

THE YELLOW WALLPAPER

by  
Robert Barsanti

Based on  
The Yellow Wallpaper  
By Charlotte Perkins Gilman

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FADE IN:

OVER BLACK

**FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)**

Now why should that man have  
fainted? But he did, and right  
across my path by the wall, so that  
I had to crawl over him every time!

**EXT. CEMETERY - MORNING**

A group of mourners stand around a grave site. The priest is in the middle of his prayers.

Sitting in a chair in the middle of the crowd is JANE ELLEN, 31, brunette, beautiful. She is crying softly, dabbing her eyes with a tissue. She is looking at her lap.

Next to her is JOHN ELLEN, 33, her husband. He moves his hand from his lap to her thigh and gives a comforting squeeze.

Jane lifts her head, and eyes the scene in front of her. Flowers adorn the grave marker, and next to the hole in the ground is the casket.

It's not a normal casket though...it's just large enough for a baby.

The headstone reads "David Ellen, November 19th, 2008 - January 6th, 2009". A picture of an infant, undersized, bundled and asleep, stands next to the marker.

Jane's hand finds her husband's, and squeezes tight.

**PRIEST**

We therefore commit David's body to  
the ground; earth to earth, ashes  
to ashes, dust to dust; in the sure  
and certain hope of resurrection to  
eternal life.

Jane turns and buries her face in John's shoulder, sobbing silently.

**INT. CAR - LATER**

John drives the car as a part of the funeral procession leaving the cemetery. Jane rides beside him. Her eyes are swollen and red.

In her hands is a small spiral-bound notebook. She writes furiously.

John watches cautiously out of the corner of his eye.

**JOHN**

Jane...

She doesn't respond, only continues to write.

**JOHN (CONT'D)**

Jane, honey...

Still no response.

John slowly reaches across toward Jane, taking her notebook in his hand. He gently pulls it from her hands. She doesn't fight it.

He takes the notebook, closes it with one hand, and slides it into his jacket's inner breast pocket.

Jane lets the pen fall from her hand into her lap.

**EXT. ELLEN HOME - DUSK**

Later that same day. There is a small reception at the Ellen home. It's small, quaint, in a nice neighborhood.

Cars line the street. The front door opens. We see a couple, dressed in black, leave through the front door, waving goodbye to John who holds the door. They make their way down the walkway as the door closes behind them.

**INT. ELLEN HOME - CONTINUOUS**

John stands at the door. He lowers his head. The situation is taking a toll on him. He turns and walks away from the door.

**INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS**

John walks into the kitchen and leans on the counter over the sink. He pauses for a moment, and loosens his tie.

From the cupboard he grabs a glass. From the freezer, a handful of ice. From another cupboard, a bottle of whiskey. John mixes himself a drink and takes a sip.

He pauses, then throws back the rest of the drink.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Jane sits in a chair against a wall. She is alone, but the room is filled with smaller groups of people engaged in conversation.

The mood is somber. Jane stares blankly ahead, a glass of water in her hands.

John walks into the room, stopping as he enters on the side opposite Jane. He looks at her, and their gazes catch. He smiles weakly at her, she takes a sip of water.

As John starts to move toward his wife, he is stopped by a guest, MICHAEL. Michael, 41, stands with two other guests. They are in front of a bookshelf. Michael holds a novel in his hand.

**MICHAEL**

How are you, buddy?

**JOHN**

Holding it together.

**MICHAEL**

You know I'm here for you.

**JOHN**

I know.

A silence falls over the group.

**MICHAEL**

Hey, you know, we were wondering...Jane...she write all of these?

Michael holds the book up to eye level. On the spine is Jane's name. Then, using the book, he motions to an entire shelf of the bookshelf. Various titles, all the same author - Jane Ellen.

**JOHN**

Yeah, she...

He looks over at Jane, sitting by herself. Back to Michael.

**JOHN (CONT'D)**

She did.

**GUEST 1**

She must never stop writing.

**MICHAEL**

She's incredibly talented.

John isn't having any of this conversation. His mind is elsewhere.

**JOHN**

Thank you, I'll be sure to let her know you think so.

**GUEST 2**

Has she won any prizes?

**JOHN**

Uh, yeah, some of those...

He absent mindedly points at the bookshelf.

**MICHAEL**

Top sellers?

**JOHN**

Excuse me...

John forces a smile and excuses himself. Michael and the other guests continue discussing the books on the shelf.

As John moves across the room he is again stopped, this time by a pretty blonde. This is JENNIFER "JENNIE" MAY, 28, Jane's younger sister.

**JENNIE**

Hey.

**JOHN**

Hey.

He starts toward Jane again.

**JENNIE**

How is she?

He snaps back.

**JOHN**

I'll let you know when I get a chance to talk to her.

John leaves Jennie standing alone.

John finally arrives to his wife. He crouches down next to her. She's still staring blankly ahead.

A beat.

**JANE**

Are they leaving soon?

He's caught by surprise, and his face shows it.

**JOHN**

Uh, yeah, yes, they are. I'll start clearing them out.

Jennie joins them.

**JANE**

I'll go up with Jennie.

Jennie takes the glass from Jane and hands it to John. Jane slowly stands up, and Jennie starts to lead her away. A silence overtakes the room as they walk through.

John is left crouching beside the chair.

A beat.

**JOHN**

Thank you all for coming. We appreciate your support.

He stands and walks out after his wife and Jennie.

**INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT**

Jane stands at the sink in her bathroom. She is staring at herself in the mirror, dressed only in an undershirt and underwear. Her make up is streaked, her hair frazzled.

The water in the faucet is running.

She stands, silently staring into the mirror for a long moment.

The water keeps running.

Finally, Jane moves. She reaches under the sink, cupping the water in her hands. She splashes it onto her face.

Her makeup runs worse. She turns the faucet off and wipes her face clean just as John walks up behind her. He wraps his arms around her, holding her tight.

**JOHN**

How are you?

**JANE**

Okay.

**JOHN**

I'm so sorry, honey. I know today was difficult for you. It was for all of us.

A beat. They hold each other.

**JOHN (CONT'D)**

I love you.

Jane accepts his embrace.

**JANE**

I love you.

He kisses her on the head, and lets go. He leaves the bathroom.

Jane waits a moment after he is gone, and then opens a drawer in the counter. She digs around in the drawer and pulls out an orange pill bottle. Depression meds. Jane palms a few, tossing them into her mouth. She throws her head back and swallows them dry.

She looks at herself again in the mirror. She looks lost. Overwhelmed. Defeated.

She turns and leaves the bathroom.

**INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

Jane enters the hallway. The lights are off, the only light coming from the moon through the windows. Jane slowly walks down the hall, her barefeet not making any sound on the hardwood floor.

She moves to a door with a small blue sailboat on it. On the boat is written "David".

Jane stops, frozen at the door. Slowly she reaches out, softly pushing the door open. The moonlight creeps in as the door swings open, revealing the room inside.

A small crib, with mobile hanging above, motionless. A rocking chair in the corner, with a small blue blanket folded over the armrest. A circular rug on the floor, a chest under the window...the room was set for a little boy to start to grow up in.

Jane stands, staring into the room. She leans against the door frame. Her lip quivers.

John approaches behind her. He places his hands on her shoulders.

**JOHN**

Jane?

Jane turns, plants her face in his chest, and starts sobbing uncontrollably.

John holds her close, comforting her.

**JOHN (CONT'D)**

I'm here.

He whispers comforts to her, but his faces shows his hopelessness. He doesn't know what to do.

**INT. HALLWAY - LATE NIGHT**

The hallway is eerily silent. The light from the moon shines in through the windows, just like before.

**INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Jane and John are fast asleep. Silence. A faint WHISPERING sound can be heard. It moves through the bedroom.

Jane's eyes snap open, and the sounds stop.

Slowly, Jane sits up, her feet on the floor. She looks behind her - John is fast asleep.

It's cold, and Jane rubs her exposed thighs and arms for warmth. She stands, makes her way to the thermostat, adjusts it.

A CREAKING SOUND from outside the room catches Jane's attention. She freezes, unsure of what made the sound. It happens again.

CREAK.

And again. A soft creak, over and over.

Jane slowly moves toward the bedroom door. Whatever it is, it's coming from out in the hall.

Slowly, Jane turns the doorknob, and even slower pushes the door open.

**INT. HALLWAY**

Jane's head appears, peaking out through the door frame. The hallway is empty.

CREAK.

Jane steps out into the hallway - it's the same path she walked earlier that night. Again, her bare feet move cautiously along the wood floorboards.

CREAK.

Jane pauses. It's louder now, and she knows where it's coming from...

David's room.

CREAK. Another step. Soon, she's at the door. It's already cracked, Jane just softly pushes it open.

**INT. DAVID'S ROOM**

CREAK. CREAK. The room is revealed much in the same way as earlier in the night. Only this time, there's someone in the rocking chair.

A little boy. His head, covered in dark brown hair, is down, his hands wrapped around a teddy bear in his lap. He's wearing a red sweater and dark pants. The white collar of his shirt pokes out over the sweater, the tails poke out under the sweater.

The chair continues to rock, the boy doesn't move.

Jane takes a step into the room. CREAK.

She moves closer, and slowly reaches her hand out to the boy.

**JANE**

David...?

It is David, 8 years old and terrifying. At the sound of his name his head snaps up, his eyes locking with Jane's.

His eyes are wide, sad, and sunken. His skin is pale.

The two stand locked in their gaze.

Jane's outreached hand begins to shake uncontrollably.

**JANE (CONT'D)**

David?

**DAVID**

Why'd you let me go, mommy?

**INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - DAY**

Jane is sitting in a shrink's office. Big, comfy couch, walls covered in certificates, diplomas, books, fancy pictures.

Across from her is DR. HALL, 59, balding. He leans back in his chair, his legs crossed.

**JANE**

"Why'd you let me go, mommy?"

Dr. Hall sits up in his chair.

**DR. HALL**

Jane, I know it's difficult but you need to understand that these dreams...they're just part of the process you're going through.

Jane nods silently. She clearly is still lost in thought about her dream.

**DR. HALL (CONT'D)**

How long has it been, Jane?

**JANE**

Four months.

**DR. HALL**

You need to give yourself time. You can't force yourself over something like this.

Jane lifts her eyes and looks fearfully at Dr. Hall.

**DR. HALL (CONT'D)**

You're still writing, yes?

Jane nods, hardly moving her head.

**DR. HALL (CONT'D)**

About him?

Another nod. Dr. Hall sits back. He's thinking.

**DR. HALL (CONT'D)**

Jane, I know originally I told you that writing could be a release, but I still feel I may have been wrong.

**JANE**

Why does he say "Don't let me go"? I didn't let him go. I don't know what else I could have done.

Dr. Hall sighs.

**DR. HALL**

There was nothing, Jane. This wasn't your fault, you know that.

**JANE**

He blames me.

Dr. Hall sits for a moment. He speaks softly.

**DR. HALL**

No one blames you Jane. Not John, not me, not Jennie.

**JANE**

But David...

**DR. HALL**

David only believes what you let him believe, Jane. Once you forgive yourself, your dreams will too.

A beat.

**DR. HALL (CONT'D)**

Jane, I know we tried this before, but I want to try giving up writing again. How do you feel about taking a break?

No way. That's all she has.

**JANE**

I still don't know if I could...

**DR. HALL**

Let's just try. For me. I know I've asked before, but I'm asking again.

(MORE)

DR. HALL (CONT'D)  
I really believe it will help let  
your mind release some of these  
images and some of this guilt.

He waits for a response.

DR. HALL (CONT'D)  
Obviously I can't force it upon  
you, Jane, but just give it a try  
for this week and let's see what  
happens.

**INT. ELLEN HOME - LATER**

Jane enters through the front door. She closes it softly behind her. The house is quiet.

She sets her purse down on a side table by the door.

Jane heads down the hallway toward her bedroom. As she passes David's room, she stops. The door is closed. She waits for a moment, and then decides better. She continues down the hall, passing her bedroom door.

She goes instead to another door. She opens it and moves into...

**INT. STUDY**

Her study. Bookshelves filled with books, everything in neat order. Her desk is clean except for a few notepads, a laptop, pens, other writing supplies. Everything in it's proper place.

She stands in the doorway, her hand still on the knob. She stares longingly at the things on her desk.

She waits for a moment. Her eyes are easy to read - she clearly wants to write.

She breaks free from her trance and quietly moves to her desk. She gently picks up a pen. She fingers the pen for a moment. Then, against her desires, sets it on the desk. She walks out of the room, closing the door behind her.

**INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Later that day. Jane and John sit at the table eating Chinese take-out. She's wearing the same outfit as earlier, he's still in a tie - loosened - and sleeves rolled up.

**JOHN**

How was Dr. Hall's today?

**JANE**

It was fine.

**JOHN**

Did you tell him about your dream?

She nods through a a bite of chow mein.

**JOHN (CONT'D)**

And?

**JANE**

He still thinks I'm holding too much guilt.

John continues eating.

**JANE (CONT'D)**

He suggested I stop writing, again.

John stops mid bite.

**JANE (CONT'D)**

He still thinks it will help me to release the guilt. To let my mind let go of everything.

John finishes chewing. Wipes his mouth with his napkin.

**JOHN**

Are you really going to try it this time?

**JANE**

I don't know. I've been trying all day.

(a beat)

It's not easy.

**JOHN**

I can imagine. But honey if it's what Dr. Hall thinks will help...It would make me feel a lot better too if you really did try it this time.

She looks defeated.

**JOHN (CONT'D)**

Honey, I'm sorry.

He reaches across the table and takes her hand in his.

**JOHN (CONT'D)**

I just want what's best for you.

**JANE**

I know. It's just not easy.

**INT. HALLWAY - LATER**

The hallway is empty. That eerie silence still lingers. It is broken by the creaking of a door.

David's door.

It door slowly creeps open just a crack. The unintelligible WHISPERING sound starts, moving down the hallway. We follow along as the sound moves under the door and into...

**INT. BEDROOM**

John and Jane lay in bed, asleep. The sound, impossible to decipher, moves across the room. It seems to be surrounding Jane. It grows louder. Lower. Higher. Louder.

Jane SITS UP violently. SILENCE. She's breathing heavy, damp with sweat.

She gains her composure.

John stirs next to her - he doesn't wake.

Jane quietly climbs out of bed. She leaves the bedroom.

**INT. HALLWAY**

Jane enters the hallway and turns toward her study.

**INT. STUDY**

Everything is just as the last time we saw it.

The door quietly opens, and Jane sneaks in. She takes a pen off the desk as well as a legal yellow pad. She sits right on the floor, her legs crossed, and starts to write.

**INT. BEDROOM - MORNING**

Jane wakes up in bed alone. She rises, and heads into the bathroom. She goes to the shower, and starts to undress.

**INT. KITCHEN - A SHORT WHILE LATER**

John sits at the kitchen table. A coffee and Jane's legal yellow pad sit in front of him.

He holds his head in his hand as he flips through the pages. Page after page after page is filled with her writing. We focus on certain words.

VOICES. ALONE. DAVID. ESCAPE. SILENCE.

He flips the pages back, and sips his coffee.

Jane enters, and sits down across from him.

**JANE**

Morning.

John doesn't respond. He sets down the pad of paper. Jane just now notices it.

**JANE (CONT'D)**

Where did you get that...

**JOHN**

I woke up last night and you weren't in bed.

**JANE**

John.

He starts reading.

**JOHN**

They tell me I am forbidden to "work" until I am well again. "Work", as if writing were a chore. Personally, I disagree with their ideas.

He pauses and looks at her.

**JANE**

I just needed a way to release my frustrations.

**JOHN**

You disagree with our ideas?

**JANE**

John, please.

She reaches for the notepad, arm stretch across the table.

**JOHN**

You disagree. Dr. Hall suggests  
you try not to write...

He flips through page after page.

**JOHN (CONT'D)**

... so you write all of this!

He looks to the papers.

**JOHN (CONT'D)**

"Surrounded by his voices, tearing,  
fleeting...the touch that never  
was, the chill...I see him without  
looking..."

He looks to her.

**JOHN (CONT'D)**

What is all of this?

**JANE**

John, it isn't anything.

He flips back a few pages.

**JOHN**

"John musn't know."

He glares at her. She has no response.

**JOHN (CONT'D)**

Jane, I...I don't know what to do  
any more. I want to help you, but  
you won't even listen to Dr. Hall.

She sits silently. He holds up the legal pad.

**JOHN (CONT'D)**

I'm taking this. And the others.

**JANE**

John, no!

**JOHN**

Yes, Jane. Dr. Hall has been  
trying to get you to let this up.  
I'm going to help.

He storms from the table, taking the legal pad with him.  
Jane sits alone, defeated.

O.S. the sounds of John moving and packing Jane's writing supplies from her study can be heard.

He emerges a few moments later into the kitchen with a box under his arm, filled with her notebooks, spare papers, pens, pencils, a laptop, everything he could find quickly.

**JOHN (CONT'D)**

I need to go to work. I'm taking this box with me.

His demeanor softens when Jane doesn't respond.

**JOHN (CONT'D)**

Jane...I'm sorry. It's for the best.

A beat.

**JOHN (CONT'D)**

I love you.

Another beat.

He turns and leaves through the front door of the house, box in hand. Jane never lifts her eyes from her lap.

#### **INT. BEDROOM - LATER THAT DAY**

It's late-afternoon, and Jane is curled up on her bed on top of the sheets. She's not asleep, though. In her hand she holds a small picture frame.

It's David's baby picture. She stares at it. She whispers softly.

**JANE**

David...I'm so sorry, David.

C.U. The picture. David's little eyes sparkle, he's laughing, a blue stocking cap on his head.

We cut back to Jane, but now, **STANDING BEHIND HER** on the other side of the bed is 8-year-old David.

She whispers to the picture again.

**JANE (CONT'D)**

I'm sorry.

**DAVID**

Hi, mommy.

Jane drops the picture and hurls her body around toward the voice.

David is gone. It's like he was never there.

Jane is scared. She knows she heard a voice.

**JANE**

John...?

She speaks to no one in general. Jane jumps off the bed and rushes into...

**INT. STUDY**

She slams the door behind her, and presses her back against it. She scans the room. Nothing is where it belongs. John made a mess out of her organized sanctuary.

She lurches forward, pulling at the desk drawers. Empty. Empty. They've all been cleared out. She turns to her bookshelves.

Book after book comes flying off the shelves. She can't find what she wants.

Then...there! An old manuscript. Typed on printer paper. One sided pages.

She tears it from the shelf and whirls back to her desk. A few more drawers. She tears through them, buried at the bottom of one is a pack of new pencils. Pre-sharpened. She rips one from the box, and leaning over the desk starts writing furiously.

**JANE**

I heard you. You were here.

She writes the words as they come to her.

**JANE (CONT'D)**

I didn't envision it. I saw you there. Rocking in that chair, calling out to me.

Her writing slows. She's burnt out. Spent. Her hand stops moving, the tip of the pencil pressed hard against the paper.

She takes a moment and looks around her. What a fuckin mess. Her hand grips the pencil tighter, still pressed to the paper. She presses harder.

SNAP.

The tip breaks - Jane returns to the world around her. She sinks into her desk chair, which has been cast aside in her fury.

She sits there in silence. When...

CREAK.

That sound. Ever so faint. Jane lifts her head.

CREAK. There it was again. Jane already knows where it's coming from. She slowly stands. Her pencil and papers are still clasped tightly in her hands.

She slowly moves to the door.

CREAK.

She turns the knob and steps out into...

#### **INT. THE HALLWAY**

She looks down the hall. The door to David's room is slightly ajar.

As if entranced, Jane slowly steps toward the door. CREAK. CREAK.

#### **INT. DAVID'S ROOM**

Jane walks into the middle of the room. SILENCE except for the RHYTHMIC CREAKING of the chair.

Barely above a whisper:

**JANE**

David?

The chair STOPS. Jane turns and looks at it, but its still empty. She steps toward it.

**DAVID (O.S.)**

Can we play now?

Suddenly THE DOOR SLAMS behind her. Jane whirls around but there's no one there. She looks hysterical. She drops the pencil and tries the doorknob. Locked.

The tears start running down her cheeks, and she remembers the papers in her hand. She starts tearing them to pieces, throwing them as hard as she can around the room. They all float harmlessly to the ground.

Once the last of the papers has been torn, and her energy exhausted, Jane collapses to the ground. Too tired to cry, she lets out gasping breaths.

The front door opens.

**JOHN (O.S.)**

Jane? I'm home.

His footsteps can be heard in the hall.

**JOHN (CONT'D)**

Jane?

**INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

John walks down the hall. He passes David's room without a thought. He sees the door to Jane's study is open.

**JOHN**

What the...

He rushes to the room.

**INT. STUDY**

He takes in the damage. Books torn off the shelves litter the floor, the drawers are opened, cabinets open, the desk chair in the corner facing the wall...he can't believe what he's looking at. He turns and rushes back into the hallway, into their bedroom.

**INT. BEDROOM**

**JOHN**

Jane? Jane, where are you?

He rushes back to the bathroom, urgency rising.

**JOHN (CONT'D)**

Jane?!

He turns back and heads into...

**INT. HALLWAY**

He rushes down the hall toward the kitchen, but stops as he passes David's room. He looks at the door cautiously.

Hesitates.

He grabs the knob and turns. It opens without resistance.

**INT. DAVID'S ROOM**

Jane is curled in a ball on the floor. Around her are the shreds of the papers she mercilessly destroyed.

John stands in the doorway.

**JOHN**

Jesus...

He rushes to Jane's side. She's awake, but doesn't say anything as John kneels beside her and lifts her into his arms.

**JOHN (CONT'D)**

Jane...God Jane, are you okay?

Her head buried in his chest, her response is muffled.

**JANE**

He was here, John. I heard him.

John is at a loss. He just holds his wife close as they sit in silence.

**INT. DR. HALL'S OFFICE - WAITING ROOM - DAY**

Jane sits alone in the waiting room. She didn't sleep well last night, you can see it.

The muffled voices of John and Dr. Hall are heard offscreen. Jane tries to listen, but it's impossible to make out the words.

She clasps her hands between her knees and waits. Her eyes dart nervously around the room.

**INT. DR. HALL'S OFFICE**

Inside the office are Dr. Hall and John. Dr. Hall sits at his desk, away from his armchair, while John stands in front of him. His speech is rushed as he talks.

**JOHN**

And then I got home after work and I found her in that room. I must have missed something in her study, because she had a pencil.

**DR. HALL**

What did she write?

**JOHN**

I don't know. She was surrounded by torn up papers. It was impossible to even begin to try and piece it all together. It was all I could manage to get her out of the room. She wouldn't leave it.

**DR. HALL**

Did she say anything?

John takes a seat on the couch. This question really gets him.

**JOHN**

She just kept repeating that he was there. David. That he was there and that she heard him.

A long silence overtakes the room.

**JOHN (CONT'D)**

I just, I don't know what else to do. I tried to help with taking away her things. I want her to listen to you.

Dr. Hall adjust in his chair.

**DR. HALL**

If she wants to write she's going to write.

**JOHN**

What about other medications?

**DR. HALL**

It's too early to change her medications again. Plus, the MAOI that she's currently taking, phenelzine, doesn't really give us that option. It doesn't tolerate other medications well.

John stands back up. He needs an answer.

**JOHN**

There has to be something? Please. I can't let this keep happening to her.

Dr. Hall leans back in his chair, takes a deep breath.

**DR. HALL**

What are your finances like?

**JOHN**

My finances?

**DR. HALL**

Can you afford to rent a place for the summer?

**JOHN**

I...it'd be difficult, why?

**DR. HALL**

I think it would be good for Jane to be out of the house. Away from everything that is associated with David in that house. Especially his room.

**JOHN**

You want us to move?

Dr. Hall stands and walks to the window.

**DR. HALL**

A change in setting would be refreshing for her. I imagine she hasn't been out much the last couple of months.

**JOHN**

Well no, but I don't know that we can just up and move. I'd still have to work here. How far would we have to go?

**DR. HALL**

Far enough that if she looks outside she's not instantly reminded of home.

**JOHN**

I don't think...I don't know if I can do that.

John is lost in thought about the idea of having to move. Dr. Hall checks his watch.

**DR. HALL**

I'm sorry, John. I have another appointment.

**INT. CAR - A LITTLE LATER**

John is driving, Jane rides alongside him. They're on the freeway. They sit in silence.

They're both visibly unhappy. The tension is brutal. John adjust his grip on the steering wheel. Jane rests her head on the window. John turns on the radio. Jane turns it off. Finally...

**JOHN**

He wants us to move.

Not at all what Jane was expecting, and she doesn't like that idea at all.

**JANE**

Move? Where? When?

**JOHN**

He thinks a change in scenery would help.

**JANE**

For how long? I don't like it, John.

**JOHN**

It was just an idea, thats all.

**JANE**

Well if it's his idea, it must be the best, right? What do you think?

The car starts to accelerate.

**JOHN**

I don't know.

**JANE**

You don't know? John, you can't seriously be considering this! It's absolutely out of -

**JOHN**

I don't know! I don't know what to do anymore.

He's looking at her, forgetting about the road.

**JOHN (CONT'D)**

You don't listen to me, you don't  
listen to Dr. Hall, what the hell  
am I supposed to do then?

Jane looks forward.

**JANE**

John!

John snaps back to the road. He's DRIFTED OVER a lane and is  
about to HIT THE CAR next to him.

John SWERVES as the other car lays on the HORN. John settles  
back into his own lane.

A silence falls back over the two.

**INT. KITCHEN - LATER**

John enters the kitchen alone. He tosses his car keys on the  
counter as a door SLAMS O.S. He reacts slightly, and sighs.

On the counter next to his keys is a folded newspaper. He  
eyes it thoughtfully, and then picks it up.

Sitting at the kitchen table, he starts shifting through  
pages until he finds the classifieds.

He starts scanning the pages...

"3BR TOWNHOUSE FOR RENT", "2BR/1.5BA NWLY REMOD.", "SPACIOUS  
2BR, PVT. RENTAL".

He stops, and sets the paper down. He massages his temples.  
John folds the paper back up and leaves the kitchen.

**EXT. ELLEN HOME - NIGHT**

The house is dark save for a light by the front door. The  
street is quiet. Only a few street lights illuminate the  
scene.

**INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS**

John is sound asleep in bed. A car's headlights sneak  
through the closed blinds and creep across the walls and  
ceiling as the car passes the house.

**INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS**

Empty. Quiet. The paper sits on the table where John left it earlier that day.

**INT. STUDY - CONTINUOUS**

Jane, dressed in pajamas, stands at one of the bookshelves, carefully placing books back in their place.

The room is not nearly as devastated as it was earlier - she's been cleaning.

The last of the books back on the shelves, she closes some of the opened, empty drawers, neatly tucks the desk chair back in.

She stands for a moment, admiring her work.

A weak smile crawls over her face, but fades just as quickly as it appeared.

**INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER**

Jane quietly closes the study door behind her. She starts for her bedroom door, but hesitates. Instead, she starts for David's room.

She pauses at the door, exhales, and opens it.

**INT. DAVID'S ROOM**

The room is exactly as she left it. Torn papers litter the entire room.

She steps forward but freezes. She looks down and sees her pencil under her foot. She picks it up and looks at the broken tip, then places it on the table and proceeds to pick up the pieces of paper.

Jane is composed. She seems more sure of herself than we've seen her. Even now, in the late hours of the night in David's room.

She is on her knees, CRAWLING around the room as she picks up the shredded papers. Another car passes the house, and the lights creep across the walls. Jane looks up as the light enters the room, and she watches it move around the room.

Jane gathers the last bits of pieces of paper then stands and, remembering the pencil, leaves the room.

**INT. HALLWAY**

Jane stands outside David's door for a moment.

Quietly, she heads into...

**INT. KITCHEN**

She throws away the scrap paper, and after a moments hesitation, the pencil as well.

She turns to leave, but notices the newspaper, folded, still open to the classifieds on the kitchen table. She picks up the paper, and scans the page. She looks at it for a moment more, then leaves it on the table.

**INT. KITCHEN - MORNING**

John is going through the cupboards when Jane enters. He notices her.

**JOHN**

Morning, hun.

She goes to the coffee pot and pours herself a mug. She sits at the table and grabs the newspaper.

John notices her reading.

**JOHN (CONT'D)**

I was just looking. I know you don't want to.

Jane just sips her coffee.

**JANE**

Maybe we should.

John joins her at the table.

**JOHN**

We don't need to. It's easier if we just stay, anyway.

**JANE**

I had another dream.

John sets his mug down.

**JANE (CONT'D)**

Maybe a change of setting would be nice.

**JOHN**

But honey, yesterday you said...

**JANE**

I know, and today I think maybe it would help. I was in David's room again last night.

**JOHN**

And?

**JANE**

And I want to try this.

She's made up her mind. John smiles weakly.

**JOHN**

Okay. We'll find a place out of town, I can commute, and it'll be good for you.

She hands him the paper.

**JANE**

For both of us.