She leaves. Paul looks at his hand that has caught the kiss, looks after Annie. He swallows the Novril, and sits for a while, as rain starts to fall outside.

Seven

Paul's room is dark. Outside a storm has begun. Growing. Paul lies in bed.

Suddenly, the door to the room flies open. Annie looks different now than she ever has. And boy, is she ever not smiling.

ANNIE. You dirty bird! SHE CANNOT BE DEAD! MISERY CHASTAIN CANNOT BE DEAD!

PAUL. Annie—please listen to me—

ANNIE. HOW COULD YOU KILL HER?!

PAUL. In 1871 women died in childbirth all the time—but her spirit is the important thing, and Misery's spirit is still alive—

ANNIE. I DON'T WANT HER SPIRIT! I WANT HER—AND YOU MURDERED HER!!

PAUL. I didn't murder her—

ANNIE. —THEN WHO DID?

PAUL. No one... she just died... she slipped away, that's all...

ANNIE. SLIPPED AWAY?! SHE DIDN'T JUST SLIP AWAY! YOU KILLED HER! Do you think I was born yesterday? A writer is God to the people in a story, he made them up just like God made us up. As far as Misery goes, God just happens to have a couple of broken legs and be in *my* house, eating *my* food, SO DON'T TELL ME YOU DIDN'T KILL HER BECAUSE YOU DID IT! YOU DID IT! YOU MURDERED MY MISERY!!!

She nearly hits him but manages to stop herself.

I thought you were good, Paul, but you're not good, you're just another dirty birdie—

PAUL. Annie...

ANNIE. I think I better go now. I don't think I better be around you for a while. I don't think it's—wise.

PAUL. Go? Where?

Annie moves to the door.

Will you be back to give me my medication?

ANNIE. Oh I think you've caused enough suffering and now it's your turn to suffer. And don't even think about anybody coming for you, not the doctors, not your agent, not your daughter, because I never called them. Nobody knows you're here. And you better hope nothing happens to me because if I don't come back, you die.

And on that, she's gone. For the first time, the door slams all the way shut.

Paul is alone.

Deafening thunder.

And now another growling sound—a car motor.

Growling, then gone. Paul takes a breath—

—stares across at the closed door—

—makes a decision.

Deep breath now.

Now another.

And here he goes.

Slowly getting out of bed.

He reaches down with his left arm, the good one—the right shoulder is the bandaged one, the shoulder that was dislocated—reaches to the floor—

—planning to gradually bring himself down.

Good plan—

—not such good execution.

His body twists as he falls—

—falls hard—

—landing dead on his dislocated shoulder.