

NEIL. You can't romanticize suicide for God's sake. We're not lovers from some Hindu myth drinking poison together then turning into trees. It's perverse. We hang these horrible relics over our heads - "Oh look, the fire made art." Bullshit. That's my camera up there. I want it back. It still had film in it with pictures of me as a healthy man.

JEANNETTE. Babe, come on, don't get dark on me.

NEIL. Why not?! We're not members of some spiritual elite that gets to skip the terror and the rage that normal people feel. You can't just have the good times then say I've had enough, I'm out of here. No, I won't let you lie down with me on some moonlit night while we feed each other sleeping pills like they're grapes from a vine.

JEANNETTE. Fuck you, Neil, you aren't leaving me behind.

NEIL. Then I won't make it easy for you. I'll linger until I'm nothing but a sack of bones with a morphine drip. I will rage at you, stinking of bile and rot until you can't wait to get away from me.

JEANNETTE. Why are you doing this to us?

NEIL. Because I won't let you kill yourself just so you can cheat grief.

JEANNETTE. Fuck you! Who wrote the rule that you get to leave with all your precious dignity in place, while I have to end up in some piss-stinking nursing home, crippled and senile and calling out your name - comes, by all means, take yourself out.

NEIL. If that's what you're afraid of, then when the time comes, by all means, take yourself out.

JEANNETTE. I'll die of loneliness before then.

NEIL. Jeannette, there'll be six billion people left on this earth when I go. If you die of loneliness then there's something seriously wrong with you.

JEANNETTE. Oh, you son of a bitch.

NEIL. Jeannette, look at me. It's time to let me go.

JEANNETTE. No. I can't live without you.

NEIL. You don't want to die. I know you don't. I've seen it in your face when you thought I wasn't watching you.

JEANNETTE. Fuck you.

NEIL. Baby, there's no such thing as a lover's death. Even if we synchronize our fucking final breaths, we still go down that hole alone.

JEANNETTE. No.

NEIL. Listen to me. I won't go in peace unless I know that you'll still be breathing...

JEANNETTE. No...

NEIL. ...that your skin is still warm, your tongue is still wet, your heart is still beating...

JEANNETTE. No...

NEIL. Jeannette, please, don't make me regret that I ever fell in love with you.

JEANNETTE. Oh God Neil, don't leave me!

(JEANNETTE lets out a long, despairing wail.)

(The coyotes start howling in response.)

SHUT UP YOU FUCKERS! YOU EVIL PIECES OF SHIT! Oh God, they killed our cat, Neil.

NEIL. I know.

JEANNETTE. She was trying to find her way back to us, and the evil fucks just took her out. Why did they do that?

NEIL. They were just trying to make it through the day, Baby, that's all they were doing, just making it through the day.

JEANNETTE. Oh Neil, it's a cruel fucking world.

NEIL. Yes, it is, my love, it is. But I still can't let you leave it.

(NEIL puts his arms around JEANNETTE but she pushes him away.)

JEANNETTE. No. Don't you fucking try to get tender with me when you just threw me out in the cold.

NEIL. Threw you out of what? I'm the one who's dying here, Jeannette.