

ANNIE. I suppose you never tried the doors, or the phone?

PAUL. Sure I did, but you know the phone doesn't work and the doors are locked, and where am I going?

ANNIE. So you went out twice, once for pills and once for water.

PAUL. Yes, Annie, that's it, I swear.

ANNIE. You're lying to me. But that's okay, Paul.

*Beat.*

Looking for this?

*Annie pulls out the knife. Paul knows the jig is up.*

I found this right in the bed before I gave you your pre-op shot.

PAUL. Pre-op?

ANNIE. Last night it became so clear. Would you ever really want to stay? I had to ask myself that. And as much as I wanted to pull the wool over my own eyes, I suppose I knew the answer even before I found your key.

*She holds up the typewriter "n" key.*

Paul, do you know about the early days at the Kimberly Diamond Mine? Do you know what they did to the native workers who stole diamonds? Now don't you worry, they didn't kill them—that would be like junking a Mercedes just because it had a broken spring.

*She is building to climax now.*

No, if they caught them, they had to make sure they could go on working—but they also had to make sure they could never run away. What they did was called hobbling.

*And with that she reaches down out of sight and comes up holding a block of wood.*

PAUL. Annie—whatever you're thinking about doing, please don't do it.

*Annie wedges the block firmly between his legs just above the ankles, secures it and adjusts his feet.*

ANNIE. Now don't fuss. I gave you a shot of Fentanyl to relax you.

PAUL. Why would I run away? I'm a writer, Annie—it's all I am—and I've never written this well—even you said that this is my best,