

(Printed with the demonstration version of Fade In)

The Yellow Wallpaper

Adaptation by
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(Printed with the demonstration version of Fade In)

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

We see a woman, JANE, sitting in a rocking chair as she writes. She glances at the wall in front of her and makes a slight disgusted face before continuing.

The wall is a demanding shade of yellow with tears and holes that cut its pattern off. The lines in the wallpaper are hard to follow. It's an obnoxious view.

A torn piece of wallpaper waves slightly in the wind of the ceiling fan above.

FROM THE VIEW OF THE WALLPAPER

The woman rocks before abruptly putting away her pen and journal to hide it.

A man, JOHN, enters the room. He walks over to Jane, handing her pills and a cup water. Jane takes the pills and swallows.

John is stoic as he analyzes her before taking the empty cups. He places a hand on her shoulder, and Jane looks up to him and smiles. She puts her hand over his, before turning her attention back to the wall.

John's hand falls away, and he turns to exit the room.

ZOOM IN ON JANE'S FACE

The lighting in the room lapses and changes scales of brightness as we slowly zoom back out.

JANE (V.O.)

*We have been here for two weeks.
There is something strange about the
house, I can feel it. John of course
laughs at me. No patience for
superstition. He's only a physician,
and perhaps that is the reason I do
not get better.*

Jane is in full view wearing different clothing. We see the journal back in her lap. She holds the pen and begins to write.

JANE (V.O.) (cont'd)

*You see, John does not believe that I
am that sick. There's nothing the
matter, but temporary nervous
depression.*

(MORE)

JANE (V.O.) (cont'd)
He is very careful and loving and makes sure I'm taking my prescriptions on the hour, but he does not know how much I really suffer. Nobody would believe the amount of effort it takes to do the little I can. It is fortunate Mary is so good with the baby.

BACK OF JANE WITH THE WALLPAPER IN FULL VIEW

JANE (V.O.) (cont'd)
However, trying to rest to regain my strength and appetite, is difficult being stuck in this room. I have never seen a worse paper in my life.

CLOSE UP OF THE PAPER

JANE (V.O.) (cont'd)
It commits every artistic sin. It's confusing, irritating, sickly, and dull, yet loud. If I have to live--

Jane stashes her journal as she hears someone on the steps.

John enters the room as Jane stares at the wallpaper.

JOHN
(soft chuckle)
Darling, you're letting that wallpaper get the best of you.

JANE
When will you repaper it?

JOHN
Nothing is worse for a nervous patient than to give into such fantasies.

John looks around the bedroom

JOHN (cont'd)
After the paper it would be the heavy bedstead, then the barred windows, then the stair gate, and so on...

JANE
But I don't mind the room a bit!

Jane eyes the paper cautiously.

JANE (cont'd)
Only the horrid paper.

John hugs Jane from behind.

JOHN
You know the place is doing you good,
and I don't see a point to renovate
for a rental.

JANE
Then do let us go downstairs. There
are such pretty rooms.

JOHN
Oh my Little Goose. If you wish, I
can go down to the cellar for
whitewash. Though, I think your
nervous weakness is giving power to
your imagination. You ought to use
your will and good sense to check the
tendency.

John kisses Jane's cheek and stands. Jane stares at the wall
defeated.

JOHN (cont'd)
(muffled)
I was thinking, when you get really
well, we can ask Cousin Henry and
Julia down for a visit.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Jane stands in front of the wall, trying to trace the curves
with her fingers.

JANE (V.O.)
*I wish I could get well faster, but I
must not think about that. John says
the very worst thing I can do is to
think about my condition. But, this
hideous paper looks to me as if it
knows what vicious influence it has
over me. I never have seen such
expression in an inanimate thing
before.*

Jane stops to analyze tears in the wallpaper that make it
look like a broken, upside down face. She squints at the
face's bulging eyes. She steps back and notices the rest of
the tears that look like eyes.

CLOSE UP ON THE PAPER

A shadow brings out a second pattern among the rips and tears. It appears to be a figure that outlines a woman. The figure peers from behind a rip.

Jane looks intently at the patterned figure, peering at it from different positions.

EXT. PORCH - EVENING

Jane sits on the porch swing and lazily waves their guests off. There's Fourth of July pinwheels and streamers that decorate the porch.

John walks up the porch steps and sits next to her as she yawns.

JOHN
How are you feeling?

JANE
A bit tired.

JOHN
I knew this was going to be too much.

JANE
No! It was nice to see everybody. I needed it.

JOHN
Jane, listen, if you don't start making progress soon... I'm going to send you to Weir Mitch-

JANE
No, John! I'm doing better!

John is not convinced.

JANE (cont'd)
I really think that I'm well enough to make that trip to Cousin Henry and Julia's.

JOHN
No, you're not. Even if we did go, you wouldn't be able to stand it once we got there.

Jane grows frustrated from her exhaustion.

JANE

You don't know that. You're not me,
so you don't know how I'm feeling.

JOHN

I can tell how much you can or can't
handle.

Jane begins to cry.

JANE

I can handle this. You don't know
because you're away all day when I
feel good, but you're home at the end
of the day when I'm tired. It's
normal to be tired at the end of the
day!

John picks Jane up and carries her into the house.

INT. BEDROOM - EVENING

John tucks Jane into bed and wipes her tears away. He rubs
her forehead with his thumb.

JOHN

Darling, please, you must take care
of yourself for my sake. No one but
you can help yourself out of this.

John kisses her forehead and turns the lamp off.

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

Jane lies on the bed, staring at the wall. Her eyes follow
the trails of the paper. We watch as her eyes flick back to
her starting point. Frustration washes over her face.

CLOSE UP OF THE WALL

The walls rips and tears cause the pattern to jump around
and become jumbled in some areas. There's no starting or end
point, making it impossible to follow the pattern completely

BACK TO JANE

Jane sighs, closing her eyes.

EXT. GARDEN - EARLY AFTERNOON

Jane sits in the garden, smelling the roses around her. She watches MARY and the BABY on the porch from the garden.

JANE (V.O.)

There is one comfort. The baby is well and happy, and does not have to occupy the room with the horrid wallpaper.

INT. BEDROOM - AFTERNOON

Jane sits in her chair, rocking back and forth as she analyzes the wall.

JANE (V.O.)

What a fortunate escape! I wouldn't have a child of mine so impressionable live in a room with such worlds. I can stand it much more than a baby could. The shapes become more clear everyday.

The woman figure in the wallpaper appears to be in a different place than the last time we saw her.

JANE (V.O.) (cont'd)

I'm growing quite fond of the room. Maybe perhaps because of the wallpaper. There are things in that paper that nobody knows, but me.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

John is asleep as Jane sits upright in bed, eyes fixated on the wallpaper. The moonlight cascades shadows over it, changing the shapes and lines.

The light shifts over the wall. Jane is sure she saw the figure in the wall move. She softly crawls out of bed and creeps over to the wall.

She traces long trails with her finger over the wall without looking at it. She's memorized where the lines stop and continue.

Jane returns to bed as John stirs awake.

JOHN

What is it?

JANE

I'm not gaining anything here, John.
I wish you would take me away.

JOHN

You are better, whether you can see
it or not. You're gaining flesh and
color, your appetite is better, I
feel easier about you.

JANE

I don't weigh a bit more. My appetite
may be better in the evening when
you're here, but it's worse in the
morning when you're gone.

John chuckles into his pillow.

JOHN

She shall be as sick as she pleases!
Really, you are better.

Jane pauses, staring at the ceiling.

JANE

Better in body, perhaps.

John lifts his head to give Jane a stern look.

JOHN

Do not entertain that idea. There is
nothing so dangerous to a temperament
like yours. That is a false and a
foolish fantasy, Jane.

Jane isn't really listening. She eyes the paper once more.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Jane sits in front of the wallpaper writing.

JANE (V.O.)

*I didn't understand what I was
looking at for the longest time, but
I am quite sure it is a woman. She is
behind the wallpaper as plain as can
be at night, but in the daylight, she
is still. It's quite puzzling.*

CLOSE UP ON THE WOMAN IN THE WALL

The figure in the wall begins to peek through a different tear than what we previously saw. She peeks around the rest of the wall, but remains still whenever Jane glances up.

JANE (V.O.) (cont'd)
Life is so much more exciting. I am feeling ever so much better! I have something to look forward to, to watch. I really am eating better and am more quiet than I have been. John is so pleased to see me improve, despite my wallpaper. I had no intent of telling him it was because of the wallpaper. Though, the fact is, I'm getting afraid of John.

INT. BEDROOM - EVENING

John stands in front of the wallpaper. Jane stands behind the door, peering at John.

JANE (V.O.)
I've caught him several times looking at the paper.

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

Mary stands with her hand on the wall.

JANE (V.O.)
I've also seen Mary with her hand on it once. She hadn't known I was in the room, and I startled her when I asked her what she was doing.

Mary jumps.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Jane cranes and creeps around the wall, splotches of yellow cover her clothes.

JANE (V.O.)
But I know John and Mary were studying the pattern. Nobody shall find it out but myself!

Jane spots a yellow trail from the bottom corner of the paper. She follows the trail around the room continuously, perplexed.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jane sits up in bed, knees drawn to her chest as she watches the wall. Euphoric shock floods her face.

JANE (V.O.)

*I really have discovered it at last!
The front pattern does move. The
woman herself shakes it. She crawls
around so fast that she shakes the
patterns.*

The woman in the wall creeps around the paper. In and out of tears, the patterns begin to move with her crawling about.

JANE (V.O.) (cont'd)

*She tries to crawl through, but
nobody could ever get through. I
think that is why there are so many
heads. They get through, but then are
strangled by the paper and turned
upside down.*

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

Jane creeps around the wall. Her clothes are almost fully stained in yellow.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

John is away and Jane locks the bedroom door before throwing the key out the window into a bush below. She crawls under the bed and pulls out a long rope, dropping it next to the rocking chair.

Jane sits, rocking as she watches the wall.

The moonlight shines through the window, finally illuminating the woman in the wallpaper. Jane immediately stands and begins to pull the wallpaper away as quickly as she can.

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

The yellow wallpaper is pulled, hanging loosely around the length of the wall.

The rope is tied around Jane. She brushes her shoulder against the wall as she creeps along it.

There's a frantic struggle on the doorknob, followed by loud pounding.

JOHN

Jane! Jane! Open the door.

JANE

John dear, the key is in the bush
under the window.

John stops pounding, pausing for a moment.

JOHN

(calmer)

Open the door, my darling.

JANE

I can't. The key is in the bush.

Jane repeats her sentence as she continues creeping around.

JANE (cont'd)

The key is in the bush, the key is in
the bush, the key is in the bush...

After a minute, John returns. Fitting the key in the knob, he enters the bedroom.

JOHN

What's the matter with you!? For
God's sake what are you doing?

Jane looks at John over her shoulder, unwavering from her creeping.

JANE

I've got out at last! In spite of you
and Jane. And I've pulled off most of
the paper, so you can't put me back!

John faints, falling in the path of the woman. The woman creeps over him with her pacing.

JANE (cont'd)

(whispers)

Can't put me back, can't put me back,
can't put me back...

END.

