

PAUL. Please shut the door on your way out.

Annie exits, shutting the door.

And if you're going to bribe me, try bourbon.

Paul smiles.

Victory!

When he can no longer hear Annie's footsteps, he begins to bench press the typewriter several times above his head.

Finally, as a thunderstorm begins, the lights shift, indicating the passage of time.

Seventeen

Weeks have passed. The stack of papers next to Paul's typewriter has grown. So has his strength. The storm grows louder, and louder.

Louder still.

The rumbles are deafening.

Now lightning flashes begin.

We can make out Paul.

—And now Annie has entered.

Lumbering like a robot.

She wears slippers and an old housecoat.

Her hair is more straggling than we've seen it. There is food on her housecoat. Her eyes are dead.

She moves to Paul.

Lightning!

Annie stands in the doorway. She is watching him. This goes on for a while. He finally senses her, sees her.

PAUL. Annie? What is it?

ANNIE. The rain, it gives me the blues.