

"MISERY"

by

William Goldman

Based on the Novel by

Stephen King

FADE IN ON:

holds a
is of
Perignon.
as we

A SINGLE CIGARETTE. A MATCH. A HOTEL ICE BUCKET that
bottle of champagne. The cigarette is unlit. The match
the kitchen variety. The champagne, unopened, is Dom
There is only one sound at first: a strong WIND--
--now another sound, sharper--a sudden burst of TYPING

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

really
Western

PAUL SHELDON typing at a table in his hotel suite. It's
a cabin that's part of a lodge. Not an ornate place.
themed.

scattered
grows

He is framed by a window looking out at some gorgeous
mountains. It's afternoon. The sky is grey. Snow is
along the ground. We're out west somewhere. The WIND
stronger--there could be a storm.

PAUL pays no attention to what's going on outside as he
continues to type.

good
other
eighteen

He's the hero of what follows. Forty-two, he's got a
face, one with a certain mileage to it. We are not, in
words, looking at a virgin. He's been a novelist for
years and for half that time, the most recent half, a
remarkably successful one.

a
another
He pauses for a moment, intently, as if trying to stare
hole in the paper. Now his fingers fly, and there's
burst of TYPING. He studies what he's written, then--

CUT TO:

on the
words:
THE PAPER, as he rolls it out of the machine, puts it
table, prints, in almost childlike letters, these

THE END

CUT TO:

this
up,
of
A PILE OF MANUSCRIPT at the rear of the table. He puts
last page on, gets it straight and in order, hoists it
folds it to his chest, the entire manuscript--hundreds
pages.

CUT TO:

brief
moment, moved.
PAUL, as he holds his book to him. He is, just for a

CUT TO:

and
the
it,
a
himself
match--
inhales
A SUITCASE across the room. PAUL goes to it, opens it
pulls something out from inside: a battered red leather
briefcase. Now he takes his manuscript, carefully opens
briefcase, gently puts the manuscript inside. He closes
and the way he handles it, he might almost be handling
child. Now he crosses over, opens the champagne, pours
a single glass, lights the one cigarette with the lone
there is a distinct feeling of ritual about this. He

deeply, makes a toasting gesture, then drinks, smokes,
smiles.

HOLD BRIEFLY, then--

CUT TO:

LODGE - DAY

throws
PAUL--exiting his cabin. He stops, makes a snowball,
it, hitting a sign.

PAUL

Still got it.

and,
drives
He throws a suitcase into the trunk of his '65 MUSTANG
holding his leather case, he hops into the car and
away.

CUT TO:

is
comes
"Shotgun"
into the
A SIGN that reads "Silver Creek Lodge." Behind the sign
the hotel itself--old, desolate. Now the '65 Mustang
out of the garage, guns ahead toward the sign. As
by Jr. Walker and the Allstars starts, he heads off
mountains.

CUT TO:

snow.
THE SKY. Gun-metal grey. The clouds seem pregnant with

CUT TO:

the
seat beside him.
PAUL, driving the Mustang, the battered briefcase on

CUT TO:

suddenly THE ROAD AHEAD. Little dainty flakes of snow are visible.

CUT TO:

THE CAR, going into a curve and

CUT TO:

stunned PAUL, driving, and as he comes out of the curve, a look hits his face as we

CUT TO:

it's as THE ROAD AHEAD--and here it comes--a mountain storm; warning if the top has been pulled off the sky and with no whatsoever, we're into a blizzard and

CUT TO:

mountains. THE MUSTANG, slowing, driving deeper into the

CUT TO:

PAUL, squinting ahead, windshield wipers on now.

CUT TO:

THE MUSTANG, rounding another curve, losing traction--

CUT TO:

control. PAUL, a skilled driver, bringing the car easily under

CUT TO:

THE ROAD

Snow is piling up.

CUT TO:

PAUL driving confidently, carefully. Now he reaches out, ejects the tape, expertly turns it over, pushes it in and, as the MUSIC continues, he hums along with it.

CUT TO:

THE SKY. Only you can't see it. There's nothing to see but the unending snow, nothing to hear but the wind which keeps getting wilder.

CUT TO:

THE ROAD. Inches of snow on the ground now. This is desolate and dangerous.

CUT TO:

PAUL, driving.

CUT TO:

THE SNOW. Worse.

CUT TO:

THE ROAD, curving sharply, dropping. A sign reads: "Curved Road, Next 13 Miles."

CUT TO:

THE MUSTANG, coming into view, hitting the curve--no problem--no problem at all--and then suddenly, there is a very serious problem and as the car skids out of control--

CUT TO:

as it PAUL, doing his best, fighting the conditions and just
looks like he's got things going his way--

CUT TO:

THE ROAD, swerving down and

CUT TO:

THE MUSTANG, all traction gone and

CUT TO:

PAUL, helpless and

CUT TO:

THE MUSTANG, skidding, skidding and

CUT TO:

whips THE ROAD as it drops more steeply away and the wind
the snow across and

CUT TO:

THE MUSTANG starting to spin and

CUT TO:

down, THE MOUNTAINSIDE as the car skids off the road, careens
down, slams into a tree, bounces off, flips, lands upside
skids, stops finally, dead.

HOLD ON THE CAR A MOMENT

still the
the car
WIND

There is still the sound of the WIND, and there is music coming from the tape, perhaps the only part of left undamaged. Nothing moves inside. There is only the and the TAPE. The wind gets louder.

CUT TO:

are

THE WRECK looked at from a distance. The MUSIC sounds only faintly heard.

CUT TO:

car

THE AREA WHERE THE WRECK IS--AS SEEN FROM THE ROAD. The is barely visible as the snow begins to cover it.

CUT TO:

the
are

THE WRECK from outside, and we're close to it now, with snow coming down ever harder--already bits of the car covered in white.

CAMERA MOVES IN TO

his
but

PAUL. He's inside and doing his best to fight is, but consciousness is going. He tries to keep his eyes open they're slits.

his

Slowly, he manages to reach out with his left arm for briefcase--

continues

--and he clutches it to his battered body. The MUSIC on.

flutter

But PAUL is far from listening. His eyes flutter, again. Now they're starting to close.

The man is dying.

Motionless, he still clutches the battered briefcase.

HOLD ON THE CASE. Then--

DISSOLVE TO:

The BRIEFCASE in Paul's hands as he sits at a desk.

SINDELL (O.S.)

What's that?

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

We are in New York City in the office of Paul's literary agent, MARCIA SINDELL. The walls of the large room are English absolutely crammed with book and movie posters, in featuring and all other kinds of other languages, all of them woman. the character of MISERY CHASTAIN, a perfectly beautiful All Misery's Challenge, Misery's Triumph--eight of them. written by Paul Sheldon.

CUT TO:

PAUL, lifting up the battered briefcase--maybe when new it cost two bucks, but he treats it like gold.

PAUL

An old friend. I was rummaging through a closet and it was just sitting there. Like it was waiting for me.

CUT TO:

SINDELL

(searching for a compliment)
It's... it's nice, Paul. It's got... character.

CUT TO:

THE TWO OF THEM

PAUL

When I wrote my first book, I used to carry it around in this while I was looking for a publisher. That was a good book, Marcia. I was a writer then.

SINDELL

You're still a writer.

PAUL

I haven't been a writer since I got into the Misery business--

SINDELL

(holding up the cover
art of MISERY'S CHILD)

Not a bad business. This thing would still be growing, too. The first printing order on Misery's Child was the most ever--over a million.

PAUL

Marcia, please.

SINDELL

No, no. Misery Chastain put braces on your daughter's teeth and is putting her through college, bought you two houses and floor seats to the Knick games and what thanks does she get? You go and kill her.

PAUL

Marcia, you know I started "Misery" on a lark. Do I look like a guy who writes romance novels? Do I sound like Danielle Steel? It was a one-time shot and we got lucky. I never meant it to become my life. And if I hadn't gotten rid of her now, I'd have ended up writing her forever.

(touches his briefcase)

For the first time in fifteen years, I think I'm really onto something here.

SINDELL

I'm glad to hear that, Paul, I really am. But you have to know--when your

fans find out that you killed off their favorite heroine, they're not going to say, "Ooh, good, Paul Sheldon can finally write what we've always wanted: An esoteric, semi-autobiographical character study.

PAUL

(passionately)

Marcia, why are you doing this to me? Don't you know I'm scared enough? Don't you think I remember how nobody gave a shit about my first books? You think I'm dying to go back to shouting in the wilderness?

(beat)

I'm doing this because I have to.

(Marcia is stopped)

Now, I'm leaving for Colorado to try to finish this and I want your good thoughts--because if I can make it work ...

(beat)

I might just have something that I want on my tombstone.

On the word "tombstone"

CUT TO:

coming
car.

PAUL'S TOMBSTONE--the upside down car with the blizzard gale-force and his motionless body trapped inside the

The WIND screams. PAUL'S EYES flutter, then close.

Hold

Keep holding as--

the

Suddenly there's a new sound as a crowbar SCRATCHES at door--

-- nd now the door is ripped open as we

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

the

A BUNDLED-UP FIGURE gently beginning to pull PAUL and

it's a case from the car. For a moment, it's hard to tell if
man or woman--
is, --not to let the cat out of the bag or anything, but it
close very much, a woman. Her name is ANNIE WILKES and she is
creature. to Paul's age. She is in many ways a remarkable
dislikes, Strong, self-sufficient, passionate in her likes and
loves and hates.

CUT TO:

he's PAUL AND ANNIE as she cradles him in her arms. Once
clear of the car, she lays him carefully in the snow

CUT TO:

down PAUL AND ANNIE: CLOSE UP. She slowly brings her mouth
inside close to his. Then their lips touch as she forces air
him.

ANNIE

(Their lips touch
again. Then--)
You hear me--Breathe! I said
breathe!!!

CUT TO:

shock, PAUL, as he starts to breathe--
--in a moment his eyes suddenly open wide, but he's in
the eyes see nothing--

CUT TO:

into ANNIE--the moment she sees him come to life, she goes
action, lifting PAUL in a fireman's carry, starting the
difficult climb back up the steep hill.

white
As she moves away, she and Paul are obliterated by the
falling snow.

DISSOLVE TO:

bled
THE WHITE OF WHAT SEEMS LIKE A HOSPITAL. Everything is
of color. It's all vague--

--we are looking at this from Paul's blurred vision.
And throughout this next sequence, there are these
SOUNDS,
words really, but they make no sense.

"...no... worry...

...be... fine...

...good care... you...

...I'm your number one fan..."

white.
The first thing we see during this is something all
It takes a moment before we realize it's a ceiling.
Now, a white wall.

tube
An I.V. bottle is next, the medicine dripping down a
a
into PAUL'S LEFT ARM. The other arm is bandaged and in
sling.

and
ANNIE is standing beside the bed. She wears off-white
pills in
seems very much like a nurse. A good nurse. She has
her hands.

CUT TO:

Eyes
PAUL. Motionless, dead pale. He has a little beard now.
barely open, he's shaking with fever.

PAUL

(hardly able to whisper)
...where... am I...?

ANNIE is quickly by his side.

ANNIE

(so gently)
Shhh... we're just outside Silver
Creek.

PAUL

How long...?

ANNIE

You've been here two days. You're
gonna be okay.
(relieved)
My name is Annie Wilkes and I'm--

PAUL

--my number one fan.

And now the gibberish words make sense.

ANNIE

That's right. I'm also a nurse. Here.
(Now, as she brings
the pills close)
Take these.

She helps him to swallow, as Paul's eyes close.

DISSOLVE TO:

AN EXTERIOR OF THE PLACE. It's a farmhouse--we 're in a
desolate area with mountains in the background.

THE HOUSE is set on a knoll so that Paul's room,
although on
the first floor, is ten feet off the ground.

CUT TO:

PAUL, in the room. He's not on the I.V. anymore. His
fever
has broken. Annie enters, pills in her hand.

ANNIE

Here.

PAUL

What are they...?

ANNIE

They're called Novril--they're for
your pain.

(helps him take them)

ANNIE applies a cool rag to his forehead.

PAUL

Shouldn't I be in a hospital?

ANNIE

The blizzard was too strong. I
couldn't risk trying to get you there.
I tried calling, but the phone lines
are down.

PAUL tries to test his left arm.

ANNIE

(Gently, her fingers
go to his eyelids,
close them)

Now you mustn't tire yourself. You've
got to rest, you almost died.

CUT TO:

ANNIE: CLOSE UP. Sometimes her face shows the most
remarkable compassion. It does now.

HOLD ON IT briefly.

DISSOLVE TO:

CLOSE UP ON PILLS IN ANNIE'S HAND

ANNIE (O.S.)

Open wide.

CUT TO:

PAUL'S ROOM

He lies in bed. His fever is gone, but he's terribly
weak.

CUT TO:

ANNIE. As she lays the pills on PAUL'S TONGUE, she gives him a glass of water from the nearby bed table.

CUT TO:

PAUL, swallowing eagerly.

CUT TO:

ANNIE, watching him, sympathetically.

ANNIE

Your legs just sing grand opera when you move, don't they?
(Paul says nothing,
but his pain is clear)
It's not going to hurt forever, Paul,
I promise you.

PAUL

Will I be able to walk?

ANNIE

Of course you will. And your arm will be fine, too. Your shoulder was dislocated pretty badly, but I finally popped it back in there.
(proudly)
But what I'm most proud of is the work I did on those legs. Considering what I had around the house, I don't think there's a doctor who could have done any better.

And now suddenly she flicks off the blankets, uncovering his body.

CUT TO:

PAUL, staring, stunned at the bottom half of his body as we

CUT TO:

Egyptian
look
there's

PAUL'S LEGS. From the knees down he resembles an
mummy--she's splinted them with slim steel rods that
like the hacksawed remains of aluminum crutches and
taping circling around.

From the knees up they're all swollen and throbbing and
horribly bruised and discolored.

CUT TO:

PAUL, lying back, stunned with disbelief.

ANNIE

It's not nearly as bad as it looks.
You have a compound fracture of the
tibia in both legs, and the fibula
in the left leg is fractured too. I
could hear the bones moving, so it's
best for your legs to remain immobile.
And as soon as the roads open, I'll
take you to a hospital.

CUT TO:

ANNIE: CLOSE UP

ANNIE

In the meantime, you've got a lot of
recovering to do, and I consider it
an honor that you'll do it in my
home.

HOLD on her ecstatic face.

Then--

CUT TO:

in New
manuscripts

MISERY'S PERFECT FACE. We're back in SINDELL's office
York. The office looks just the same, posters and
all over. But she doesn't.

She holds the phone and she is fidgety, insecure.

SINDELL

This is Marcia Sindell calling from New York City. I'd like to speak to the Silver Creek Chief of Police or the Sheriff.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Which one do you want?

SINDELL

Whichever one's not busy.

CUT TO:

SMALL OFFICE IN SILVER CREEK

...with a view of the mountains.

holding
and
his

A MARVELOUS LOOKING MAN sits at a desk, by himself, the phone. In his sixties, he's still as bright, fast sassy as he was half-a-lifetime ago. Never mind what name is, everyone calls him BUSTER.

BUSTER

I'm pretty sure they 're both not busy, Ms. Sindell, since they're both me. I also happen to be President of the Policeman's Benefit Association, Chairman of the Patrolman's Retirement Fund, and if you need a good fishing guide, you could do a lot worse; call me Buster, everybody does, what can I do for you?

CUT TO:

gets up,
Almost

SINDELL in her office. She pushes the speakerphone, paces; she's very hesitant when she speaks about Paul. Almost embarrassed--

SINDELL

I'm a literary agent, and I feel like a fool calling you, but I think one of my clients, Paul Sheldon, might be in some kind of trouble.

BUSTER

Paul Sheldon? You mean Paul Sheldon the writer?

SINDELL

Yes.

BUSTER

He's your client, huh?

SINDELL

Yes, he is.

CUT TO:

BUSTER'S OFFICE

good

He rolls a penny across the back of one hand--he's very at it, doesn't even look while he does it.

BUSTER

People sure like those Misery books.

SINDELL

I'm sure you know Paul's been going to the Silver Creek Lodge for years to finish his books.

BUSTER

Yeah, I understand he's been up here the last six weeks.

SINDELL

Not quite. I just called, and they said he checked out five days ago. Isn't that a little strange?

BUSTER

I don't know. Does he always phone you when he checks out of hotels?

CUT TO:

SINDELL, really embarrassed now.

SINDELL

No, no, of course not. It's just that his daughter hasn't heard from him, and when he's got a book coming out, he usually keeps in touch. So when there was no word from him...

BUSTER

You think he might be missing?

SINDELL

(shakes her head)

I hate that I made this call--tell me I'm being silly.

CUT TO:

his
table
BUSTER. He nods as a WOMAN enters, carrying lunch. It's wife, VIRGINIA. She begins putting the food down on a table for the both of them.

BUSTER

Just a little over-protective, maybe.

(beat)

Tell you what--nothing's been reported out here--

(he puts Paul Sheldon's name with a ? on a 3

x 5 CARD)

--but I'll put his name through our system.

(he tacks the card to a bulletin board)

And if anything turns up, I'll call you right away.

CUT TO:

SINDELL. She smiles, a genuine sense of relief.

SINDELL

I appreciate that. Thanks a lot.

CUT TO:

BUSTER

BUSTER

G'bye, Ms. Sindell.

As he hangs up--

VIRGINIA

We actually got a phone call. Busy morning.

BUSTER

(smiles)

Work, work, work.

(gives her a hug)

Virginia? When was that blizzard?

VIRGINIA

Four or five days ago. Why?

CUT TO:

BUSTER. The penny flies across the back of his hand. He doesn't look at it, stares instead out the window at the mountains.

BUSTER

(a beat)

...no reason...

HOLD ON BUSTER for a moment.

CUT TO:

PAUL'S ROOM

PAUL'S VOICE

(soft)

I guess it was kind of a miracle...
you finding me...

ANNIE's soft, sweet laughter is heard. She stands over him, finishing shaving him with a very sharp straight razor. She wears what we will come to know as her regular costume--plain wool skirts, grey cardigan sweaters.

ANNIE

No, it wasn't a miracle at all... in a way, I was following you.

PAUL

Following me?

has

ANNIE concentrates on shaving him with great care; she wonderful, strong hands.

ANNIE

(explaining, normally)

Well, it wasn't any secret to me that you were staying at the Silver Creek, seeing as how I'm your number-one fan and all. Some nights I'd just tool on down there, sit outside and look up at the light in your cabin--

(gently moves his head back, exposing his neck; this next is said with total sincerity, almost awe)

and I'd try to imagine what was going on in the room of the world's greatest writer.

PAUL

Say that last part again, I didn't quite hear--

ANNIE

(smiles)

Don't move now--wouldn't want to hurt this neck--

(shaving away)

Well, the other afternoon I was on my way home, and there you were, leaving the Lodge, and I wondered why a literary genius would go for a drive when there was a big storm coming.

PAUL

I didn't know it was going to be a big storm.

ANNIE

Lucky for you, I did.
(pauses)

Lucky for me too. Because now you're
alive and you can write more books.
Oh, Paul, I've read everything of
Yours, but the Misery novels...

CUT TO:

ANNIE: CLOSE UP

ANNIE

I know them all by heart, Paul, all
eight of them. I love them so.

CUT TO:

touching
PAUL, looking at her. There's something terribly
about her now.

PAUL

You're very kind...

ANNIE

And you're very brilliant, and you
must be a good man, or you could
never have created such a wondrous,
loving creature as Misery Chastain.

(runs her fingers
over his cheek)

Like a baby.

(smiles)

All done.

(starts to dab away
the last bits of
soap)

ANNIE starts cleaning up.

PAUL

When do you think the phone lines'll
be back up? I have to call my
daughter, and I should call New York
and let my agent know I'm breathing.

ANNIE

It shouldn't be too much longer.

(gently)

Once the roads are open, the lines'll
be up in no time. If you give me
their numbers, I'll keep trying them

for you.
(suddenly almost
embarrassed)
Could I ask you a favor?
(Paul nods)
I noticed in your case there was a
new Paul Sheldon book and...
(hesitant)
and I wondered if maybe...
(her voice trails off)

PAUL

You want to read it?

ANNIE

(quietly)
If you wouldn't mind.

PAUL

I have a hard and fast rule about
who can read my stuff at this early
stage--only my editor, my agent, and
anyone who saves me from freezing to
death in a car wreck.

ANNIE

(genuinely thrilled)
You'll never realize what a rare
treat you've given me.

CUT TO:

PAUL. His eyes close briefly, he grimaces.

CUT TO:

ANNIE, watching him, concerned. She glances at her
watch.

ANNIE

Boy, it's like clockwork, the way
your pain comes--I'll get you your
Novril, Paul. Forgive me for prattling
away and making you feel all oogy.

She turns and goes out of the room.

CUT TO:

PAUL, watching her.

ANNIE

What's your new book called?

PAUL

I don't have a title yet.

ANNIE

What's it about?

PAUL

(fast)

It's crazy, but I don't really know, I mean I haven't written anything but "Misery" for so long that--you read it you can tell me what you think it's about. Maybe you can come up with a title.

ANNIE

(in the doorway)

Oh, like I could do that?

CUT TO:

THE MANAGER'S OFFICE AT THE SILVER CREEK LODGE

Small, neat, one window--outside, snow covers all.

BUSTER AND LIBBY, THE MANAGER, are going over books and records. Libby is an old guy, walks with a cane.

LIBBY

Nothing unusual about Mr. Sheldon's leaving, Buster--you can tell by the champagne.

BUSTER

Maybe you can, Libby.

LIBBY

No, see, he always ordered a bottle of Dom Perignon when he was ready to go. Then he'd pay up and be out the door.

BUSTER

No long-distance phone calls, Federal Express packages--anything at all out of the ordinary?

LIBBY

(head shake)

I don't think Mr. Sheldon likes for things to be out of the ordinary. Considering who he is and all, famous and all, he doesn't have airs. Drives the same car out from New York each time--'65 Mustang--said it helps him think. He was always a good guest, never made a noise, never bothered a soul. Sure hope nothing happened to him.

BUSTER

So do I...

LIBBY

I'll bet that old Mustang's pulling into New York right now.

BUSTER

I'm sure you're right.

But you can tell he's not sure at all as we

CUT TO:

A SPOON FILLED TO THE BRIM WITH BEEF BARLEY SOUP

CUT TO:

PAUL'S ROOM.

He lies in bed. Sun comes in the lone window. ANNIE sits on the bed, a large bowl of soup in her hands, feeding him.

ANNIE

(almost shy about this)

I know I'm only forty pages into your book, but...

She stops, fills the spoon up again.

PAUL

But what?

ANNIE

Nothing.

PAUL

No, what is it?

ANNIE

Oh, it's ridiculous, who am I to make a criticism to someone like you?

PAUL

I can take it, go ahead.

ANNIE

Well, it's brilliantly written, but then everything you write is brilliant.

PAUL

Pretty rough so far.

ANNIE

(a burst)

The swearing, Paul.

(beat)

There, I said it.

PAUL

The profanity bothers you?

ANNIE

It has no nobility.

PAUL

Well, these are slum kids, I was a slum kid, everybody talks like that.

CUT TO:

colored

ANNIE. She holds the soup bowl in one hand, the muddy-beef barley soup close to spilling.

ANNIE

They do not. What do you think I say when I go to the feed store in town? "Now, Wally, give me a bag of that effing pigfeed and ten pounds of that bitchly cow-corn"--

PAUL is amused by this.

CUT TO:

THE SOUP, almost spilling as she gets more agitated.

ANNIE

--and in the bank do I tell Mrs. Bollinger, "Here's one big bastard of a check, give me some of your Christing money."

CUT TO:

PAUL, almost laughing as some soup hits the coverlet.

ANNIE

(seeing the spill,
suddenly upset)
There! Look there! See what you made me do!

CUT TO:

PAUL--his smile disappears.

CUT TO:

ANNIE, and she is just totally embarrassed.

ANNIE

Oh, Paul, I'm sorry. I'm so sorry. Sometimes I get so worked up. Can you ever forgive me? Here...

She hands him his pills and starts to clean the soup
off the coverlet. Then she makes the sweetest smile.

ANNIE

I love you, Paul.
(more embarrassed
than ever)
Your mind. Your creativity--that's all I meant.

Flustered, she turns away as we--

CUT TO:

it's
A ROAD IN THE MOUNTAINS. Piles of snow all around but
been ploughed enough so it's driveable.

CUT TO:

already
A CAR coming into view. Up ahead is the sign we've
seen: "Curved Road, Next 13 Miles."

CUT TO:

INSIDE THE CAR

Buster
thermos,
head. He
BUSTER AND HIS WIFE VIRGINIA: Virginia is driving while
intently studies the terrain. He reaches for a large
pours some coffee, offers it to her. She shakes her
begins to sip it.

VIRGINIA

This sure is fun.

She puts her hand on his leg.

BUSTER

(removing it)

Virginia, when you're in this car,
you're not my wife, you're my deputy.

VIRGINIA

Well, this deputy would rather be
home under the covers with the
Sheriff.

CUT TO:

fight
THE CAR. Suddenly, it goes into a little icy spin--she
it back under control.

CUT TO:

INSIDE THE CAR

BUSTER

(suddenly)
Stop--stop right here.

VIRGINIA

What? What is it?

CUT TO:

THE CAR, skidding, slowing, stopping. BOTH OF THEM get out, much go to the edge of the road. Mountains of snow. Nothing else visible. Then Buster points.

BUSTER

Look at that broken branch there...

CUT TO:

VIRGINIA, seeing it, unconvinced.

VIRGINIA

Could be the weight of the snow.

BUSTER

Could be--or a rotten branch or a mountain lion could have landed on it. Could be a lot of things.

He steps off the road, starts down.

CUT TO:

VIRGINIA, watching him, worried--it's very slippery.

CUT TO:

BUSTER, graceful, in great shape, navigating down easily.

CUT TO:

THE TREE that the car ran into. BUSTER reaches it, studies

it.

CUT TO:

VIRGINIA, staring out after him--she can't see him because the drop is both too steep and covered with trees and mounds of snow.

VIRGINIA

Anything down there?

BUSTER'S VOICE (O.S.)

Yeah. An enormous amount of snow.

CUT TO:

BUSTER. He's moved away from the tree now, going toward where the Mustang is buried.

CUT TO:

THE MOUND OF SNOW with the Mustang inside.

CUT TO:

BUSTER, making his way closer to it, closer, staring around.

CUT TO:

THE AREA. Nothing to be seen--everything is covered with mountains of snow. You could have a house down there and not be able to see it. Just glaring white.

CUT TO:

BUSTER, angry, frustrated, turning around and around and

CUT TO:

the
sun,
can't

BUSTER from another angle, from behind the mound with
Mustang inside--and out of his sight, glistening in the
a bit of the door protrudes. But, of course, Buster
see it.

edge

HOLD ON BUSTER, in a sour mood, staring around as the
of the door continues to glisten.

CUT TO:

still

VIRGINIA, on the road as Buster makes his way back up,
ticked.

VIRGINIA

(they move to the car)
You really think Sheldon's out there?

BUSTER

Hope not--if he is, he's dead. Let's
go to the newspaper office.

As they get in the car--

she

ANOTHER CAR DRIVING BY--it's Annie in her Jeep--neither
nor Buster notice each other.

CUT TO:

PAUL'S ROOM

The door opens and ANNIE enters.

ANNIE

Oh, I'm sorry. I didn't mean to wake
you.

PAUL

It's fine.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

of his

Paul's eyes fluttering awake to see the hardback copy

been

novel, Misery's Child, in Annie's hands. She's never more excited--

ANNIE

They had it at the store, Paul, there was a whole batch of them there. As soon as I saw it, I slammed my money down. I got the first copy.

PAUL

Then the roads are open...

ANNIE

The one to town is, but that's about it. I called the hospital and talked to the head orthopedic surgeon. I told him who you were and what had happened. He said as long as there's no infection, you're not in any danger, and as soon as the road to the hospital is open, they'll send an ambulance for you.

PAUL

The phones are working?

ANNIE

Well, mine's still out. But the ones in town were working just fine. I called that agent of yours.

(soft now)

Oh, Paul, I peeked at the very beginning.

(looks at him)

What a wonderful first page--just to read the name Misery Chastain...

PAUL

My daughter must be going nuts.

ANNIE

...it's like a visit from my oldest, dearest friend.

PAUL

I was supposed to be home for her birthday three days ago.

ANNIE

Your agent said she would tell her you were okay. But I'm afraid you'll

have to wait until tomorrow if you
want to speak to her yourself.

She starts to leave, stops at the door.

ANNIE

(She looks at him now
with almost a look
of amazement)
Oh, Paul, what a poet you are...

As she leaves--

DISSOLVE TO:

PAUL, watching as she enters, moves to him, carrying a
tray.

ANNIE

I made you my speciality--scrambled
eggs a la Wilkes. And I'm on page
75.

PAUL

I guess that means it's okay.

ANNIE

No. No, it isn't, it's--
(halts)
--oh pooh, I can't think of any words.
Would "great" be insulting?

PAUL

I can live with "great."

He starts, with effort, to eat.

ANNIE

(as she turns, goes)
No, it's not just great, it's perfect,
a perfect, perfect thing.

CUT TO:

PAUL'S ROOM. MID-AFTERNOON

ANNIE is clearing Paul's tray. She hands him his
Novril; he
quickly swallows them.

ANNIE

I'm up to page 185. I always get sad when I pass the halfway point. Will you do me a favor? I'd love it if you would autograph my copy. I already have your autograph on a picture, but it would mean so much to me to get it in person. I know you're right-handed, so don't worry if it's not so legible. I'll cherish it anyway.

As PAUL signs the book:

ANNIE

I don't mean to pry, but I've read in two magazines now where you were seeing this model who does those disgusting jeans commercials. And I said it can't be true. Paul Sheldon would never waste his time with a trampy woman like that.

PAUL

Well, you can't believe everything you read in magazines.

ANNIE

I knew it. I knew it wasn't true. Boy, how do they get away with printing stuff like that?

PAUL

You'd be amazed at what some people will believe.

He finishes the autograph, hands the book back to her.

ANNIE

Thank you so much.

PAUL

My pleasure.

DISSOLVE TO:

THE WINDOW - LATE - AFTERNOON SUNLIGHT

CUT TO:

THE DOOR. IT opens and guess what--a sow lumbers in.

CUT TO:

PAUL, kind of stunned as this female pig skitters its way around the room, excited, confused, slipping and sliding.

CUT TO:

ANNIE, all smiles and happiness, laughing in the doorway.

ANNIE

I thought it was time you two should meet. Paul, say hello to my favorite beast in all the world, my sow, Misery.

PAUL

Misery?

CUT TO:

THE PIG, snorting around the room.

CUT TO:

PAUL AND ANNIE, watching it.

ANNIE

Yes. I told you I was your number-one fan.

PAUL

I'm getting to believe you.

ANNIE

This farm was getting kind of dreary, what with just the few cows and chickens and me--

(happy)

But when I got Misery here, everything Changed--she just makes me smile so.

PAUL

She's a fine... uh... pig is what she is...

ANNIE

(scooping up the pig,
holding it tight as
she stands by Paul)

I'm on page three-hundred now, Paul,
and it's better than perfect--it's
divine. What's the ceiling that dago
painted?

PAUL

The Sistine Chapel?

ANNIE

Yeah, that and Misery's Child--those
are the only two divine things ever
in this world...

ANNIE

PAUL watches as the pig skitters out of the room with
in pursuit, happily imitating the pig.

ANNIE

Woink! Whoink! Whuh-Whuh-WHOINK!

CUT TO:

PAUL staring after them--what the hell was that?

CUT TO:

THE WINDOW. DUSK.

ANNIE'S VOICE is heard softly.

ANNIE

When my husband left me... I wasn't
prepared, it wasn't an easy time...

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

ANNIE, standing at the window, her back to the room.

In bed, PAUL is dealing with a bedpan, peeing.

ANNIE

For a while I thought I might go
crazy.

PAUL

I know how that can be.

ANNIE

I don't know about you, but what I did to get through it was I dove into work--days, nights--night shifts can be lonely at a hospital. I did a lot of reading. That was when I first discovered Misery. She made me so happy. She made me forget all my problems.

(She smiles now)

'Course, I suppose you had a little something to do with that too.

There is a peeing sound.

PAUL

Yeah, well...

He is embarrassed.

ANNIE

(She isn't)

I just kept reading them over and over. I know when I finish this one-- and I've only got two chapters to go-- I'll just turn right to the front page and start reading it again.

PAUL

I'm...

ANNIE

(She turns around,
moves to the bed)

Done?

PAUL

Yeah, thanks.

ANNIE

No problem.

As she takes the bedpan...

ANNIE

Don't get me wrong. I'm not against marriage per se. But it would take a pretty special guy to make me want to go down the aisle again.

PAUL

Well, it's not something you should enter into lightly.

ANNIE

It boils down to respect. People just don't respect the institution of marriage any more. They have no sense of real commitment.

CUT TO:

PAUL, attempting to smile. There is not much he can say to this.

ANNIE

I'd love to stay here and chat, but I'm right at the end and I gotta find out what happens.

PAUL

Well, I hope you like it.

ANNIE

Of course I'll like it. Misery's about to have her child. What's it gonna be, a boy or a girl? Ooh, don't tell me.

With that, she exits.

CUT TO:

THE WINDOW. MOONLIGHT.

CUT TO:

PAUL. He's been dozing but now his eyes flutter awake as we

CUT TO:

THE DOOR. It opens and ANNIE enters, comes to his bedside.

CUT TO:

PAUL. Hard to see. He squints up as we

CUT TO:

ANNIE. CLOSE UP: her face is ashen pale.

ANNIE

You...you dirty bird. She can't be dead. Misery Chastain cannot be dead! How could you?

PAUL

Annie, in 1871, women often died in childbirth, but her spirit is the important thing, and Misery's spirit is still alive--

ANNIE

(screaming)

I DON'T WANT HER SPIRIT! I want HER! And you MURDERED her!

PAUL

I DIDN'T...

ANNIE

Then who did?

PAUL

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

ANNIE

(screaming)

She slipped away? She slipped away? She didn't just slip away. You did it. You did it. You did it. You did it. You murdered my Misery.

And now she has lifted a chair--it's heavy but she's very strong--and she raises it and turns on Paul, and it's high above her head, and PAUL realizes that this might be it, she might shatter him with it, crunch his skull--and that's just what she seems she's about to do--and then she swings it,

and
again, her
not against him but against the wall, and it shatters
she's panting from the effort as she turns on him
voice surprisingly soft.

ANNIE

I thought you were good, Paul, but
you're not good, you're just another
lying old dirty birdie and I don't
think I better be around you for
awhile.

(she crosses to the
door, then stops)

And don't even think about anybody
coming for you, not the doctors, not
your agent, not your family--because
I never called them. Nobody knows
you're here. And you better hope
nothing happens to me because if I
die, you die.

CUT TO:

there
room
PAUL, watching as she closes the door behind her. Then
is a RATTLE OF A KEY and the sound of the door to his
LOCKING.

CUT TO:

ANNIE, getting in her Cherokee and gunning away.

CUT TO:

THE ROOM

for
in the
and
body
PAUL lies still. He looks around the room and listens
sounds. All he hears are the SOUNDS OF A WINTER NIGHT
mountains. After a few beats, he takes a deep breath
then begins his greatest effort of all: to force his
out of bed, to make it move.

the
his
Slowly
over
floor
and
no way
girds
crashing to

He's still weak from what he's endured, but that's not
main thing: it's the pain. Any attempt at movement and
legs scream. He sags back, lies there still a moment.
he tries to maneuver his body off the bed. He rolls
onto his stomach, then tries to lower himself onto the
by moving down head first. His good arm hits the floor,
he is able to hold himself up but, realizing there is
to get out of bed without causing tremendous pain, he
himself and flings himself out of bed and comes
the floor.

composure, he

The pain is excruciating. After he regains his
slowly crawls toward the door.

locked.
is
to the
grabs

He reaches up and tries the handle. It is, in fact,
He awkwardly tries to slam up against the door, but it
much too painful and to no avail. He crawls back over
bed, realizes there's no way to climb back in, then

closes

the blanket from the bed, wraps it around himself, and
his eyes.

DISSOLVE TO:

BUSTER'S OFFICE. DAY.

the

He sits alone at his desk on the telephone, staring at
Rocky Mountain Gazette spread in front of him.

CUT TO:

THE NEWSPAPER'S FRONT PAGE

book-
following:

In a prominent spot on the top is what is most likely a jacket photo of Paul. Above the picture is the

"HAVE YOU SEEN PAUL SHELDON?"

BUSTER is on the phone with Marcia Sindell.

BUSTER

No, Ms. Sindell, there's no point in coming up here now. Everything that can be done is... Yes, we're working closely with the state police, and the FBI has been informed. Right... Right... As soon as we know anything we'll let you know. No, it's no bother. Call anytime. Bye, Ms. Sindell.

VIRGINIA enters, carrying some files.

VIRGINIA

Here's the list of all Sheldon's credit charges. Nothing after the Silver Creek.

(With a glance at his
dour face, she
indicates the photo)
Any calls?

BUSTER

Just from his agent.

CUT TO:

imperceptible BUSTER. His eyes flick up to her. An almost
shake of the head.

HOLD FOR A MOMENT, then--

kinds-- FACES. They are distorted, and they come into view but
briefly, then change into the next distorted face. All

there is no order to them

not so --young, Oriental, female, male, pretty, sad, black,

pretty, happy, white, old--what we HEAR is this:

"...You've changed my life..."

"...I'm your number one fan..."

"...I'm a really big fan of yours..."

"...I'm your biggest fan..."

"...Don't ever stop writing those Misery books..."

well..."

"...I'm your number one fan..."

"...You've given me such pleasure..."

"...I feel like you're writing just for me..."

faster,
And now, it gets kicked up in speed and all goes
many times overlapping.

biggest
biggest...
"...I love you... I'm your number one fan... I'm your
fan... We love you... number one... love you...
love you... number one... number one... you poor dear
thing..."

moment,
This last was said by Annie, out of focus, and for a
she stays that way--

CUT TO:

standing by
THE ROOM, AS IT SNAPS BACK INTO FOCUS--ANNIE is
the bed. It is dusk.

flowers.
She wears a dark blue dress and a hat with a sprig of

the
Her eyes are bright and vivacious--the fact is, this is
prettiest ANNIE WILKES has ever looked.

ANNIE

What are you doing on the floor?

(crossing to the bed)

It's my fault. If I'd had a proper
hospital bed, this never would have
happened. Here, let me help you back

in.

(She lifts him back
into the bed, which
causes considerable
pain)

I know this hurts, but it'll only
take a few seconds. There you go.
Comfy?

PAUL

(in pain)

Perfect.

ANNIE

You're such a kidder. I have a big
surprise for you. But first there's
something you must do.

PAUL

I don't suppose I could have a little
snack while I wait for the
surprise?

ANNIE

I'll get you everything you want,
but you must listen first. Sometimes
my thinking is a little muddy, I
accept that. It's why I couldn't
remember all those things they were
asking me on the witness stand in
Denver.

Now she turns, goes to the doorway, keeping on talking.
She is never out of sight.

ANNIE

But this time I thought clearly. I
asked God about you and God said "I
delivered him unto you so that you
may show him the way."

PAUL

Show me the way?

ANNIE

Yes.

She exits and re-enters wheeling something toward his
bed.
It's a charcoal barbecue, the kind you use in summer
for

arms: a
lighter

cooking hamburgers. She holds several items in her box of Diamond Blue Tip wooden matches, a can of fluid. And most noticeably, Paul's manuscript.

CUT TO:

grill,
grill is
match.

ANNIE AND PAUL. He watches, mute, as she takes off the puts the manuscript into the barbecue itself where the charcoal goes, spritzes it with lighter fluid. The close enough to the bed for him to reach out and drop a

PAUL

When I mentioned a snack, I was thinking more along the lines of a cheese and crackers kind of thing.

CUT TO:

ANNIE, looking at him.

ANNIE

Paul, this is no time for jokes. You must rid the world of this filth.

She hands him the box of kitchen matches.

PAUL

You want me to burn my book?

ANNIE

(she nods)
Yes.

PAUL

You want me to burn my book?

ANNIE

I know this may be difficult for you, but it's for the best.

PAUL

This isn't difficult, my agent's made dozens of copies. There's gonna be an auction on this, and every publishing house in New York is

reading it now. So if you want me to burn it, fine. You're not ridding the world of anything.

CUT TO:

ANNIE, watching him.

ANNIE

(quietly)

Then light the match, Paul.

PAUL

No big deal.

ANNIE

So you've indicated. Do it.

CUT TO:

THE MATCHES. PAUL'S HANDS are starting to tremble now.

He

can't do it.

ANNIE

I know this is the only copy, Paul. When you were twenty-four you wrote your first book and you didn't make a copy, because you didn't think anybody would take it seriously. But they did. And ever since you've never made any copies because you're superstitious--it's why you always come back to the Silver Creek Lodge. You told that story to Merv Griffin eleven years ago.

PAUL

You know, Annie, this book never would have survived without you. When it gets to new York, there will be a big auction, and whatever it brings we can split.

(pause)

God knows you're entitled to it.

ANNIE

Oh, Paul. This isn't about money. It's about decency and purity. It's about God's values.

PAUL

You're right. You're right. I don't know what I was thinking. I'll tell you what. It doesn't have to be published. Nobody ever has to see it. I'll just keep it for myself. No one will ever have to know it exists.

ANNIE

As long as it does exist, your mind won't ever be free. I think you should light the match, Paul.

There is a long silence. PAUL doesn't move.

ANNIE

Can't you see it's what God wants?

she
fluid on
the bed.

She's holding the can of lighter fluid in her hand as she speaks and absentmindedly flicks a few drops of the fluid on the bed.

ANNIE

You're so brilliant. I would think you'd certainly be able to see that.

(More drops fall on the bed)

We're put on this earth to help people, Paul. Like I'm trying to help you.

PAUL watches as the fluid continues to drop on the bed.

ANNIE

Please let me help you.

CUT TO:

one.
It flames.

PAUL. His hands shaking. Almost robot-like, he strikes one. It flames.

ANNIE

You're doing the right thing, Paul.

CUT TO:

on the THE BARBECUE, as Paul's hand appears, drops the match
fluid-soaked manuscript. For a moment--nothing--
explodes --and then, KABOOM, the goddamn thing practically
and

CUT TO:

PAUL, staring, dazed, and as the flames leap higher,

CUT TO:

size ANNIE, suddenly scared and startled at the heat and the
of the flames and the full baking heat and

ANNIE

(crying out)

Goodness!

CUT TO:

and THE BARBECUE. The sound is LOUDER as the flames leap up
now charred bits of paper begin floating upward and

CUT TO:

ANNIE, watching, as more bits of paper rise.

ANNIE

Goodness--Goodness--Oh, my gracious--

And she starts trying to catch them.

CUT TO:

the A PIECE OF BURNING PAPER in midair, floating against
curtain gauzy curtain, and for a moment it looks like the
will catch fire and

CUT TO:

"Goodness,
ANNIE, panicked, racing out of the room, going
heavens to Betsy"--

CUT TO:

THE BARBECUE, and what's left of the book.

CUT TO:

PAUL, and he cannot take his eyes off the disaster.

CUT TO:

slopping
ANNIE, hurrying back in, carrying a big bucket,
water as she lifts the bucket.

CUT TO:

tossed
THE LAST of the manuscript as the bucket of water is
clears
onto it--there's hissing and steam and as the steam
it all looks now like a log in a brackish pond.

ANNIE

Well, isn't that an oogy mess?

is a
As she starts to wheel the barbecue out, suddenly there
new and different sound as we

CUT TO:

PAUL, head turning toward the window.

CUT TO:

moment.
ANNIE taking a step toward the window, stopping for a
And
The sound we're hearing is a motor. A HELICOPTER MOTOR.
looks
it's getting louder. Annie goes to the window now,

toward the sky as we

CUT TO:

A HELICOPTER flying along.

CUT TO:

INSIDE THE HELICOPTER

BUSTER and a PILOT are in the machine. Buster has a pair of binoculars looped around his neck, a map rumpled in his lap.

BUSTER

(pointing out)

That's the Steadman place up there.

(The pilot nods. Buster points again)

The only other place up here is the Wilkes farm.

Another nod. The PILOT points down. BUSTER stares through the binoculars.

WHAT HE SEES: ANNIE'S JEEP parked in front of her house.

CUT TO:

INSIDE THE HELICOPTER

BUSTER

That's no '65 Mustang. There's nothing else out this way--circle on back.

As the pilot starts to change direction

CUT TO:

ANNIE at the window, watching, as the helicopter turns, starts off.

CUT TO:

PAUL, listening as the MOTOR sound recedes.

CUT TO:

ANNIE, staring out the window.

ANNIE

I do believe the winters are getting shorter and shorter every year. People say it has something to do with the ozone layer. What do you think?

PAUL

I don't know.

ANNIE

Yeah, well, it's a theory. Here's your Novril.

(she wheels the
barbecue to the door;
stops)

How does tuna casserole sound for dinner?

PAUL

Great.

She exits. PAUL takes the two Novril, stares at them, then deliberately tucks them under his mattress.

DISSOLVE TO:

PAUL'S ROOM. NIGHT.

There are two Novrils on his tray. We hear strains of TV GAME SHOW THEME MUSIC. These sounds are not surprising. Paul has heard them before.

CUT TO:

ANNIE'S ROOM. NIGHT.

religious
portable
resting
Coke
Connection." As
couple's

It is much smaller than Paul's and filled with
bric-a-brac, pictures of Paul Sheldon, and a TV on a
stand. Annie lies in bed, with an open bag of Cheetos
on her stomach and a big quart-sized plastic bottle of
on the nightstand. As she munches away, she is heavily
engrossed in her favorite TV show, "The Love
Chuck Woolery extracts the embarrassing details of a
romantic interlude, we

CUT TO:

finished
mattress. He
pokes a
into

Paul faintly hearing the sounds of the TV. He has now
eating. He takes the two Novril from under the
then undoes the sheet, takes his fork and delicately
hole in the mattress, then stuffs all four pills back
the hole.

DISSOLVE TO:

FARMHOUSE

Coming up to dawn.

CUT TO:

PAUL'S DOOR slowly opening.

CUT TO:

PAUL, staring at the door.

CUT TO:

around
with

WHEELS, seen from underneath the bed, being rolled
the foot of the bed. We realize PAUL is in a wheelchair

ANNIE pushing him.

ANNIE

See, isn't this nice?

PAUL

Great. I've always wanted to visit the other side of the room.

ANNIE

And look what I've got for you. An electric razor so you can shave yourself now.

PAUL

If I knew this was gonna be the surprise, you could've gotten me to burn all my books.

ANNIE

(She hands him some
Novril)

Now don't josh. This is a very big day for you, Paul. Here. You just sit tight, and I'll set everything up.

ANNIE exits.

CUT TO:

PAUL, quickly shoving the Novril into the mattress.

PAUL

Set what up?

ANNIE

That's the big surprise. Your new studio--after all, writers do need a place to work.

PAUL

Work? You mean write? What in the world do you think I'd write?

ANNIE

Oh, but Paul!

(flushed)

I don't think, I know! Now that you've gotten rid of that nasty manuscript, you can go back to doing what you're

great at--
(beat)
--you're going to write a new novel--
your greatest achievement ever--
Misery's Return.

CUT TO:

PAUL. Stunned.

PAUL
(after a beat)
Misery's Return?

ANNIE
I know you didn't mean it when you
killed her, and now you'll make it
right.

CUT TO:

ANNIE: CLOSE UP. In an almost religious fervor.

ANNIE
Yes. It will be a book in my honor.
For saving your life and nursing you
back to health. I'll be the first
one to read it.
(beat)
Oh, Paul, you're going to make me
the envy of the whole world...

CUT TO:

PAUL

PAUL
You just expect me to whip something
off, that it?

ANNIE
(nods)
I expect nothing less than your
masterpiece.

PAUL
You do understand that this isn't
the ordinary way books get written--
I mean, some people might actually

consider this an oddball situation.

She rolls him over to a table she has set up by the window.

ANNIE

I have total confidence in your brilliance--besides, the view will inspire you.

CUT TO:

THE WINDOW, as the wheelchair approaches it.

The sky is innocent of clouds. There's a green forest climbing the flank of the nearest mountain. A plot of open ground where the livestock stay. A neat red barn old. A desolate place. A Fisher plow. And no neighbors in sight. This is a place.

ANNIE

You just inhale that. I'll be right back.

CUT TO:

PAUL, staring out the window.

PAUL

(calling out)
I guess you don't get bothered by neighbors much.

ANNIE

Don't worry about that. You'll have total solitude so you can concentrate on your work.

PAUL

Great.

CUT TO:

pencils,
ANNIE in the doorway, carrying reams of typing paper,
pens and sharpener.

CUT TO:

him
PAUL, watching her--it's all kind of amazing. She hands
a box of typing paper.

ANNIE

I got you this expensive paper to
type on.

CUT TO:

idea
PAUL, looking at the paper. It's Corrasable Bond. An
hits him; he masks it as best he can.

ANNIE

(putting the rest of
the paper on the
table)

And I got a great deal on this fifty-
pound clunker--on account of it's
missing an "n." I told the saleslady
"n" was one of the letters in my
favorite writer's name.

PAUL

It's two of the letters in my favorite
nurse's name, Annie.

ANNIE

(embarrassed, blushing)
You--fooler...!
(turns, grabs up pens,
pencils, paper)
Did I do good?

PAUL

(gesturing to the box
of paper)
You did great, except there's just
one little thing--I can't work with
this paper. It's Corrasable Bond, it
smudges. Maybe you could go back
into town and bring me some white,
long-grained mimeo.

ANNIE

But mine cost the most so I don't see how it could smudge.

PAUL

(quickly taking a sheet of paper, making a pencil mark on it)
C'mere, I'll show you.

As she approaches, he rubs his thumb over the pencil mark.

ANNIE

(looking at it)
Well, it does smudge after all--isn't that fascinating?

PAUL

I thought you'd be interested. I'd like you to be in on everything, Annie. Not just the finished book, but how it's written.

ANNIE

Thank you for thinking of me.
(She can be so charming when she wants)
Anything else I can get while I'm in town? Any other crucial requirements that need satisfying? Would you like a tiny tape recorder? Or maybe a handmade set of writing slippers?

PAUL

No, just the paper will be fine.

ANNIE

(suddenly very agitated)
Are you sure? 'Cause if you want, I'll bring back the whole store for you.

PAUL

Annie, what's the matter?

ANNIE

What's the matter? I'll tell you what's the matter. I go out of my way for you. I do everything to try and make you happy. I feed you, I

clean you, I dress you. And what thanks do I get? "You bought the wrong paper, Annie. I can't write on this paper, Annie." Well, I'll get your stupid paper, but you just better start showing me a little more appreciation around here, Mister Man.

causing
With that, she throws the ream of paper in PAUL'S LAP, considerable pain.

CUT TO:

THE DOOR as she slams it shut, locks it, stomps off and

CUT TO:

in
THE WINDOW. Annie, in a parka, can be seen storming out the direction where her Cherokee was parked. She gets in and drives off.

CUT TO:

knees,
PAUL. He heaves a sigh, reaches out toward his tortured then drops his head. He sees something.

CUT TO:

BOBBY PIN on the floor.

CUT TO:

It's
Stops.
PAUL, as he moves toward the bobby pin. Or tries to. brutally hard for him. The chair moves half a foot. Paul strains again. Another half foot. Another.

CUT TO:

reaches
takes a
The

The BOBBY PIN. The wheelchair is beside it now. PAUL
down for it. Can't make it. Tries again. Can't. He
deep breath, forces himself to bend, ignoring the pain.
bobby pin is in his hands.

CUT TO:

beginning to

PAUL, inserting the bobby pin into the keyhole,
jimmy the lock.

CUT TO:

THE LOCK--it makes a SOUND--something has caught.

CUT TO:

doing
floor

PAUL, excited, trying to force the bobby pin and he's
great--until it slips from his hands, falls to the
again.

PAUL

(furious)

Shit...

CUT TO:

He
it,

THE BOBBY PIN. Paul reaches for it. The pain has him.
reaches again, involuntarily cries out. But he grabs
clutches it tight.

CUT TO:

time.

THE KEYHOLE. Paul is trying to jimmy the lock a second

No luck.

CUT TO:

PAUL. In wild frustration.

PAUL

You've written how to do this--now
do it!

CUT TO:

THE KEYHOLE. There is a loud CLICKING sound.

CUT TO:

THE DOOR as Paul turns the knob. The door opens a
crack.

PAUL

(amazed)
What do you know, it actually works.

CUT TO:

PAUL, trying to get out of the room--but it's a bitch
because
wheelchair up
maneuver it
chair's
at it,
Finally
in order to get to the lock he had to move the
to the door and in order to get out, he's got to
out of the way of the door and every turn of the
wheels is an effort for him. He works at it and works
but his energy is failing him. He's pale, perspiring.
he succeeds, barely forces his way into the hall.

CUT TO:

PAUL, in the hallway outside. He looks around for a
phone.
door,
Doesn't see one. He wheels himself over to the front
tries it. It's locked from the outside.

PAUL

What a surprise.

He looks off into the living room, and...

CUT TO:

THE TELEPHONE

CUT TO:

predominates. PAUL, wheeling into the living room. Dark red
six- It's a musty room. Over the mantel, a photograph of a
the year-old ANNIE, with her mother and father in front of
family car--a new 1952 Buick. These were happier times.
The windows have bars on them.
As PAUL begins to wheel as fast as he can toward the
phone--

CUT TO:

punches the THE PHONE as PAUL at last grabs for it, gets it,
"operator" button--

PAUL

Operator...
(nothing)
...OPERATOR...
(wildly frustrated)
...Shit!

up, He shakes the phone. It's terribly light. He picks it
telephone. He turns it over--it's hollow, just a shell of a
stares at it for a long moment, shaking his head, the
disappointment plain.

PAUL

You crazy bitch...

He puts the phone back on the table.

CUT TO:

THE GENERAL STORE. DAY.

her
Annie exits the store, carrying new paper, hops into
Cherokee and drives off.

CUT TO:

lots
effort,
THE STUDY, as PAUL enters. He looks around.
It's stuffed with heavy, graceless furniture as well as
of coffee tables covered with knickknacks. As he, with
wheels across it--

CUT TO:

Sheldon
A shelf of BOOKS. PAUL SHELDON books. EVERY Paul
book.

CUT TO:

on
title on
wheelchair
PAUL, pausing, looking at her collection. The only book
the shelf that isn't his is a large scrapbook. The
the back reads "My Life."
He glances back at the shelf as he forces his
across the study, and we

CUT TO:

penguin,
and
A SMALL TABLE with little ceramic doodads on top. The
wheelchair hits it, one of the doodads topples--it's a
fragile looking, and as it's about to fall to the floor
shatter--

CUT TO:

where it
PAUL, grabbing for it, catching it, putting it back
was. He continues his slow way across the room and

CUT TO:

THE HALLWAY.

Out in the hallway, on his way toward the kitchen, PAUL notices a door to his right. He wheels over and surprisingly it opens. However, this is not a door to the outside of the house, only a storage pantry. He looks around--nothing but canned goods, potato chips, cereals and large plastic Coke containers, etc. Just as he is about to close the door, he sees notices an open cardboard box. He opens the flap and all kinds of prescription drugs. Among them are a couple of strips of Novril encapsulated in blisters. He grabs them and stuffs them into his sweatpants. Now he closes the pantry door and heads to the kitchen.

CUT TO:

THE KITCHEN

As PAUL approaches it. He starts to wheel his way in, but he has trouble.

He backs up slightly, wheels forward again--
--but the door is too narrow for the chair to fit through. He pounds his fists on the chair arm, staring as we

CUT TO:

THE BACK DOOR. It's at the far end of the kitchen leading to the outside. It seems somehow less formidable than the front door did. The windows around the kitchen are barred.

CUT TO:

PAUL, staring at the kitchen door--
--then without warning, he makes his move, starting to
lower
himself out of the chair
gently to the floor--
--only it doesn't work that way. It's too awkward, he
doesn't
have the strength to maneuver properly--
--and his body tilts awkwardly out of the chair, slams
hard
against the hard floor.

CUT TO:

PAUL, crying out in pain as he lands. He lies there for
a
moment. Little droplets of sweat are on his forehead
now. He
is hurting.
He closes his eyes, gathering strength--
--and then slowly, very slowly, inch by inch, he moves
his
body across the floor toward the kitchen door.

CUT TO:

THE KITCHEN DOOR. It's still a long way away.

CUT TO:

PAUL, ignoring his pain, his awkwardness, making his
body
move.

CUT TO:

THE KITCHEN DOOR. Closer now.

CUT TO:

is
and
PAUL, growing pale, but he won't stop, and now the door
just ahead of him, and with his good arm he reaches out
up and grabs the doorknob--

CUT TO:

THE KITCHEN DOOR. Locked solid.

CUT TO:

on his
panting
PAUL: CLOSE UP. The disappointment and anger is plain
face. His arm drops. He lies still for a moment,
from his effort. Then--

CUT TO:

his
PAUL, and his eyes are wide for a moment. You can feel
wild excitement, as we

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

sticking out
Sitting on the counter: A SET OF CARVING KNIVES
of a slotted wooden block.

him. He
They seem to be out of reach, but that doesn't stop
starts to crawl over to the counter.

CUT TO:

THE ROAD

home.
ANNIE is driving along in her Cherokee. She is heading

CUT TO:

THE KITCHEN

his
himself up
the
crashing

Now at the counter, PAUL tries to pull himself up with one good arm, but even though he is able to chin to the top of the counter, he is still unable to reach knives. He makes a desperate attempt which sends him to the floor.

there

As he starts to force his way up again--from outside comes a sound--the motor of a car.

CUT TO:

OUTSIDE ANNIE'S

ANNIE, driving up to the house.

CUT TO:

THE KITCHEN

wild

PAUL, throwing himself back to the floor, starting a crawl back across the kitchen toward the wheelchair and

CUT TO:

OUTSIDE ANNIE'S

ANNIE, getting out of her Jeep and

CUT TO:

KITCHEN

PAUL, crawling, crawling and

CUT TO:

OUTSIDE ANNIE'S

ANNIE, walking around to the back of the Jeep and

CUT TO:

KITCHEN

starting to PAUL, scrambling wildly up into his wheelchair,
get it turned and

CUT TO:

ANNIE'S

several ANNIE, opening the back of the Jeep and lifting out
rectangular boxes of paper and

CUT TO:

move, PAUL, straightened out now, forcing the wheelchair to
and now we're into a race, a crazed life-and-death race
and the cuts go fast--
--and ANNIE closes the door of the car--
the rug-- --and PAUL is suddenly stuck, there's no traction on
car for -- ow ANNIE, purchases in hand, starts away from the
the house--
--and now PAUL is finally moving toward the bedroom.
--and ANNIE is moving swiftly toward the front door.
-- he drops one of the packages of paper.

CUT TO:

turn to PAUL, still biting down, churning his arms with all the
strength he has left. PAUL'S ARMS, aching, start to
rubber.

CUT TO:

area ANNIE'S FEET, walking quickly across the snow-covered
in front of the house and

CUT TO:

THE BEDROOM DOOR as Paul gets through it, shuts it, and
attacks the bedroom lock with the bobby pin and

CUT TO:

ANNIE, unlocking the front door of the house and

CUT TO:

THE BEDROOM DOOR, as it locks and

CUT TO:

THE FRONT DOOR, unlocking and

CUT TO:

jiggles ANNIE balancing the bundles under her chin as she
the key out of the front door lock and

CUT TO:

PAUL, soaked.

ANNIE (V.O.)

(her voice from the
hallway, close and
growing closer)

Paul, I've got your paper.

CUT TO:

him. PAUL. He wheels to exactly where he was when she left
He at last allows himself a sigh of relief.

CUT TO:

THE DOOR as the sound of a lock CLICKING is heard.

ANNIE

Just the kind you asked for.

And as the door opens--

CUT TO:

PAUL--looking down. Paul's waistband--a half a dozen strips of Novril ominously stick out.

As the door swings open, he quickly covers the Novril with this hands.

CUT TO:

ANNIE, in the doorway, a strange look on her face.

ANNIE

Paul, you're dripping with perspiration, your color is very hectic--what have you been doing?

PAUL

You know goddamn well what I've been doing--I'VE BEEN SITTING HERE SUFFERING. I need my pills.

ANNIE

(tenderly, as she starts toward him)
Poor dear... Let's get you back in bed and I'll get them for you.

PAUL

(exploding--a real child's tantrum)
I want my pills NOW!

ANNIE

It'll only take a second.

PAUL

I want my pain to go 'way, Annie--

make it go 'way, please Annie--
(She looks at him--
you can't tell if
she's buying it or
not)
--please...

CUT TO:

ANNIE. She stares a moment more, then turns, starts for
the
door.

ANNIE

(upset)
It just breaks my heart to see you
like this...

CUT TO:

PAUL watching, and the instant she is out the door in
the
hallway, he stuffs the Novril into his pants.

ANNIE (O.S.)

(coming closer)
I've done a lot of thinking on the
drive...

CUT TO:

ANNIE, entering the room, the Novril in her hand. She
is
genuinely contrite.

ANNIE

...and I'm absolutely convinced that
the main reason I've never been more
popular is because of my temper. You
must be so mad at me. The truth now.

She hands him the pills. And rolls him over to the bed.

PAUL

Well, I don't hold grudges. After
all, who doesn't let off a little
steam once in a while.

CUT TO:

up
PAUL putting the pills in his mouth, as she picks him
from the chair and puts him gently down in bed.

ANNIE

My genius needs his rest before he
writes.

She hands him a pad and pencil.

ANNIE

Here, in case you think of any ideas.

PAUL

Yeah, well I wouldn't expect too
much.

ANNIE

Don't be silly. You'll be brilliant.
Think of me as your inspiration.

CUT TO:

THE DOORWAY, as ANNIE starts to it.

ANNIE

I have faith in you...
(beat)
...my darling...

look
On that she turns--for the first time, a coquettish
comes to her face.

ANNIE

Catch this--
(she throws him a
kiss--it's grotesque)
--ummmm-wahhhh.

CUT TO:

catching it
the
PAUL, summoning up all his courage, as he mimes
and forces a smile on. She waves, closes the door.
HOLD ON PAUL. The smile dies. He reaches in and pulls
two Novril capsules out of his mouth. Now--

CUT TO:

THE SOUND OF A HELICOPTER

CUT TO:

INSIDE THE HELICOPTER

BUSTER AND PILOT flying along. Buster is all bundled up
as
he stares out, using the binoculars...

CUT TO:

SOMETHING SHINY reflecting the sun.

HOLD AS IT ALMOST BLINDS US--we're looking at the part
of
Paul's Mustang that was revealed by the snow when
Buster
almost found the car.

BUSTER

(to Pilot)

Walter, we could be skipping lunch
today.

CUT TO:

CRASH SITE

Paul's car being hoisted by chains from the ground and,
as
it starts to rise up into the afternoon air...

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

STATE
stands
hoisted
the car
higher
THE AREA BY THE CAR--BUSTER is there and a bunch of
POLICEMEN and various MEDIA PEOPLE are there--Buster
with the STATE POLICE CHIEF watching as the car is
via derrick; the sound of the powerful MOTOR lifting
is enormous and as the car keeps rising higher and

and PEOPLE take pictures and stare and

CUT TO:

THE STATE POLICE CHIEF is addressing maybe a dozen REPORTERS. It's very cold. BUSTER stands slightly away from the group.

STATE POLICE CHIEF

The presumption must now be that Paul Sheldon is dead. We know he somehow crawled out of his car. But we have been unable to locate his body in the vicinity of the crash. We also know if anyone had found him, they would have taken him to an area hospital. His body is undoubtedly out there buried somewhere in the snow. We'll find him after the first thaw--unless the animals have gotten to him first.

(beat)

I'll take questions.

BUSTER After the first sentence, a very cold and very unhappy leaves the gathering.

CUT TO:

PAUL'S CAR as Buster studies it, especially the area by the driver's side where there are still dents visible from Annie's crowbar.

VIRGINIA moves to him now. They exchange a glance, start walking together toward their car.

CUT TO:

THE CHIEF, surrounded--people are asking questions, raising hands for attention, and as he answers them--

CUT TO:

their
BUSTER AND VIRGINIA, close together, walking toward
car.

VIRGINIA

You don't think he's dead, do you?

BUSTER

He might well be. But not the way they say. He didn't crawl out of that car by himself. You saw those dents on the door--someone pulled him out.

VIRGINIA

It was an old car--those dents could have been there forever.

BUSTER

There's two kinds of people that drive around in old cars: the ones that can't afford new ones, and the ones who wouldn't give 'em up for anything in the world. That second bunch don't drive around with twenty-five-year-old dents.

As they drive off...

CUT TO:

PAUL'S ROOM. NIGHT.

drones
paper
capsules
his
bit
paper
PAUL lies in bed listening to the strains of "The Love Connection," coming from upstairs. As Chuck Woolery on, Paul is intently involved in folding a piece of from his pad. He is making a container of some sort. He finishes, then reaches down and grabs the Novril that he has been stashing in the mattress. Carefully, he opens one and pours it into the palm of hand. First he smells it--no odor--then he takes a tiny on a finger and tastes it--no taste. Then, he takes his

into it, container and empties the contents of all the pills
then places it under the mattress.

a Now, what to do with the empty capsules. He thinks for
places second, then--what the hell--he swallows them. He then
the packet back in the mattress.

CUT TO:

THE TYPEWRITER. DAY.

almost The window is visible behind it. From this angle, it
tests seems to be staring at PAUL, broken "n" and all. PAUL
but his wounded arm. He's able to raise it a few inches,
that's it.

CUT TO:

OUTSIDE THE WINDOW

MISERY, ANNIE is visible heading for the barn, followed by
the pig. For a moment, she stops, turns to look back.

ANNIE

(calling out)
Don't be nervous--
(beat)
--just remember, I'll treasure
whatever you do.

Now, as she turns again, moves quickly away--

CUT TO:

THE TYPEWRITER

CUT TO:

PAUL. He rolls in a piece of paper, types briefly.

CUT TO:

WHAT HE'S WRITTEN, AND IT'S THIS:

"Misery's Return ."

By Paul Sheldon

for Annie Wilkes.

CUT TO:

roll in
PAUL, studying the paper. He takes it out, starts to
a new sheet.

CUT TO:

THE MACHINE as the new sheet is rolled in.

CUT TO:

breath,
PAUL, staring at the blank page. He takes a deep
glances outside, then back to the paper.

CUT TO:

THE BLANK PAGE

CUT TO:

PAUL, and now there's a brief light behind his eyes and
suddenly he types a burst, stares at what he's written.

CUT TO:

THE PAPER and these words: "fuckfuckfuckfuckfuck."

CUT TO:

kind of
PAUL. He closes his eyes briefly, mutters something,

rolls
nods, opens his eyes, grabs for another piece of paper,
it in and starts mechanically to type.

DISSOLVE TO:

half
A NEW PIECE OF PAPER with the words "Chapter Two" and a
paragraph of writing as we

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

pages of
PAUL WORKING in his room. ANNIE enters, the first
manuscript in her hands. It's dusk.

ANNIE

I'm sorry, Paul. This is all wrong,
you'll have to do it over again.

PAUL

(totally stunned)
What? What happened to "I'll treasure
whatever you do?"

ANNIE

Paul, it's not worthy of you. Throw
it all out except for the part of
naming that gravedigger after me.
You can leave that in.

PAUL

I really value your criticism, but
maybe you're being a little hasty
here.

ANNIE

Paul, what you've written just isn't
fair.

PAUL

--not fair?

ANNIE

That's right--when I was growing up
in Bakersfield, my favorite thing in
all the world was to go to the movies
on Saturday afternoons for the chapter
plays...

PAUL

(it just comes out)
--cliff-hangers--

ANNIE

(suddenly angry)
I know that, Mister Man--they also call them serials. I'm not stupid, you know.

(and she's a child again)

Anyway, my favorite was Rocket Man, and once it was a no-brakes chapter, the bad guys stuck him in a car on a mountain road and knocked him out and welded the doors shut and tore out the brakes and started him to his death and he woke up and tried to steer and tried to get out, but the car went off a cliff before he could escape and it crashed and burned and--I was so upset and excited and the next week you better believe I was first in line and they always start with the end of the last week and there was Rocket Man trying to get out, and here came the cliff and JUST BEFORE the car went off he jumped free and all the kids cheered--

(standing up now)

--but I didn't cheer, I stood right up and started shouting, "This isn't what happened last week--have you all got amnesia?--THEY JUST CHEATED US--THIS WASN'T FAIR--"

ANNIE: CLOSE UP. Still in her childhood reverie.

Shouting:

ANNIE

"HE DIDN'T GET OUT OF THE COCKADOODIE CAR!"

PAUL

They always cheated like that in cliff--

(stops himself)

--chapter plays.

ANNIE

But not you. Not with my Misery. Remember, Ian did ride for Dr. Cleary at the end of the last book, but his

horse fell jumping that fence and
Ian broke his shoulder and his ribs
and lay there all night in the ditch
so he never reached the doctor, so
there couldn't have been any
"experimental blood transfusion"
that saved her life. Misery was buried
in the ground at the end, Paul, so
you'll have to start there.

As she goes--

PAUL

Look at this, I've got Lizzie Borden
for an editor, here.

PAUL slumps, staring barefully at the typewriter.

DISSOLVE TO:

OUTSIDE THE FARMHOUSE. NIGHT.

DISSOLVE TO:

OUTSIDE THE FARMHOUSE. NEXT MORNING.

CUT TO:

PAUL'S ROOM. DAY.

breakfast
smoothly

PAUL is at the table. He takes the Novril off his
tray, wheels over to the bed, and stuffs them into the
mattress. He hears FOOTSTEPS coming down the hall. He
wheels back to the table. A pause.

ANNIE enters to remove the tray.

ANNIE

What's the matter, Paul? You haven't
written a word.

PAUL

I can't write this anymore.

ANNIE

Don't be silly. Of course you can.

PAUL

I'm telling you, I can't.

ANNIE

You can--you have the "gotta"--

PAUL

The what?

ANNIE

The "gotta." Remember, you talked about it in Playboy magazine. You said there's a million things you can't do in this world; you can't hit a curve ball, you can't fix a leaky faucet or make a marriage work-- but there's one thing you always have, and that's the power of the "gotta."

PAUL

I said that?

ANNIE

You said you can make it so they gotta turn the page. You know, "I 'gotta' know will she live," "I 'gotta' know will he catch the killer." "I gotta see how this chapter ends." You said it. I don't usually buy that magazine. I only got it, 'cause they were interviewing you.

CUT TO:

PAUL: CLOSE UP. Blinking.

PAUL

(quietly)

What about a bee...?

ANNIE

What?

PAUL

Nothing.

CUT TO:

keys
quietly

THE KEYBOARD as the piece of paper slides in and the
start to move. Annie stands there for a moment, then
backs out of the room.

DISSOLVE TO:

THE WINDOW. It's late afternoon.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

PAUL in the wheelchair watching as ANNIE finishes
reading.

PAUL

Well, is it fair? Should I keep going?

ANNIE

You better. Oh, Paul, when Ian
realized that the reason they'd buried
Misery alive was because the bee
sting had put her in that temporary
coma--

CUT TO:

ANNIE, in a fervor.

ANNIE

--and when Gravedigger Wilkes
remembered how thirty years earlier,
the same thing had happened to Lady
Evelyn-Hyde--

(hands clasped)

--and then old Dr. Cleary deduced
that Misery must be Lady Evelyn-Hyde's
long-lost daughter because of the
rarity of deadly bee-stings--my heart
just leapt.

CUT TO:

PAUL, watching her. It's as if he had nothing to do
with
anything she's read as she goes on.

ANNIE

I've known from the very first book

that Misery had to be born of nobility
and I was right!

PAUL

(mumbling to himself)
Yeah, yeah...

CUT TO:

THE TWO OF THEM; she touches the pages as if they were
gold,
rubbing gently with the tips of her fingers.

ANNIE

Oh, Paul, can I read each chapter
when you finish? I can fill in the
"n"s.

(Paul nods, and she's
off again)

Will she be her old self, now that
Ian has dug her out, or will she
have amnesia...?

PAUL

...have to wait.

ANNIE

Will she still love him with that
special perfect love?

PAUL

Have to wait.

ANNIE

(pleading)
Not even a hint?

Paul shakes his head.

CUT TO:

ANNIE, spinning around the room like a happy child.

ANNIE

Misery's alive! Misery's alive. Oh,
it's so romantic--this whole house
is going to be filled with romance.
I'm going to put on my Liberace
records--

(Stops, looks at Paul)

--you do like Liberace, don't you?

PAUL

(quickly)

Whenever he played Radio City, who do you think was right there in the front row?

ANNIE

I'm going to play my records all day

LONG

--to inspire you--he's my all-time favorite.

And with that, she starts to leave.

PAUL

Annie?

She stops at the door.

PAUL

Would you have dinner with me tonight?

She can't speak.

PAUL

To celebrate Misery's return. I couldn't have done it without you.

ANNIE

Oh, Paul. It would be an honor.

over to
Liberace
beyond

ANNIE dashes excitedly out of the room. PAUL wheels the bed, pulls the packet of Novril powder out from the mattress and stuffs it in his pants. The sound of playing "Tammy" with orchestra and chorus booms in from the door.

PAUL

Jesus Christ.

CUT TO:

BUSTER'S OFFICE. DUSK.

VIRGINIA is on the phone.

VIRGINIA

(into phone)

No, he's not here. I don't know where he went. He never tells me anything anymore. He's probably out having an affair somewhere. Wait a minute. I think I hear him coming.

BUSTER enters carrying a bagful of books.

VIRGINIA

(to Buster)

It's Jim Taylor. He wants to know who you've been having an affair with.

CUT TO:

BUSTER. He puts the bag down, shoots Virginia a look and grabs the phone. VIRGINIA looks in the bag.

BUSTER

Hey, Jim, what's doing? Uh-huh... uh-huh... Jim, we've been over this. If you're gonna have benches in front of your store, people are gonna sit on them. I don't like him either, but I'm not going to come over there and tell him to move. Give my best to Denise. Bye.

VIRGINIA

(looking through the books; all paperback Misery novels)

Well, whoever she is, she sure likes to read a lot.

BUSTER

Virginia, I'm flattered you think I got that much energy. I just figured if I can't find Paul Sheldon, at least I can find out what he wrote about.

VIRGINIA

What do you expect to find? A story about a guy who drove his car off a cliff in a snowstorm?

BUSTER

Now, you see, it's that kind of sarcasm that's given our marriage real spice.

CUT TO:

STUDY. NIGHT.

her
Wilkes
sits and

PAUL is sitting at a table that Annie has set up with best china and silverware. It is as romantic as Annie gets. ANNIE enters, carrying a basket of rolls. She serves Paul.

ANNIE

I hope you like it.

PAUL

It looks wonderful. And so do you.

ANNIE

Oh...

They eat in awkward silence. Finally:

PAUL

I've never had meatloaf this good, what do you do to it?

ANNIE

My secret is I only use fresh tomatoes, never canned. And to give it that little extra zip, I mix in some Spam with the ground beef.

PAUL

Oh.

(pause)

You can't get this in a restaurant in New York.

After another pause:

PAUL

Annie, I think we should have a toast.

ANNIE

A toast?

PAUL

Yes, to Misery. Let me pour you some more wine.

Paul pours more of the Gallo wine, then raises his glass.

ANNIE

To Misery.

PAUL

Wait, let's do this right. Do you have any candles?

ANNIE

Oh, I don't know. I think so. I'll go look.

She exits into the kitchen. PAUL quickly pulls the packet filled with Novril powder from his pants. He empties it into her glass of wine, stuffs the empty packet back into his pants, talking the whole time:

PAUL

Did you study decorating, or do you just have a flair?

ANNIE

Oh, you. I just picked things up over the years.

PAUL

Well, it certainly says you.

ANNIE

You really think so?

PAUL

Absolutely. Listen, if you can't find any, it's okay. I just thought it might be nice.

ANNIE re-enters with a candle.

ANNIE

Are you kidding? If anyone ever told me that one day I'd be having a

candlelit dinner with Paul Sheldon
in my own house, I woulda checked
both legs to see which one was being
pulled. Will this do?

PAUL

It's perfect.

tremor in
She places the candle on the table. With a slight
her hand, she lights the candle. PAUL raises his glass.

PAUL

To Misery and Annie Wilkes, who
brought her back to life.

ANNIE raises her glass.

ANNIE

Oh, Paul, every time I think about
it, I get goosebumps.

They clink glasses.

her,
situation,
the
And with that, her emotions having gotten the best of
she knocks over the candle. In trying to right the
she places her glass back down, and as she reaches for
candle, she knocks over her glass, spilling the wine.

ANNIE

(wiping up the spilled
wine with her napkin)
Oh, God, what have I done? I'm so
sorry, Paul. I ruined your beautiful
toast. Will you ever forgive me?
Here, let me pour another one.
(she does)
Can we pretend this never happened?
To Misery?

PAUL

To Misery.

So they drink their wine.

CUT TO:

OUTSIDE THE FARMHOUSE. DAY.

And
sound of
The snow, although still present, has melted somewhat.
starting now and continuing throughout is this: the
typing.

CUT TO:

PAUL'S ROOM

PAUL, working at his typewriter.

CUT TO:

THE MANUSCRIPT. Growing.

CUT TO:

ANNIE'S BEDROOM. DUSK.

ANNIE, in her room. Reading and loving it.

CUT TO:

BUSTER'S DEN. NIGHT.

fire.
BUSTER sitting in his den reading a Misery novel by the
VIRGINIA brings him a cup of tea.

CUT TO:

PAUL'S ROOM. DAY.

mobile
remove
page
PAUL, the sling off, moving his injured arm. It's more
than before. Testing his strength, he uses his arm to
the page and place it on the pile. He puts in another
and continues to type.

CUT TO:

Handing him ANNIE, entering Paul's room, carrying a chapter.
a cup of tea.

ANNIE

Paul, this is positively the best
Misery you've ever written.

PAUL

I think you're right.

CUT TO:

THE PILE OF PAPER. Bigger.

CUT TO:

OUTSIDE THE BARN

Framed ANNIE, out by the barn. She stares in at the house.
barn. in the window is PAUL, working. She smiles, enters the

CUT TO:

PAUL'S ROOM. NIGHT.

He stretches but only briefly, then back to his typing.

CUT TO:

THE KITCHEN

ANNIE, cooking happily away, reading a chapter.

CUT TO:

PAUL'S ROOM

typewriter PAUL, arm out of the sling. He manages to lift the
once, sets it back down, puts the sling back on.

CUT TO:

PAUL'S ROOM. LATER.

ANNIE, bringing a tray of food.

ANNIE

I think it's so wonderful that Misery would sacrifice her title to take up the cause of her people. That's true nobility.

Paul hands her some new pages. As she exits,

CUT TO:

BUSTER'S OFFICE

BUSTER, in his office reading. He is alone.

CUT TO:

ANNIE'S LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.

beside
Annie is reading by the fire. Her pig Misery sits
her, staring at the pages.

CUT TO:

PAUL'S ROOM. DAY.

His fingers just fly, faster than he's ever typed and

CUT TO:

PAUL'S ROOM. NIGHT.

Paul, staring and

CUT TO:

THE PILE, growing, growing and

CUT TO:

PAUL'S FINGERS

CUT TO:

PAUL'S ROOM

PAUL, ripping open a new ream of paper...

CUT TO:

PAUL'S ROOM. DUSK.

His lips move silently. He's not even aware of it as he
nods
and...

CUT TO:

THE PAPER IN THE TYPEWRITER, line after line being
written.

INTERCUT

WITH:

Paul's face at DAY, NIGHT, and DUSK in rapid
succession,
ending with

CUT TO:

ANNIE'S FARMHOUSE. NIGHT.

Lightning! Giant deep rolls of THUNDER as RAIN
begins...

CUT TO:

TYPEWRITER being lifted out of frame, then back in,
then out
again.

CUT TO:

PAUL'S ROOM. NIGHT.

The pile of manuscript has doubled. Maybe two hundred
pages.

and
back
PAUL, with some effort, is pumping the typewriter up
down. Finally, he places it back down and puts his arm
in the sling.

CUT TO:

PAUL, looking outside briefly.

CUT TO:

hits
THE RAIN. Worse. The SOUND hits the roof of the house,
the window.

CUT TO:

She's
Her
hangs
PAUL,
ANNIE, lumbering in--she's never looked like this:
wearing her slippers and her pink quilted housecoat.
eyes are without life. Her hair, loose and straggly,
around her face. Slowly, like a robot, she goes to
who looks silently up at her.

ANNIE

Here's your pills.

She drops them on the table.

CUT TO:

lap.
PAUL, as the pills hit his chest and bounce into his

PAUL

Annie, what is it?

CUT TO:

ANNIE

ANNIE

(half turns away,

turns back, gestures
outside)
The rain... sometimes it gives me
the blues.

CUT TO:

turned
ANNIE: CLOSE UP. And suddenly it's as if she's been
off, gone lifeless.

CUT TO:

PAUL, staring at her. No sound but the rain.

CUT TO:

ANNIE, seen straight on. No light in her eyes.

ANNIE

When you first came here, I only
loved the writer part of Paul Sheldon.
But now I know I love the rest of
him too. As much as Misery loves
Ian.

(beat)

I know you don't love me--don't say
you do--you're a beautiful, brilliant,
famous man of the world; and I'm...not
a movie star type. You'll never know
the fear of losing someone like you
if you're someone like me.

PAUL

Why would you lose me?

ANNIE

The book is almost finished. Your
legs are getting better. Soon you'll
be able to walk. You'll be wanting
to leave.

PAUL

Why would I want to leave? I like it
here.

ANNIE

That's very kind of you, but I'll
bet it's not altogether true.

PAUL

It is.

pulls She slowly reaches into the pocket of her bathrobe and
out a .38 Special.

ANNIE

I have this gun, and sometimes I
think about using it.

She is absentmindedly clicking the empty gun.

ANNIE

I better go now. I might put bullets
in it.

closes Robot-like, she crosses to the door and leaves. As she
and locks the door--

CUT TO:

PAUL, stunned, listening, waiting--
--here is the sound of the front door closing--
--then footsteps on the outside walk--
--the sound of a car door opening and slamming shut.
Now comes the GUNNING of the motor.

CUT TO:

The THE WINDOW as ANNIE drives by, hunched over the wheel.
MOTOR sound grows fainter, faint...

CUT TO:

BUSTER AND VIRGINIA'S BEDROOM. NIGHT.

yet BUSTER AND VIRGINIA are lying in bed. Buster is reading
another Misery novel, Misery's Trial. Virginia is also
reading.

BUSTER

"There is a justice higher than that
of man. I will be judged by Him."

VIRGINIA

What?

BUSTER

They're hauling Misery into court.

VIRGINIA

That's nice.

BUSTER

(mutters under his
breath)

"There is a justice higher than that
of man--I will be judged by Him."

CUT TO:

ANNIE'S KITCHEN.

The kitchen KNIVES on the counter.

CUT TO:

PAUL, now using both arms, forcing his body up toward
them.

This isn't easy, it was a bitch the first time he tried
it,
against
the cupboard, using it for balance--

--his balance starts to go but he won't let it as we

CUT TO:

THE KNIVES, AS HIS HAND grabs the largest one, a fat-
handled
sharp beauty and

CUT TO:

PAUL, and you can sense the relief as he begins to
lower

himself to the floor.

CUT TO:

THE STUDY

carefully
closes
PAUL, back in his wheelchair, knife in his lap,
opening drawers of little tables, looking inside. He
them, moves on, unmindful of the rain. Now--

CUT TO:

THE SHELF OF PAUL SHELDON BOOKS. As before--
--except the "My Life" scrapbook is gone.

CUT TO:

room.
the
Shakespeare
PAUL, glancing around--
--and there it is, on a coffee table in the living
Also on the table are a roll of Scotch tape, a pair of
scissors, and a copy of Newsweek. Paul wheels toward
table and the book, which is as big as a folio
play and as thick as a family Bible.

CUT TO:

THE LIVING ROOM

PAUL, opening the book.

CUT TO:

newspaper
article:
Banker
THE FIRST PAGE OF THE BOOK, as Paul opens it. It's a
clipping as is almost all of what follows. A small
simply a birth announcement for Anne Marie Wilkes.
PAUL turns the page. This headline reads: "Investment

Carl Wilkes Dies in Freak Fall."

headline

"USC Nursing Student Dies in Freak Fall." That's the
on the next page.

Now: "Miss Wilkes is Nursing School Honors Graduate."

Paul turns the page.

Gonyar, 79,

Manchester, New Hampshire, Union Leader: "Ernest
Dies After Long Illness."

"after

from

variation:

Now that phrase seems to be what catches our eye--
long illness" is from the next article. "Long illness"
the one after that. Then, on the next page, a
"Short Illness."

Announced."

Now we're in Pennsylvania: "New Hospital Staff

"After

And here come those phrases again on page after page--
Long Illness." "After Long Illness."
"After Long Illness."

CUT TO:

states

reporting

NAMED."

and

PAUL, transfixed; he keeps on turning the pages--the
keep changing, moving west. Pennsylvania to Minnesota,
Minnesota to North Dakota. And always the clippings
deaths and deaths and--
--and now we're in Colorado. "NEW HEAD MATERNITY NURSE
And now the dead are young and helpless; babies. More
more of them.

PAUL

(stunned)

Holy shit.

Then a headline which reads:

"HEAD MATERNITY NURSE QUESTIONED ON INFANT DEATHS"

Next page: "MISS WILKES RELEASED."

Next page: "THREE MORE INFANTS DIE."

Next page, at last: "DRAGON LADY ARRESTED."

Gazette.

INNOCENCE,"

headline:

Then a photo: the front page of the Rocky Mountain

Annie on the courthouse steps. "DRAGON LADY CLAIMS

under which there is a statement by Annie Wilkes.

Paul turns quickly to the next page and a very large

"DRAGON LADY FOUND NOT GUILTY"

PAUL just sits there, shaking his head in bewilderment.

CUT TO:

THE BOOK, as Paul turns the LAST page.

CUT TO:

PAUL, stunned and now we find out why, as we

CUT TO:

magazine,

snow.

THE PAGE IN THE BOOK. It's an article from Newsweek

a picture of Paul's car being hauled up out of the

Above it this caption: "Presumed Dead--Paul Sheldon."

CUT TO:

coffee

PAUL. Slamming the book shut, putting it back on the

table, then quickly turning his wheelchair as we

CUT TO:

tries
he
too
his
struggles
his

PAUL, steering his wheelchair toward the front door. He to position himself for a surprise attack of ANNIE, but can't find a way to get close enough. The wheelchair is cumbersome. He looks around and decides to head back to room. He is faced with the same problem there--so he into bed and, lying on his back, he rests the knife on chest and stares up at the ceiling.

DISSOLVE TO:

PAUL'S WINDOW, hours later. The rain has stopped.

CUT TO:

PAUL
sound of
THE
silence.
stairs.
explaining
estate
the
the

PAUL--trying to stay awake. After a few beats, he hears something. It's the sound of a CAR PULLING UP.
HEADLIGHTS can be seen flashing through the window.
grips the knife and hides it under the covers. The a CAR DOOR OPENING AND CLOSING, then FOOTSTEPS.
As the FRONT DOOR OPENS, PAUL girds himself for attack.
FRONT DOOR CLOSES, then a couple of FOOTSTEPS. Then Then the FOOTSTEPS continue down the hall and up the
After a beat, we hear the TELEVISION. Someone is how you can buy millions of dollars of prime real with no money down.
PAUL, allowing himself to relax, slips the knife under mattress. As the TV DRONES ON, Paul lies staring up at ceiling.

DISSOLVE TO:

OUTSIDE THE FARMHOUSE. NIGHT.

We hear a clap of THUNDER and once again the rain pours down.

CUT TO:

THUNDERCLAP
CLOSE UP: PAUL--eyes closed. There is another loud which causes Paul to stir and open his eyes.

He turns his head and another CLAP OF THUNDER is heard, LIGHTNING flashes and reveals ANNIE standing over his bed.

Before he can react, she jabs a needle into his arm, pulls it out and starts out of the room.

PAUL tries to raise himself, but the power of the drug causes him to collapse, unconscious.

CUT TO:

THE ROOM. EARLY MORNING.

surprisingly,
loud--
do:
going,
me
to
his
It's stopped raining, PAUL lies asleep. Now, we hear a VOICE we've never heard in the movie before-- for an instant we don't recognize the voice, then we It's LIBERACE talking to his audience on a record "Thank you, thank you, what a wonderful thing it is for to be back with you in Paris..." PAUL stirs and awakens discover that he is strapped to his bed. He can move arms, but that's it.

CUT TO:

together;
ANNIE, standing in the room, and she looks very her eyes are bright. Too bright. Way too bright.

She comes to the foot of his bed.

CUT TO:

PAUL, groggy from being drugged, tries to clear the cobwebs.

ANNIE

(in a soft voice)

Paul, I know you've been out.

PAUL

What?

ANNIE

You've been out of your room.

PAUL

No, I haven't.

ANNIE

Paul, my little ceramic penguin in the study always faces due south.

PAUL

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

As PAUL looks up at her--he is totally honest and sincere. the he talks, his hand surreptitiously begins moving toward the mattress edge.

CUT TO:

ANNIE, as she brings the fat-hand led knife out of her skirt pocket.

ANNIE

Is this what you're looking for? I know you've been out twice, Paul. At first, I couldn't figure out how you did it, but last night I found your key.

(She holds up the bobby pin)

I know I left my scrapbook out, and

I can imagine what you might be thinking of me. But you see, Paul, it's all okay.

CUT TO:

ANNIE, as she walks slowly back to the foot of the bed.
And now a THUMP comes from the foot of the bed.
Something is out of sight.

CUT TO:

PAUL, staring at her; waiting.

ANNIE

Last night it came so clear. I realize you just need more time. Eventually, you'll come to accept the idea of being here. 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? Don't worry, they didn't kill them. That would be like junking a Mercedes just because it had a broken spring--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. The operation was called hobbling.

And with that, she reaches down out of sight and comes up holding a 16-inch piece of 4 x 4 wood.

PAUL

Annie, whatever you're thinking about, don't do it.

CUT TO:

ANNIE. She wedges the 4 x 4 firmly between his legs, just above the ankles, secures it and adjusts his feet.

ANNIE

Now don't fuss, Paul.

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, didn't you?

ANNIE picks up a sledgehammer.

PAUL

Didn't you? Why would I leave a place
where I'm doing my best work? It
doesn't make any sense.

CUT TO:

ANNIE, positioning herself to the side of his right
ankle.

ANNIE

Shh, darling, trust me--
(taking aim at his
ankle)
It's for the best.

She takes the sledgehammer back.

PAUL

Annie, for God's sake, please.

As ANNIE swings, the sledgehammer makes contact with
the
ankle. It breaks with a sharp CRACK.

CUT TO:

PAUL: CLOSE UP, shrieking.

CUT TO:

ANNIE, moving to the other side of the bed.

ANNIE

Almost done, just one more.

And as she breaks the other ankle, PAUL shrieks even
louder.

CUT TO:

ANNIE: CLOSE UP.

ANNIE

God, I love you...

CUT TO:

PAUL'S FACE. He is beyond agony.

FADE TO

BLACK:

For a long moment, nothing.

Then... a FAINT SOUND. After a moment, it begins to become more intrusive and we can tell what it is: a car horn HONKING.

FADE IN ON:

SILVER CREEK and ANNIE in her Cherokee, HONKING for another car to get a move on.

CUT TO:

A HAND AND A COIN MOVING ACROSS IT, from finger to finger.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

BUSTER, sitting by the front window of his office, reading The Rocky Mountain Gazette.

He watches idly as ANNIE yells out the window to the car in front of her. THE DRIVER of the car yells back. Annie yells louder. The Driver guns off, and Annie pulls into the parking space next to the General Store.

CUT TO:

calling ANNIE, getting out, shaking a fist at the other car,
out, "You poop!" She enters the store.

CUT TO:

BUSTER, staring straight ahead. Something is gnawing at
him.

CUT TO:

VIRGINIA, in his office, tidying the desk. BUSTER
enters,
looks angry.

BUSTER

Just leave it, all right?

VIRGINIA

Oh, I like that tone.

BUSTER

How many times do I have to tell you--
I have a system here.
(rooting through a
pile of papers)
Where the hell is that thing?

VIRGINIA

What thing?

BUSTER

That thing.
(finding what he's
looking for, a 3 x 5
card)
Here it is. Right where it's supposed
to be.

VIRGINIA

What is it?

BUSTER

I'm not sure. Maybe nothing.

VIRGINIA

It's good you found it.

BUSTER

There's that spice again.

As BUSTER leaves, VIRGINIA goes back to tidying the desk.

CUT TO:

A LARGE LIBRARY as Buster leaves his car, hurries inside and

CUT TO:

LIBRARY STACKS

BUSTER, wearing bifocals, sits poring over bound volumes of The Rocky Mountain Gazette.

CUT TO:

BUSTER, frustrated, puts one set of volumes down, picks up another, starts through it, as we

CUT TO:

THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN GAZETTE, as the pages turn.
--only now they stop moving.

CUT TO:

BUSTER, tense, adjusting his bifocals.

CUT TO:

A SERIES OF HEADLINES pertaining to Annie Wilkes' murder trial.

CUT TO:

A HEADLINE which reads, "DRAGON LADY CLAIMS INNOCENCE."
Under a PICTURE OF ANNIE on the courthouse steps, we see a

steps,
judged

CAPTION: "Wilkes told reporters on the courthouse
'There is a higher justice than that of man; I will be
by Him.'"

CUT TO:

BUSTER. He takes the 3 x 5 card out of his pocket.

CUT TO:

in
The CARD--on it is printed the exact quote we just saw
the paper.

CUT TO:

BUSTER, sitting there, staring at the quote.

BUSTER

Interesting.

HOLD ON HIS FACE, then--

CUT TO:

sow,
ANNIE, carrying a bag of feed, followed by MISERY, the
comes into view. She slows, smiles, waves--

ANNIE

Hi, Punkin.

CUT TO:

PAUL, staring out at her.

ANNIE

Give us a smile?
(Paul gives her the
finger. She laughs)
Such a kidder.

As she exits our view--

CUT TO:

over PAUL, lifting the typewriter and repeatedly raising it his head, this time without any difficulty.

CUT TO:

THE GENERAL STORE IN SILVER CREEK. EARLY AFTERNOON.

wonderful BUSTER enters. The place is empty. It's one of those like spots that stocks pretty much everything in what seems the complete disarray. Buster goes to the coffee urn behind behind counter, helps himself. He speaks to the guy who sits the counter nearby; these two have known each other forever.

BUSTER

Hey, Pete.

PETE

Buster.

BUSTER

Answer me a couple things?

PETE

If I can.

BUSTER

Do you have any of those new Paul Sheldon books?

PETE

We had a batch. Sold 'em all in three days.

BUSTER

You wouldn't happen to remember if Miz Wilkes bought one, would you?

PETE

Are you kidding? Every time that fella writes a book, she makes me set aside the first copy.

inside,
BUSTER opens the cash register, drops his coffee money
closes the register.

BUSTER

Has she been buying any odd things
lately?

PETE

Miz Wilkes? Same old stuff.
(beat)
--Lest you call paper odd.

BUSTER

Newspapers?

PETE

(mimes typing)
No, the typing kind.

CUT TO:

BUSTER: CLOSE UP

BUSTER

Oh. That kind. Nothing odd about
that.

He cannot hide his excitement now as we--

CUT TO:

wheelchair,
ANNIE, entering Paul's room. He lies back in the
eyes closed. Liberace music playing in the background.
From
the start, PAUL'S TONE is different--strong, he's in
control.

ANNIE

Paul, don't you think it's time for
you to start writing again? It's
been over a week.

PAUL

I don't know, it's weird, but a couple
of broken bones hasn't done a lot
for my creative juices. Get the fuck
out of here.

ANNIE

Don't talk to me like that.

PAUL

(staring at her now)

Why, what are you going to do?

(spreading his arms
wide)

Kill me? Take your best shot.

ANNIE

(taken aback)

Why are you so mean, Mister you'd-be-
dead-in-the-snow-if-it-wasn't-for-
me?

PAUL

Oh, no reason, you keep me prisoner,
you make me burn my book, you drive
a sledgehammer into my ankles...

ANNIE

I'll drive a sledgehammer into your
man-gland if you're not nicer--

PAUL

(He spreads his legs)

Be my guest.

ANNIE

(after a beat)

That's disgusting.

As she exits.

CUT TO:

around a A ROAD. Empty. Hold for a moment--now a car appears
curve.

CUT TO:

THE CAR. BUSTER is driving fast.

CUT TO:

doesn't PAUL in his room. He sits as before, by the window. He

move. Now he closes his eyes, stretches, sighs as we

CUT TO:

THE KITCHEN

ANNIE, busily making cocoa.

CUT TO:

BUSTER IN HIS CAR. He stops at a mailbox. The name on the driveway box is WILKES. Buster turns his car slowly into the driveway by the mailbox.

CUT TO:

PAUL. He yawns, opens his eyes briefly. Closes them. In the distance now, growing more and more visible is Buster's car--
--and now PAUL'S EYES go open wide, and he's staring out the window at the car as it keeps on coming, closer, closer and

CUT TO:

BUSTER, looking around. He's driving very slowly, carefully.

CUT TO:

PAUL. Fixating on the window and now it's all going to be all right, everything's going to be all right--
--and then ANNIE is on him, hypodermic needle in hand, jabbing it into his arm. He desperately tries to fight her off, but the drug starts to take hold. He tries to grab her by the neck, but she fights him off as she wheels him out of the

room, down the hall and towards the cellar door.

ANNIE

I don't think I'll ever understand you. I cook your meals, I tend to you practically twenty-four hours a day, and you continue to fight me. When are we going to develop a sense of trust?

ANNIE opens the cellar door. PAUL is all but limp by now. As she picks him up and starts to carry him down the steps--

CUT TO:

BUSTER pulling up in front of the house. As he gets out of his car--

CUT TO:

ANNIE placing Paul on the cellar floor and heading up the stairs. PAUL is out.

CUT TO:

BUSTER heading up the steps to the front door.

CUT TO:

ANNIE stashing the wheelchair in the hall closet. She crosses to the front door, opens it, revealing BUSTER.

ANNIE

(Gasping)
Oh, my!

BUSTER

Sorry, didn't mean to startle you.
You didn't give me a chance to knock.

ANNIE

(all charm)
Guess you can tell from my reaction,

I'm not all that used to visitors out here. What can I do for you?

BUSTER

I was just wondering if you happen to know anything about Paul Sheldon.

ANNIE

(stammering)

What do you want to know?

BUSTER

Anything you can tell me might help.

CUT TO:

ANNIE. The words pour out--

ANNIE

Well, he was born in Worcester, Massachusetts, forty-two years ago, the only child of Franklin and Helene Sheldon, mediocre student, majored in history...

CUT TO:

BUSTER, watching her, surprised.

BUSTER

(cutting in)

Excuse me, that's not exactly the kind of information I was after. You see, he's been missing for quite some time now, and...

ANNIE

I know. It's so upsetting. I'm his number-one fan...I've got all his books, every sentence he ever put down. I'm so proud of my Paul Sheldon collection...

(stops suddenly, almost embarrassed)

...here I am, prattling on and my manners have just flown away. I haven't invited you in. Please.

BUSTER

Thank you.

front
ANNIE lets BUSTER in, closes the door. They linger in
of Paul's door. Buster idly checks out the hallway.

ANNIE

'Course you must know about that
horrible accident.

follows.
BUSTER nods and wanders into the living room. ANNIE
that
He crosses into the study and checks out a bookcase
below
contains the complete works of Paul Sheldon. One shelf
contains Annie's infamous scrapbook.

ANNIE

Almost killed me, too. I prayed when
I heard the news. I got down on my
knees and begged for it not to be
true.

CUT TO:

ANNIE. She's so moved. Buster wanders into the kitchen.

ANNIE

You're going to laugh at what I'm
about to say, but go ahead, I don't
care...

(beat)

...when I was praying, God told me
to get ready.

CUT TO:

BUSTER, watching her. This isn't at all what he
expected.

BUSTER

Get ready for what?

CUT TO:

PAUL, trying to fight the drug; just his eyes flutter.

CUT TO:

Paul's

ANNIE and BUSTER heading back down the hallway toward
room.

ANNIE

To try and be his replacement--he
gave so much pleasure to so many
people and there's a shortage of
pleasure on this planet these days,
in case you hadn't noticed.

BUSTER enters Paul's room. ANNIE follows.

ANNIE

God told me, since I was his number-
one fan, that I should make up new
stories as if I was Paul Sheldon.
So, went to town. And I bought a
typewriter. And paper to type on.
The same kind Paul Sheldon used. And
I turned the guest bedroom into a
writing studio. Would you like to
see it?

BUSTER

Sure.

ANNIE

It's right this way.

BUSTER takes a look in the bathroom. ANNIE waits for
him.

ANNIE

It's right here. I knew how he wrote,
the kinds of words he used, the
wonderful stories he told--

(moved)

--I've spent the last four weeks
trying to write like Paul Sheldon.

(sad shake of the

head)

But I can't do it right. I try and I
try and I know all the words--

(eyes closed in despair)

--but it's just not the same.

CUT TO:

BUSTER. He just stands there, watches her.

BUSTER

Well...

(long pause)

...maybe it takes time to get the hang of it.

ANNIE

(holding up pages
from the manuscript)

I could give you a couple of hundred pages of mine, and you could tell me what you think.

BUSTER

I'm not much of a critic.

ANNIE

Well, I just thought--oh, look at me. You'd think I'd never had a house guest before. Would you like something to drink?

BUSTER

Sure.

ANNIE

How does a nice cup of cocoa sound?

BUSTER

Sounds good.

As she exits into the kitchen.

ANNIE

There's some already made.

BUSTER lingers in Paul's room for a beat, then goes
into the hallway.

BUSTER

Must get lonely, living out here all by yourself.

ANNIE

I always say if you can't enjoy your own company, you're not fit company for anyone else.

BUSTER

You got a point there...

As Buster moves up the stairs--

CUT TO:

PAUL, still fighting the drug. His arm twitches almost involuntarily, grazing the barbecue.

CUT TO:

BUSTER opening the door to Annie's room. He looks around and just as he is about to turn to leave--

CUT TO:

ANNIE, standing right in front of him.

ANNIE

Here you are.

BUSTER heads down the stairs, ANNIE follows.

BUSTER

Thanks, Miz Wilkes, but I don't want to take up any more of your time. I best be going.

ANNIE

But you didn't even taste your cocoa.

They cross to the front door.

BUSTER

I'm sure it's wonderful, but really should be getting back.

BUSTER opens the door.

CUT TO:

PAUL stirring.

CUT TO:

BUSTER and ANNIE at the door.

BUSTER

If you don't mind, perhaps I could
pay you another visit sometime.

ANNIE

I'd be delighted. Now that you know
the way...

stands
heading
down,
With that, she closes the door. We stay with BUSTER. He
on the front porch for a beat, thinking, then starts
down the porch steps. Just as he reaches about halfway
we HEAR A LOUD CRASH coming from inside the house.

CUT TO:

the
PAUL--he has managed to partially fight his way through
drug, and in waking has accidentally knocked over the
barbecue. He fights to clear the cobwebs.

CUT TO:

BUSTER

Miz Wilkes, are you all right?

There is no answer. He quietly moves into the house.

BUSTER

Miz Wilkes?

Again, no answer.

CUT TO:

PAUL, still fighting to gain complete consciousness.

PAUL

(weakly)

Here. I'm down here. Down here.

CUT TO:

the
out,
BUSTER. Hearing Paul's muffled call for help, he tracks
sound to the cellar door. As PAUL continues to call

door.
Paul,

Buster looks around, sees no one, and opens the cellar
The shaft of light from the open door pours down on
who is still lying on the floor.

BUSTER

Mr. Sheldon?

through
Annie,
cellar

But before Paul can answer, there's the sound of a LOUD
EXPLOSION. Seemingly from nowhere a hole is ripped
Buster's chest, knocking him out of frame, revealing
smoking shotgun in hand, standing at the top of the
steps.

ANNIE

Don't feel bad, Paul. It had to
happen. I've been waiting for this
sign.

takes his

ANNIE walks toward BUSTER'S BODY and very casually
gun out of its holster.

ANNIE

I've known for some time why I was
chosen to save you. You and I were
meant to be together forever. But
now our time in this world must end.
But don't worry, Paul. I've already
prepared for what must be done. I
put two bullets in my gun, one for
you and one for me. Oh, darling, it
will be so beautiful.

again.
on

With that, ANNIE turns and exits the cellar.
Paul's mind races desperately. He looks at the barbecue
Next to it is a messy table with a dozen jars and cans
it.

CUT TO:

THE TABLE. One of the cans is LIGHTER FLUID.

CUT TO:

PAUL. He stares at it for a moment. An idea hits him--
--now, PAUL struggles and crawls over to the table. He
grabs
of his
the lighter fluid in his hands, jams it into the rear
pants and scrambles back to where ANNIE left him.

CUT TO:

ANNIE returning with her .38 Special and a hypodermic
needle.
She stops at the top of the stairs.

ANNIE

Now don't be afraid. I love you.

She starts toward him.

PAUL

I know you do. I love you too, Annie.

(this stops her)

And you're right. We are meant to be
together. And I know we must die.

But it must be so that Misery can
live. We have the power to give Misery
eternal life. We must finish the
book.

ANNIE

But the time is now. Soon others
will come.

PAUL

It's almost done. By dawn we'll be
able to give Misery back to the world.

ANNIE stares at Paul. She could go either way on this.
Then,
without a word, she turns and goes back up the stairs.

ANNIE

Here, Paul. I'll fix you something
to eat.

She exits. PAUL hesitates for a moment, then realizes
he has

up the no choice. He starts dragging himself over BUSTER and stairs.

CUT TO:

PAUL'S ROOM. NIGHT.

PAUL working. Typing like a madman, totally concentrated on the white paper. His lips move but he's not even aware of it.

ANNIE enters quietly, holding a few pages.

ANNIE

Oh, Paul. It's beautiful.

PAUL

Three more chapters to go.

She looks at him now, enthralled.

ANNIE

The stranger staying at the Inn, is he someone from Misery's past?

PAUL

Maybe.

ANNIE

This is so exciting. It's Windthorne, her first love, right?

PAUL

Maybe. Are you ready for the next chapter?

He taunts her with it.

ANNIE

(brimming with enthusiasm)

Oh you!

She takes the pages and goes.

CUT TO:

PAUL'S ROOM. LATER.

PAUL types a moment then rips out the page and starts over.

CUT TO:

ANNIE, putting the coffee down for him, putting the pages back on the main pile.

ANNIE

(more excited now
than the last time)

It WAS Windthorne. I knew it--what
does that do to her love for Ian?--

(thinks)

--of course, if she hadn't thought
Windthorne was murdered she never
would have fallen in love with Ian
in the first place.

(Paul glares at her,
she turns to the
door)

Sorry, it's just that this is so
wonderful.

PAUL

I'm glad you like it.

ANNIE

Paul, this will be our legacy.

PAUL

It will.

He hands her a few more pages, she starts reading as she exits.

CUT TO:

PAUL'S ROOM. MUCH LATER.

PAUL rubs his eyes. For a moment, he sags, but he fights it.

He puts a clean page into the typewriter.

ANNIE bursts in.

ANNIE

Oh, Paul. I'm dying. Does she wind up with Ian or Windthorne? You have to tell me.

PAUL

You'll know very soon. I'm starting the last chapter. And when I finish, I want everything to be perfect. I'll require three things.

ANNIE

What things?

PAUL

You don't know?

ANNIE

(smiling)

I was fooling, silly.

(ticking them off)

You need a cigarette, because you used to smoke but you quit except when you finish a book, and you just have one, and the match is to light it. And you need one glass of champagne.

(thinks)

Dome Pear-igg-non.

PAUL

Dome Pear-igg-non it is.

AS ANNIE exits.

CUT TO:

THE WINDOW

The first light of morning is starting to break through.

CUT TO:

PAUL, stretching. He makes sure everything is set.

PAUL

(calling out)

Annie! Annie!

With that, she enters.

ANNIE

Yes, Paul.

PAUL

I'm almost done.

ANNIE

Oh, Paul, this is so romantic. Ian and Windthorne dueling for the right to Misery's hand. Does Ian win? Oh, don't me. It's Windthorne, right?

PAUL

You'll know everything in a minute. Get the champagne.

ANNIE

(dying from the
suspense)

Ahh!!!

then She exits; PAUL adjusts the manuscript on the table and
types the last line.

CUT TO:

Perignon ANNIE IN THE KITCHEN. She takes the bottle of Dom
glasses-- out of the icebox, places it on a tray with two
pocket-- opens a drawer--takes out the gun--places it in her
the then takes out the hypodermic needle and places it on
tray.

CUT TO:

PAUL'S ROOM

ANNIE enters with the tray. She sets it down on the
table.

ANNIE

Did I do good?

PAUL

You did perfect. Except for one thing.
This time we need two glasses.

He takes the last page out of the typewriter.

ANNIE

Oh, Paul.

As soon as she exits, PAUL drops the manuscript to the floor,
dousing
chapter
douses
pulls the lighter fluid from his pants, and starts
the manuscript with lighter fluid. He grabs the last
and twists the last few pages together torch style. He
it with the fluid and holds the match out of sight.
He smiles as we

CUT TO:

ANNIE entering with the second glass...

PAUL

It's all right here, Annie. Remember
how for all those years no one ever
knew who Misery's real father was,
or if they'd ever be reunited? It's
all right here. Will Misery finally
lead her countrymen to freedom? Does
she finally marry Ian or will it be
Windthorne? It's all right here.

CUT TO:

THE MATCH, as he strikes it and

CUT TO:

ANNIE screaming--

ANNIE

Paul, you can't.

And as her hands fly out beseechingly--

CUT TO:

like a
everywhere--

THE CHAMPAGNE BOTTLE--it falls to the floor, explodes
torpedo, shards of glass all over, curds of foam

PAUL

Why not? I learned it from you...

And on that--

CUT TO:

and it
it

THE LAST CHAPTER as Paul brings the match close to it
bursts into flame. And Paul, holding it like the torch
is. Annie starts moving forward now.

ANNIE

No, no, NOT MISERY--NOT MY MISERY...!

and

He drops the last chapter into the soaked manuscript

CUT TO:

THE MANUSCRIPT, as KABOOM!, it bursts into flame and--

CUT TO:

ANNIE, transfixed by the sight for a moment,
--and then she charges.

CUT TO:

grabs it
body,

THE FIRE as ANNIE rushes to the book, stoops down,
with both hands, brings the burning mass up to her
both arms across it, trying to smother the flames--

CUT TO:

his

PAUL, grabbing the typewriter, raising it high above

and head, then throwing it down on her with all his power

CUT TO:

THE TYPEWRITER, crashing into the back of her head.

CUT TO:

ANNIE, screaming, driven to the floor by the blow, the book beneath her, and the flames fly up, her sweater is starting to burn and she's covered with shards of glass from the shattered bottle of champagne and some of the manuscript is hissing from the liquid, but she is able to struggle to her knees--

ANNIE

I'm going to kill you, you lying
cocksucker...

As she struggles to her feet, she pulls out the gun and shoots at Paul, hitting him in the shoulder. Just as she's about to shoot again, Paul quickly wheels the chair up to her, throws himself out of the chair, and tackles her. The gun flies out of her hand and lands in the hallway, going off as it lands. They wrestle on the floor.

Flames still around them, PAUL gets on top of her, grabs some burning pages, stuffs them into her mouth, shouting --

PAUL

Here. Here. You want it? You want
it? You can eat it--eat it--eat it
till you fucking CHOKE--you sick,
twisted fuck.

And as he forces more paper into her mouth--

CUT TO:

her
chunks
her
and

ANNIE, and she's hideous--blistered, her hands claw at throat. She makes horrible sounds, spitting the charred of manuscript out of her mouth. Shards of glass are in hair. Now a shriek and a tremendous jerk of her body

CUT TO:

PAUL, falling away --

CUT TO:

and

ANNIE, still making the sounds as she gets to her feet,

CUT TO:

PAUL, trying to crawl away after her.

CUT TO:

Paul,
then another, then

ANNIE--heading for the door, she takes a step away from

CUT TO:

screaming

PAUL, suddenly kicking out with his shattered leg, in pain as it crashes into her ankle and

CUT TO:

arms
fights

ANNIE, trying to keep her balance, not doing well, her windmilling as she fights for balance one last moment, and loses, and now, as she topples over--

CUT TO:

THE TYPEWRITER as she falls and her head slams into it,
collides with the sharp metal and a great wound opens
in her
head. There is one final cry. Blood pours. It's over.
All
over. We are looking at a dead body.

CUT TO:

PAUL, exhausted, panting, lying there, trying to gather
his
energy. He starts to crawl for the door. Just as he
reaches
the doorjamb, an arm grabs his leg, and

CUT TO:

PAUL, shrieking, and

CUT TO:

ANNIE, pulling herself up his body and

CUT TO:

PAUL, trying to buck her off, but he can't and

CUT TO:

ANNIE, the stronger, relentless, moving up on him, and

CUT TO:

PAUL, his grip broken as he turns and

CUT TO:

ANNIE, all-powerful, looming over him and

CUT TO:

PAUL, hitting up at her and

CUT TO:

feels ANNIE, swelling, and the blood pours down and if she
his blows she doesn't show it and

CUT TO:

to PAUL, whatever energy he has left he uses now, trying
twist and strike and as his body moves--

CUT TO:

METAL BASED FLOOR LAMP and

CUT TO:

his PAUL, grabbing the thing, suddenly bringing it across
body, clobbering Annie in the face and

CUT TO:

moment ANNIE, startled by the power of the blow and for a
she is stopped and

CUT TO:

forehead PAUL, as with everything he has left, he crunches her
air with the sharp heavy metal base, just creams her as the
is forced out of her--

CUT TO:

we ANNIE. Her eyes roll up into her head. For a moment all
see are the whites--

slack --then she collapses on PAUL, a motionless mountain of
flesh.

CUT TO:

for the PAUL, scrambling free, pushing her off him, crawling
door--

CUT TO:

to --outside the door, as PAUL crawls into view, makes it
the corridor, reaches back, closes the door, locks it.
Safe, he collapses, exhausted against the wall opposite
the door.

DISSOLVE TO:

stopping PAUL. HOURS LATER. It is dawn. He is awakened by a loud
smashing at the front door. After a couple of heart-
pounds,

CUT TO:

guns THE FRONT DOOR smashes open, revealing two cops with
drawn.

beside THE POLICEMEN, hurrying to PAUL. The YOUNGER COP kneels
Paul.

YOUNGER COP

It's the writer--the dead one--

PAUL

(trying to keep himself
together)

--right! I'm the dead one--

OLDER COP

Where's Sheriff McCain?

PAUL

He's in the cellar. She killed him.

OLDER COP

Annie Wilkes?

PAUL

Yeah. She's in there.

CUT TO:

The OLDER COP, taking the key to the room, unlocks the door,
throws it open, and as he steps inside--

CUT TO:

INSIDE THE BEDROOM

The OLDER COP has his gun ready to fire, but even with it
tight in his hand, he's edgy as hell.

He looks around--

--glass and bloodstains on the floor. The charred remains of
a manuscript.

He kneels quickly, glances under the bed--nothing.

He looks at the window--wide open.

CUT TO:

PAUL and the YOUNGER COP. Pause. The OLDER COP is in the
doorway now.

OLDER COP

Mr. Sheldon? There's no one in there.

CUT TO:

PAUL: CLOSE UP. In shock.

DISSOLVE TO:

PALM COURT, PLAZA HOTEL

This legend appears: ONE YEAR LATER

walking
gained
to
figure.

MARCIA SINDELL is seated at a table. PAUL enters,
briskly, and he's never looked this good before. He's
his weight back, his color is normal again. He appears
be, for the first time in the movie, a jaunty, happy

PAUL

Sorry I'm late. Jenny's basketball
game went into overtime. If anybody
ever told me I'd have a daughter
who'd get a triple double, I'd...

SINDELL

Did they win?

PAUL

Yeah. They're in the semis.

SINDELL

Here it is.
(big moment)
Very first copy.

And she hands him a wrapped package. PAUL sits, begins
unwrapping it. It's a book. A new one by Paul Sheldon.

The
over

Higher Education of J. Phillip Stone. Paul turns it
gently in his hands.

CUT TO:

SINDELL

SINDELL

The word I'm getting is the Times
review is gonna be a love letter.

PAUL

That'd be a first.

SINDELL

And my contacts at Time and Newsweek

tell me they're both raves. And don't laugh--for the first time, I think you've got a shot at some prizes.

PAUL

(flatly)

Great.

SINDELL

I thought you'd be thrilled. You're being taken seriously.

PAUL

I'm delighted the critics are liking it, and I hope the people like it, too. But it's not why I wrote the book.

CUT TO:

PAUL: CLOSE UP. There is a genuine sense of peace about him.

He has been through the fire and survived.

PAUL

I like it. Remember how you once said I live my whole life as if I'm in danger of being found out? Well, I believe I've managed to get that guy down on paper.

(He touches the book.

Beat.)

Don't think I'm completely nuts, but in some way, Annie Wilkes, that whole experience, helped me.

SINDELL

Paul, since you brought her up, I have to ask you this, or I'd be drummed out of the agents' union--what about a non-fiction book? The truth about what went on in that house.

PAUL

Gee, Marcia, if I didn't know you better, I'd think you were suggesting I dredge up the worst horror of my life just so we could make a few bucks.

SINDELL

Now you've hurt me, Paul.

As Paul glances around...

CUT TO:

PAUL, looking past MARCIA.

CUT TO:

DESSERT TROLLEY, some distance away, being pushed by a waitress. It is ANNIE.

CUT TO:

PAUL AND SINDELL

SINDELL

I thought you were over it.

PAUL

I am. Well, maybe not completely--

He glances toward the trolley.

CUT TO:

ANNIE THE DESSERT TROLLEY, moving inexorably closer to PAUL.
reaches down and pulls out a very sharp knife.

CUT TO:

PAUL AND SINDELL

PAUL

I don't know if you can ever be totally over something like that--I just don't think about it as much anymore, and when I do, it's not so terrifying.

CUT TO:

ANNIE, with the knife raised.

CUT TO:

PAUL, staring up at ANNIE.

PAUL

I mean, once they found her body, my
nightmares stopped.

CUT TO:

PAUL AND ANNIE--only it isn't Annie, just a WAITRESS.
She
stands by the trolley, the knife in her hand, ready to
slice
whatever anyone wants.

WAITRESS

Would you care for anything?

PAUL

(smiles)
Cut me something sinful...

CUT TO:

PAUL. The smile holds. In the background now, soft
music:
someone might be playing "Liberace."

HOLD ON PAUL

FINAL FADE

OUT:

THE END