

No question if she lit a match on the bed now, she would probably burn him alive.

PAUL. Annie, please don't make me do this. I'm begging you, please.

ANNIE. You can do as you choose. Do the right thing now.

*Now Paul, dazed and wiped out, manages to light a match—
And drops the match on his fluid-soaked manuscript.*

For a moment, nothing—

And then—and then, Jesus!—all hell explodes.

KABOOM!!! And flames leap out.

Paul can only stare. The flames grow and grow.

Goodness! GOODNESS! Heavens to Betsy!!

They both stare at the fire. As it dies down, Annie removes two pills from her pocket.

Here's your Novril. Though honestly I'm giving you too much as it is. Too much of anything can kill you.

She helps him take the pills.

How does tuna casserole sound for dinner?

PAUL. Great.

She exits. Paul spits the pills out of his mouth.

Too much of anything can kill you.

He throws the pills into the fire.

Lights transition.