

Wanting to believe that you really are good. I went back and finished the swearing book last night, at least I tried to, and I had a revelation. You must rid the world of this filth.

PAUL. You're going to burn my book?

ANNIE. No, Paul—you're going to do it.

*She tosses the box of matches onto the bed.*

PAUL. Annie, I've been lying on the floor all night. I need my pills.

ANNIE. And I'll get them for you. But this is first.

PAUL. Annie, can we talk about this tomorrow? I'm in so much pain I can't think straight.

ANNIE. I know this may be difficult for you.

PAUL. It's... really not difficult at all, Annie. There's stuff about publishing you don't know. I mailed a copy to my agent and by now she's made dozens of copies—every powerful publisher in New York is reading it. So if you want to burn this copy, fine—but you're not ridding the world of anything.

ANNIE. *(Just watching him.)* Then light the match.

PAUL. If that's what you want, sure.

ANNIE. Then do it.

*Paul holds the box of matches—*

*—and he tries for a smile—*

*—but it won't hold—*

*—and worse, his hands are starting to tremble.*

I know this is the only copy in the world, Paul. When you were twenty-four you wrote your first novel, but you didn't make a copy because you didn't think anyone would take you seriously. But they did. And ever since you've never made a copy because you're so superstitious—it's why you always come back here to the Silver Creek Lodge to finish your books—you told that story on Johnny Carson eleven years ago.

PAUL. Annie, this book will go to auction in New York and will sell for a lot of money... my attorney will make sure you get half of it... Nobody deserves it more than you.

ANNIE. This is not about money. It's about purity and God's values.