

Nineteen

*In the dark, thunder and lightning. Then, lights up on Paul's room. It is a beautiful day. The storm is over. "Moonlight Sonata" plays. Liberace has never been more romantic.**

Paul sleeps.

Annie is standing there by his bed. Paul blinks, tries to move—

—but he's groggy—

—helpless—

—He has been strapped to his bed.

Annie stands there, bright-eyed and bushy-tailed.

ANNIE. Hi, Punkin.

Paul manages a nod.

Guess what?—I know you've been out.

PAUL. What... What are you talking about? What's going on?

ANNIE. You've been out of your room.

PAUL. No I haven't. Annie, what is this?

ANNIE. You've been out at least twice. I warned you not to try to trick me, Paul.

Paul says nothing, just stares at her, waiting. Annie walks slowly back to the foot of the bed.

PAUL. I don't know what you're talking about.

ANNIE. You left marks with the wheelchair the first time you got out. I know there's Novril missing. And you shouldn't have turned off the timer, Paul. At first I was so confused as to how in the world you got out, then last night I found your key.

Now she holds up the typewriter key.

PAUL. Okay, I went out the two times, once because YOU left me here in pain and I needed pills, and the other to get water so I didn't die of thirst.

* See Note on Songs/Recordings at the back of this volume.