

MELVIN

Okay, I got a real great  
compliment for you and it's true.

CAROL

I am so afraid you're about to say  
something awful...

MELVIN

Don't be pessimistic. It's not  
your style. Okay... Here I  
goes... Clearly a mistake.  
(this is hell for him)  
I have this -- what? Ailment...  
And my doctor -- a shrink... who  
I used to see all the time... he  
says 50 or 60 percent of the time  
a pill can really help. I hate  
pills. Very dangerous things,  
pills. "Hate," I am using the  
word "hate" about pills. My  
compliment is that when you came  
to my house that time and told me  
how you'd never -- well, you were  
there, you know... The next  
morning I started taking these  
pills.

CAROL

(a little confused)

I don't quite get how that's a  
compliment for me.

Amazing that something in Melvin rises to the occasion --  
so that he uncharacteristically looks at her directly -- then:

MELVIN

You make me want to be a better man.

Carol never expected the kind of praise which would so slip under her guard.  
She stumbles a bit -- flattered, momentarily moved and his for the taking.

CAROL

That's maybe the best compliment  
of my life.

MELVIN

Then I've really overshot here  
'cause I was aiming at just enough  
to keep you from walking out.

Carol laughs.

CAROL

So how are you doing with those pills? Well, I hopahopahopa.

MELVIN

Takes months to know... They work little by little.

(holds his head; then)

Talking like this is exhausting.

Carol moves to the chair next to him... She sits very close -- he tenses.

CAROL

Have you ever let a romantic moment make you do something you know is stupid?

MELVIN

Never.

CAROL

That's the trouble with never.