

have I done? (*Humiliated.*) I ruined your beautiful toast—can you find it in your heart to forgive me? (*Reaches for the Gallo.*) Let me pour another glass. (*She does.*) Can we both please pretend this never happened? (*Toasting position now.*) To Misery.

PAUL. Misery.

They drink their wine.

Liberace sings on.

Lights dim.

Sixteen

Days have passed. Paul sits at his desk, typing furiously. He's in it... escaping into the page. He is surrounded by pages. Annie comes in with a vanilla ice cream sundae. He does not see or hear her at first.

ANNIE. I wanted to bring you something special. I made you an ice cream sundae. You've been working so hard, you deserve it.

He doesn't touch it. Keeps typing.

You better eat it before it melts.

PAUL. (*Still not looking up from typewriter.*) Why don't you eat it. I'm right in the middle of a sentence.

She regards him in awe.

ANNIE. What part are you working on?

PAUL. Excuse me?

ANNIE. You haven't given me new pages in a week, so I don't know anything that's happened since that mysterious stranger showed up at the inn! Is it Misery's real father?

PAUL. Annie, can we talk about this later?

ANNIE. (*Reaching for the stack of papers.*) Okay, well I'll just take these new chapters then and fill in the "n"s.

PAUL. (*Putting his hand on the stack.*) No thanks, I've actually been doing it myself.