

SIDE 3: Annie and Paul

Paul's room is dark. Outside a storm has begun. Growing. Paul lies in bed.

ANNIE. You dirty bird! SHE CANNOT BE DEAD! MISERY CHASTAIN CANNOT BE DEAD!

PAUL. Annie — please listen to me —

ANNIE. HOW COULD YOU KILL HER?!

PAUL. In 1871 women died in childbirth all the time — but her spirit is the important thing, and Misery's spirit is still alive —

ANNIE. I DON'T WANT HER SPIRIT! I WANT HER —AND YOU MURDERED HER!

PAUL. I didn't murder her —

ANNIE. — THEN WHO DID?

PAUL. No one ... she just died ... she slipped away, that's all. ..

ANNIE. SLIPPED AWAY?! SHE DIDN'T JUST SLIP AWAY! YOU KILLED HER! Do you think I was born yesterday? A writer is God to the people in a story, he made them up just like God made us up. As far as Misery goes, God just happens to have a couple of broken legs and be in my house, eating my food, SO DON'T TELL ME YOU DIDN'T KILL HER BECAUSE YOU DID IT! YOU DID IT! YOU MURDERED MY MISERY! I thought you were good, Paul, but you're not good, you're just another dirty birdie —

PAUL. Annie ...

ANNIE. I think I better go now. I don't think I better be around you for a while. I don't think it's — wise.

PAUL. Go? Where? Will you be back to give me my medication?

ANNIE. Oh I think you've caused enough suffering and now it's your turn to suffer. And don't even think about anybody coming for you, not the doctors, not your agent, not your daughter, because I never called them. Nobody knows you're here. And you better hope nothing happens to me because if I don't come back, you die.