

SIDE 6: Annie and Paul

ANNIE. Can't sleep all day, Punkin. Give us a smile?

PAUL. (Giving her the finger.) Here's one.

ANNIE. Such a cutie.

PAUL. (And now the other finger.) Here's another one.

ANNIE. No more jokes, Paul — it's time for you to get back to your writing—it's been more than a week and I've been patient.

PAUL. It's weird, but for some reason, a couple of crushed ankles haven't done that much for my creative juices. Now, as the French are so fond of saying, "get the fuck out of here:'

ANNIE. The sheriff just paid me a visit. Oh, that got you, didn't it. Well, news flash, Mister Man. The FBI thinks you're dead. It's just you and me now, Paul. You owe me your life. I know you'll keep that in mind. You need to start writing again.

PAUL. I figured out the ending. Want me to tell you what happens?

ANNIE. Be careful, Paul.

PAUL. I think you're really going to dig this. Misery and Ian get into a big fight, I'm sure you know the drill; "I never loved you, blah, blah, blah:' She storms out and takes Barkley with her ... you know, Barkley, her dog, her big Irish setter ... well, they go to a hotel. An inn. At the bar, over a few drinks, she tells Barkley how awful Ian is. One thing leads to another, they head upstairs and well, can you guess what happens? She fucks her dog!

ANNIE. You are less than charming today.

PAUL. What are you going to do about it? Kill me? I dare you.

ANNIE. I'll drive a sledgehammer into your man gland if you're not nicer.

PAUL. Be my guest.

And he spreads his legs.

ANNIE. That is so disgusting—I can make you write it.

PAUL. Can you?

After a moment — the sound of knocking on the porch door.

ANNIE. You say one fucking word.

(Annie's hand goes over Paul's mouth as he lets out a muffled scream. She grabs Paul's arm. Annie takes the cap off a hypodermic needle. He struggles with her — hard — keeping her arm at bay, getting his hands around his neck to strangle her.)

But she's the more desperate, jams the needle in.) I don't understand you.

Paul continues to struggle until ... Paul's eyes close — whatever she injected him begins to take effect.

When are we going to develop a sense of trust?