

ANNIE. Why? I didn't do a good job?

PAUL. You did fine. I mean, you missed a couple. But that's fine.

ANNIE. Well, maybe I can just sit here and watch you work. I'll be quiet.

PAUL. I can't write with someone else in the room.

ANNIE. I'm not "someone." I'm your number one fan. I had the idea about the bee. That helped you when you were stuck.

PAUL. Annie, I got the idea for Misery's kidnapping from something the TV repair guy said. It's not the suggestion of an idea, it's what you do with it.

ANNIE. Well, I knew writers were supposed to have big egos but I didn't understand that meant ingratitude, too.

PAUL. I'm not ungrateful, Annie. I'm focused. I only have a few chapters to go—in a couple of weeks I'll be done.

ANNIE. I just wanna know one thing. Did the Baron kill her father? That's one thing I've got to know or I'll go crazy.

PAUL. I'm not going to tell you anything.

ANNIE. I made you a sundae, you can tell me one thing.

PAUL. Do you want me to finish the book, or sit here and have a nice chat.

ANNIE. Don't take that sarcastic tone with me.

PAUL. Then don't pretend you don't understand what I'm saying! Now I'm right in the middle of a major scene, and the more you talk, the harder it is for me to write.

*He turns back to the typewriter.*

Dammit. Well, there you go—now I lost it.

*Pause.*

ANNIE. Are you going to eat your ice cream?

PAUL. I'm not hungry.

ANNIE. I've upset you. I'm sorry. I expect that you're right. I was wrong to ask.

*Annie gathers up the ice cream bowl, proudly admitting her mistake.*