

SCENE 13

A commercial for the moon plays while JOHN gets dressed and packs a bag in his and Jane's BEDROOM.

SALESMAN. (V.O.)

Are you looking for peace and serenity in the new year?
Somewhere quiet, where there's no sound-- such as a vacuum perhaps?
Well, now's the time to invest in a brand new timeshare
in the most out-of-this-world destination.
The moon.
La Villa Luna -trademarked- is currently under construction
in the heart of one of the moon's most breath-taking craters.
Units will be available as early as Summer two thousand twelve.
Book your virtual tour now and take advantage of our early-bird deals
before all available units are bought up.
La Villa Luna- trademarked-
Paradise is only 377,445 kilometers away!
—Also trademarked.

JANE enters holding the bottle of JOHN's pills.

JANE.

I found these at the top of the stairs.

She holds them out to JOHN. He shies away.

JANE.

You can't just stop taking them.
The side-effects are clearly/

JOHN.

The side-effects aren't the problem here...

JANE notices the packed suitcase.

JANE.
Where are you going?

JOHN.
I don't know...
But I can't stay here.

JANE.
John, it's Christmas Eve/

JOHN.
I don't give a flying-flip about—
I've never cared about Christmas.
You're the only one in this family who does!
So go have yourself a merry little Christmas, Jane.
You don't need me!
You don't need Little Jenny!
You don't need anybody!

JANE.
That's not true!

JOHN.
Isn't it?
Haven't you always held that over my head?
This whole time?
When the going got tough I abandoned this family
and *you* were the one- the only one- who saved us.
By the grace of Jane we were saved!

JANE.
Well, you didn't give me much of a choice, John.

JOHN.
(Woundedly)
And I'll never forgive myself for that.

Trust me...
I'll never forget it.
Even if you aren't there to remind me.

JANE.
John...

JOHN.
I don't want to talk anymore.
I just want to get out of this house.

JANE.
Don't go...
Please.

JANE hugs him.

JOHN.
Maybe you really can find fulfillment in a new Thermofridge...
Or a pair of shoes...
But that's not it for me.
This is it.

JANE.
(She stifles a laugh)
I'm sorry... I know you're serious.

JOHN.
It's okay.
I know it's silly...
But it makes me happy.
Not everything has to be practical and easy.
Maybe— maybe I'll go and build a golf course on the moon!

JANE.
But John— gravity...

They both laugh.

JOHN.

I *will* miss you...

But I know you'll be okay.

And Little Jenny she'll be okay.

Right?

JANE.

(She wants to tell him the truth)

Mhmm.

We'll both be fine.

JOHN carefully folds SALTY and places him at the top of his suitcase. He tries to finish tying his tie. JANE has to help him. He affectionately pinches her nose.

JOHN.

See ya in the funny papers...

Remember when they used to say that?

(A beat)

Please don't cry.

JANE.

I'm not.

(A beat)

What if everything falls apart?

What if—

JOHN.

It won't...

I know it won't...

You won't let it.

He kisses her cheek and exits.