

From the full length play:

Night of the Macabre

By Tracy Wells (excerpt adapted from *The Yellow Wallpaper* by Mary E. Wilkins Freeman)

MARY, a young woman who has been kept away a room with a heavily patterned yellow wallpaper following the birth of her first child and the resulting post-partum depression; she now exhibits hallucinations and exhibits disturbing behavior.

MARY

The pattern...the shapes get clearer every day. I can see it now, especially when the moonlight hits it. There are things in the paper that nobody knows but me...and they never will.

(touches the wallpaper)

A woman...stooping down and creeping about behind the pattern.

(she shudders; perhaps the wallpaper moves a little or perhaps the shape of a woman emerges from behind the wallpaper)

I don't like it one bit. And I must find a way to get her out of there.

(excitedly)

The pattern *does* move! And no wonder...the woman trapped inside shakes it!

(laughs; perhaps the wallpaper shakes as MARY follows it around the room, holding out her candle)

She crawls around so fast. I can barely keep up with her. And all the time she is trying to climb through, but nobody could climb through that pattern—it strangles so.

(thinks)

I think that's why it has so many heads. They get through and then the patterns strangles them and turns them upside down and makes their eyes white!

(laughs again)

But she fools the pattern...the woman. She gets out in the daytime. I've seen her. I know its her because she's always creeping.

(mimics the "creeping" by crawling on her hands and knees a couple of feet on the floor)

And most women do not creep by daylight. I see her on the long, shaded lane, creeping up and down. I see her in those dark grape arbors, creeping all around the garden. I see her on that long road under the trees, creeping along and hiding under the blackberry vines.

(looks to where JOHN and JENNIE stood)

Our time in this house is drawing to a close. I must double my efforts to help the woman in the yellow wallpaper escape. But I must not alert the suspicions of my dear husband. He looks at so strangely as it is.

To read the rest of this play, please email tracywellsplaywright@gmail.com