

Notes for Dialogue

I know that I can't make you happy, but I can't close my eyes or stop my brain from burning with horrible imaginings. I know I have no right to demand fidelity, but you could be a little more considerate and not parade my misery before me, before the whole world and stab me continually through the heart.

Unfortunately, we don't die at the right time as characters do in a tragedy; that's too poetic. We usually linger on ignominiously—growing old and grotesque—and mumbling with complaints until we stumble into the grave.

I'll make you love by the sheer strength of my desire.

"Notes"

How do you feel? Don't speak . . . just nod your head if you're not in pain. (she nods and tears come into her eyes.)

She: Why didn't you let me die?

He: I really don't know. Something foolishly conventional in me, I suppose. An inordinate respect for life. (she smiles)

However, I could ask you why you wanted to die. But I won't because I've often contemplated doing the same thing myself when I was your age.

Unfortunately we don't die as characters in a noble tragedy.

Unfortunately we don't die as conveniently as characters in a noble tragedy.

Unfortunately, we don't die as noble characters in a tragedy, that's too convenient. But we linger on and go mumbling with complaints until we stumble ignominiously into the grave.