

There you go. You'll feel better in a few minutes. I just can't believe that my hero is recovering in my very own home. The man who gave the world Misery Chastain. And here he is: Paul Sheldon himself!

*He breathes a sigh of relief, and puts his head back on the pillow to rest. Annie exits to get the manuscript.*

PAUL. *(To her offstage.)* I guess it was kind of a miracle... you finding me.

ANNIE. *(From off.)* Not a miracle at all—in a way, I was following you.

PAUL. Following me?

*Annie reenters with the leather case.*

ANNIE. Well, seeing as how I'm your number one fan and all, it wasn't any secret to me you were staying at the Silver Creek Lodge these past five weeks. You finish all your new books there, any good fan knows that. So some nights, I'd just tool on down there and look up at the light in your cabin. And I'd try to imagine what was going on in the room of the world's greatest writer.

PAUL. *(Can't help but smile.)* Say that last part again—I couldn't quite hear you.

ANNIE. *(Smiles back.)* The world's greatest writer. Well, the other afternoon I was on my way home from town, racing 'cause I'd heard that the storm was coming in hard, and there you were leaving the Lodge. And I wondered why in the world would a literary genius go for a drive when there was this monster storm coming?

PAUL. The literary genius didn't know there was a storm coming.

ANNIE. Lucky for you I did. *(Very sincere.)* Lucky for me too, because now you're alive and you can write more books. Because the world needs more Misery books.

*Paul says nothing, but he is moved by her sincerity.*

Oh Paul, I know all of the Misery novels by heart, and I swear that's true. All eight of them. I just treasure them so.

*Annie opens the case with anticipation and looks at the title page. Her face falls.*

PAUL. This one's not a Misery.