

MOIRA

Madame, are you all right?

VIVIEN

It's my own fault. I... I read labels on everything, and then, when it really counted, I just... I just followed directions blindly. My doctor gave me a prescription last week for a drug for nausea, and... I just checked it on the Internet, and it says that it can cause fever and seizures and, um... vision changes. That's the only explanation.

MOIRA

For what, Madame?

VIVIEN

For all the crazy stuff that's been happening. And my doctor never even told me about the side effects.

MOIRA

Doctors are charlatans.

VIVIEN

My mind is playing tricks on me, Moira. I'm literally seeing things.

MOIRA

There, there, Madame. You just need a good cry. Sometimes it's the best possible thing.

VIVIEN

And everybody thinks I'm crazy. I know Ben does. I know it. And I've been too embarrassed to call Luke.

MOIRA

That's what men do. They make you think you're crazy so they can have their fun. Haven't you read *The Yellow Wallpaper* by Charlotte Perkins Gilman?

VIVIEN

No.

MOIRA

Her husband, a doctor, locks her away in the upstairs bedroom to recuperate from a slight hysterical tendency. Staring at the yellow wallpaper day after day... she begins to hallucinate that there are women trapped in the pattern. Half-mad, she scrapes off the wallpaper to set the women free. When her husband finally unlocks the door, he finds her circling the room, touching the wallpaper, whispering, "I finally got out of here." Since the beginning of time, men find excuses to lock women away. They make up diseases, like hysteria. Do you know where that word comes from?

VIVIEN
No.

MOIRA
The Greek word for uterus. In the second century, they thought it was caused by sexual deprivation. And the only possible cure was hysterical paroxysm. Orgasms. Doctors... would masturbate women in their office, and call it medicine.

VIVIEN
I had no idea.

MOIRA
It was a hundred years ago, but we're no better off today. Men are still inventing ways to drive women over the edge. Look at you and Mr. Harmon— cheating on you and leaving you here, pregnant with twins, alone, to care for your truant teenage daughter. Any woman would lose her mind. May I speak freely, Mrs. Harmon?

VIVIEN
Yes.

MOIRA
You are not crazy. And the strange things you are experiencing, I'm afraid it's not the drugs. I've never said this to any of my employers for fear of losing their trust or my job — but this house is possessed. Things break, disappear. Doors open for no reason. There are spirits here. Malevolent spirits. Mrs. Harmon, please hear me. You need to get out while you still can. I fear for you if you don't.