing, your papers
are out of order! This is how you
expect me to spend eternity, in a
pigsty!?

Edgar is enjoying watching someone else get a taste of
Helen's wrath.

MANAGER

Mrs. Goodwin, I assure you--

HELEN

I ought to cancel my payment and be
rid of this plot altogether!

Edgar smiles. Allen and Ralph wink at him.

MANAGER

There's quite a long waiting list
for this cemetery. If you surrender
your plot, you won't be able to buy
it back.

Edgar's spirits lift.

HELEN

Why would I? In fact, I've got a
good mind to have Edgar exhumed and
cremated with me!

Edgar's face drops. He almost lunges at her but Allen holds
him back, reassuring.

ALLEN
She wouldn't.

HELEN
(to Manager)
I would! Don't test me, young man.

21 EXT. MANAGER'S OFFICE - DAY - CONTINUOUS 21

Helen strides away from the office. The boys follow.

ALLEN
She's bluffing.

Edgar doesn't look convinced.

RALPH
Yeah. Exhumation? She'd never make
it through all the paperwork.

ALLEN
(braces him)
You're close. Just keep her healthy
till she breaks.

Edgar nods.

22 INT. HELEN'S KITCHEN - DAY 22

Helen grimaces at the taste of a pill and spits it out into
the air, unwittingly spraying Edgar. He mutters to himself.

EDGAR
You damn well know you can't skip a
day! It's plain irresponsible.

Edgar mixes the pill into applesauce, and leaves the bowl on
the counter.

23 EXT. CEMETERY - EDGAR'S PLOT - DAY 23

Edgar trudges back to the cemetery. He passes her plot. He
notices that the ribbon still lies on the ground.

EDGAR
She hasn't complained to them
about the ribbon?

ALLEN
Well has she been around to visit
lately?

Edgar's silence answers the question. He looks away.

24 INT. HELEN'S KITCHEN - DAY 24

Helen counts out her medicine on the counter. She can't get the order right. Fed up with it, she throws up her hands. The empty container scatters on the counter. She sits, her back to Edgar.

Edgar counts out her pills and sorts them into the daily sections of her plastic medicine container.

EDGAR
You're still taking this old one? I
told you, you ought to see Dr.--

His voice trails off. He remembers she can't hear him.

25 EXT. CEMETERY - DRIVING RANGE - DAY - LATE AFTERNOON 25

Edgar, Allen and Ralph play golf.

EDGAR
(scornfully)
That doctor of hers... Vitamin D
for arthritis? Have you ever heard
of--

ALLEN
Can we play golf, Edgar?

Edgar looks away and putts.

26 INT. HELEN'S KITCHEN - DAY 26

Edgar kneels down and picks up a few Post-Its from the floor:
"Appointment with Dr. Levin. Mon, 11 am." "Checkup - Wed."

He slaps them back onto the fridge, annoyed at his wife's carelessness. His eye catches one old note: "New socks for Edgar." He pauses, then continues cleaning.

27 EXT. CEMETERY - DRIVING RANGE - DUSK 27

Edgar practices his putt near a hole. Allen and Ralph practice hitting drives beside him. No interruptions. Quiet. He pauses, looks to the entrance. The road is empty.

EDGAR
She hasn't been to visit her plot
all week.

ALLEN
(disinterested)
She must be seriously
reconsidering.

Edgar looks at Ralph, then Allen, who both swing away, in slow repetition.

Edgar looks back at his golf ball, about to putt, but stops halfway. He picks up the ball and dumps it in the hole.

28 INT. HELEN'S LIVING ROOM - DAY 28

Helen naps on her couch. Edgar watches her, then covers her legs with a blanket.

As he turns to leave, he notices the mail on the table. He lifts up an official-looking envelope: "Orchid Hill." He opens it and looks at the letter inside. He frowns.

29 EXT. CEMETERY - DAY - OVERCAST 29

Edgar, Allen, and Ralph stare at the paper: "PLOT RETURNS." Above them looms an OVERCAST SKY.

RALPH

Wow. She really ordered a return form.

Allen exchanges a look with Ralph. He notices Edgar's conflicted look, and puts on some cheer.

ALLEN

This is terrific! All you need now is for her to sign it.

(a beat)

That's what you wanted, right?

For a brief moment, Edgar looks...sad. But he toughens up, dismissing his initial reaction.

EDGAR

Yeah, it's great. We did it.

They turn and regard her plot. The ribbon lies on the ground.

RALPH

Problem solved eh?

Edgar forces a smile. It begins to RAIN.

30 INT. HELEN'S FOYER - DAY 30

Edgar enters the house, holding the envelope. He reseals it, and places it on a table as he approaches the kitchen.

31 INT. HELEN'S KITCHEN - DAY - CONTINUOUS 31

Helen is on the phone. Edgar listens in.

HELEN

I don't see why I have to come--
(dismissing him)

You've got my signature! No, I didn't get your form!...Because I

don't feel like driving out to that
dump again! Okay, fine, I'll be
there at three.

(about to hang up)
Oh, and nevermind about those
daisies. Edgar hated them.

He looks up surprised, almost flattered, at her last line.

CLICK. The phone is hung up on the receiver.

MOMENTS LATER, Helen, a glass of juice in front of her,
struggles to open the Wednesday compartment of her medicine
container. Edgar stands behind her, watching.

Frustrated with it, she throws it on the floor, and puts her
head on her arms. She suddenly seems much more vulnerable
than before.

Edgar leans down to gather the spilled pills. He picks up the
case, rises, compares two blue pills, and mixes one into her
drink.

She lifts her head and looks straight at him. She sighs.

HELEN (CONT'D)
Oh Edgar, Edgar...

Edgar is taken aback. Is she talking to him? He walks up to
her. Waves his hand before her face. She doesn't see him.

She rises and walks over to the small modest photo of the two
of them. A beat. Edgar follows, and stands behind her.

A look of stifled compassion passes over his face. He
hesitantly reaches out toward her, when - unaware of his
presence - Helen sniffs, recomposes herself and steps away.

She exits the kitchen, leaving Edgar alone, standing
helplessly, not knowing what to do or where to turn.

34 EXT. CEMETERY - EDGAR'S PLOT - DAY

34

Edgar rushes toward his plot, carrying Helen's gardening bag
and a gardening shovel. On his way, he passes a random
tombstone with carnations resting on it.

Helen's plot is still a mess. The ribbon lies fallen on the
ground. Edgar lifts the ribbon in place and starts digging.
Allen and Ralph walk up and stare at him. He looks up.

EDGAR
(out of breath)
She's coming in to sign the papers
in less than two hours.

RALPH
Congratulations!

EDGAR
No, you don't understand. I...

Unable to finish his sentence, he lifts the ribbon back into place.

ALLEN
Isn't her mind made up?

Edgar looks up, but doesn't answer. Instead he lifts up the shovel and starts digging. Allen and Ralph stare at him.

35 EXT. HELEN'S HOUSE - DAY 35

Helen backs into a parked car, denting it, and drives off.

36 EXT. CEMETERY - EDGAR'S PLOT - DAY 36

Edgar instructs Ralph:

EDGAR
Move the ribbon a few inches over.
So it's parallel. She'll like that.

RALPH
(looking past Edgar)
She's here.

Edgar turns and leans on his shovel.

They watch Helen drive up the hill from the entrance. But instead of stopping her car, she turns and drives towards the manager's office.

Edgar's face falls.

RALPH (CONT'D)
Wow, you really did a job on her.

ALLEN
Looks like she's not even going to
stop at your plot...

Edgar drops the shovel and rushes after her.

37 INT. MANAGER'S OFFICE - DAY - CONTINUOUS 37

THE CONTRACT is laid out on the table in three sheets. The header says SALE OF BURIAL PLOT. There's a signature X at the bottom. She signs it, and turns to the next page where another two Xs await her signature.

Edgar enters the office behind her.

She signs the first signature line. One more to go.

Edgar stands over her shoulder. He opens his mouth to speak, but stops, knowing she can't hear him.

She brings her hand down to the last line. She starts to sign, but hesitates, as if she senses his presence. She turns and looks up at the Manager.

HELEN

I really ought to see our plot one last time. To say goodbye.

Edgar's face lifts a little. By now, the Manager looks exhausted with this woman. He speaks in measured tones.

MANAGER

Of course. But in the interest of time, would you like to finalize this form first?

HELEN

I wish to see our plot.

The Manager shrugs. With exaggerated graciousness--

MANAGER

Of course.

37A EXT. CEMETERY - TREE-LINED ROAD - DAY - CONTINUOUS 37A

Helen, holding the contract, walks past rows of tombstones toward her plot. The Manager follows.

38 EXT. CEMETERY - EDGAR'S PLOT - DAY - CONTINUOUS 38

She walks up the slope, and her plot comes into view. Her eyes open wide.

BOTH PLOTS, Helen's and Edgar's, are jointly surrounded by a row of pink carnations. Several rest on their tombstones.

The Manager looks at it in confusion.

Edgar stands at his tombstone, watching her reaction.

A breeze blows at Helen's hair. Edgar looks down at the daisies on the tombstone and reaches his hand to one.

Suddenly, from Helen's POV, a flower "blows" off the tombstone, twirls above her, and lightly lands at her feet. She reaches down to take it, and brings it up to her eyes, staring at it.

A look of uncertain realization flickers over her eyes. She turns to the Manager, but doesn't let out a smile.

HELEN

I see you're determined to keep me
here. Well I'm not going to argue
with you about it.

She marches past him, and tears up the contract, tossing it
in the trash on her way. The Manager stares after her. So
does Edgar, with a small smile.

39

EXT. CEMETERY - EDGAR'S PLOT - DAY

39

A new bright sunny day. Edgar and Allen play PING-PONG. Edgar
looks more carefree than he has ever before. He smacks the
ball, it bounces off Allen's side, and flies off into
oblivion.

Another ping-pong ball floats down from the sky in sunlight.
Edgar calls up into the sky.

EDGAR

Thanks.

ALLEN

Looks like you got on Someone's
good side.

Their ping-ponging stops, as something catches Edgar's eye:
Helen approaches from the entrance.

RALPH

You've got a visitor.

...And Edgar doesn't seem to mind.

But this time, she walks right *through* the Welcome sign. She
turns to read it.

She's dead. She looks around the cemetery curiously, not
having seen Edgar yet. She faces away from them.

Edgar's mouth drops. But he gets hold of himself, exhales
deeply. And smiles.

He pockets the ball and approaches her from behind. He
straightens his hair and brushes off his shoulder.

Helen scrutinizes the place. It'll do, but she's not entirely
satisfied. She does not yet see Edgar.

Edgar's face wells up with care as he takes in this private
moment. He looks her over silently, from the gray wispy hair
hanging over an earring to the delicate wrinkled hand holding
a purse.

To the side, Allen and Ralph look on knowingly, at ease.

RALPH (CONT'D)
I was worried you pushed him a
little too hard at first.

ALLEN
I knew he'd come around.

RALPH
I never get tired of watching it.

Edgar places a hand gently on Helen's shoulder. She turns to him. And they embrace, her face now obscured.

After a long moment, she pulls back. Edgar stands dumb-founded; her expression shows disapproval and aggravation.

HELEN
You idiot, you gave me *Thursday's*
pill!

He stares at her mortified. He's shocked. She's back. Helen turns on her heel toward their plot.

HELEN (CONT'D)
And stop slouching!

Edgar stands in her wake, grimacing. But his grimace gives way to a hidden smile; all is well with the world.

EDGAR
Get off my back already!

He flings his ping-pong paddle on the grass and stomps after his wife, catching up to her with a lively gait.

Allen and Ralph look on smiling, as the married couple argue MOS all the while, making their way together to their two plots, side by side.

FADE OUT.