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The Hours

By David Hare

"Dearest, I feel certain
"that I am going mad again.
"I feel we can't go
"through another
of these terrible times,
"and I... shan't
"recover this time.
"I begin to hear voices,
and can't concentrate.
"So, I am doing
what seems to be
"the best thing to do.
"You have given me
"the greatest possible
happiness.
"You have been in every way
"all that anyone could be.
"I know
that I am spoiling your life,
"and without me,
you could work.
"And you will,
"I know.
"You see, I can't
even write this properly.
"What I want to say
is that I owe
"all the happiness
of my life to you.
"You have been entirely patient
with me...
"and
"incredibly good.
"Everything's gone
"from me but the certainty
"of your goodness.
"I can't go on
spoiling your life any longer.
"I don't think two people
could have been happier
"than we have been.
Virginia."
Good morning, Doctor.
Mr. Woolf.

No worse, I think.

I see.

The main thing is to keep her
where she is, and calm.

Friday, then.

Good morning, Leonard.

Good morning, Virginia.

How was your sleep?

Uneventful.

The headaches?

No. No headaches.

Doctor seemed pleased.

That's all from this morning?

Yes. This young man

has submitted his manuscript.

I've found three errors of fact

and two spelling mistakes,

and I'm not yet on page four.

Have you had breakfast?

Yes.

Liar.

Virginia, it's not

my insistence.

It's your own doctor's.

I'm going to send

Nelly up with some fruit

and a bun.

Right. Lunch, then.

Proper lunch,

husband and wife

sitting down together...

soup, pudding

and all.

By force if necessary.

Leonard, I believe

I may have a first sentence.

Work, then.

Then you must eat.

Mrs. Dalloway said...

she would buy the flowers...

herself.

"Mrs. Dalloway said

she would buy the flowers

herself."

Sally, I think I'll buy
the flowers myself.
What?
What flowers?
Oh, shit. I forgot.
You're never going
to be a big boy
if you don't eat
your breakfast.
You're going to be
the big brother.
It's a very important job.
Happy birthday.
- Morning, honey.
- Oh, Dan.
Roses on your own birthday.
You're too much.
Really.
He'll eat it
now that you're here.
It's your birthday.
You shouldn't be out
buying me flowers.
Well, you were still sleeping.
So?
Well, we decided
it would be better
if we let you sleep in
a little, didn't we?
Morning, bug.
You need to rest, Laura.
You're only four months away.
Dan, don't.
I'm fine.
I'm just tired.
I've been telling him
he's got to eat his breakfast.
That's true.
So, it's a beautiful day.
What are you two going
to be doing with it?
We've got our plans,
don't we?
What plans?

Hmm...

Well, it wouldn't
be much of a party,
would it, if I told you
every detail in advance?

Well, I better just stop
asking questions then, huh?

That the time?

I better get going.

Have a good day.

You, too.

Dan, happy birthday.

Oh, thank you.

You need to finish
your breakfast.

Oh, I'm going to make a cake.

That's what I'm going to do.

I'm going to make the cake
for Daddy's birthday.

Mommy, can I help?

Can I help make the cake?

Of course you can, sweet pea.

I'm not going to do
anything without you.

No, of course.

You have to come.

Of course.

Well, I always wanted you
and everybody involved
in the actual ceremony.

I don't know.

Around 60.

Well, it will.

It'll mean so much.

The whole occasion.

It's the least I can do
to have a nice dinner
and say thank you
to everybody.

You've done so much for him.

Oh, I take that as a yes.

He'll be thrilled.

Oh, my God.

I'm thrilled.

Oh, good.

What if nobody comes?

This is Clarissa Vaughan.

Yes, I am just confirming
that you're sending a car
to pick me up first.

Yeah.

- Hi, Clarissa.

- Hi, can't talk.

And then we're

going over to 679 Hudson,
which is at 9th and 14th.

Then you will take me uptown
and you will wait for us.

And it'll be over at seven.

Flowers!

What a beautiful morning.

Hi, Clarissa.

How are you?

I'm having a party.

My friend Richard's won
the Carruthers.

Well, that's just terrific...

if I knew what it was.

It's a poetry prize
for a life's work.

It's the most prestigious.

For a poet,

it's the best you can do.

Oh, very good.

So, what would you like?

The lilies are perfect.

No. Too morbid.

Hydrangeas, I think.

And, um...

Oh, oh, let's just have
buckets of roses.

And... I think I'm going
to take these with me.

Rodney?

Okay.

Thank you.

I actually tried
to read Richard's novel.

You did?
Oh, I know. It's not easy.
I know.
It did take him
ten years to write.
Maybe it just takes
another ten to read.
It's you, isn't it?
What is?
In the novel,
isn't it meant to be you?
Oh, I see.
Yeah.
Sort of.
I mean, in a way.
You know, Richard's a writer.
That's what he is.
He uses things
which actually happen.
Yeah.
And years ago,
he and I were students.
That's true.
But, you know,
then he changes things.
Oh, sure.
I don't mean in a bad way.
It's more like...
he makes them his own.
A woman's whole life...
in a single day,
just one day...
and in that day,
her whole life.
This is what we need.
Shortening...
Mrs. Dalloway, it's you.
Yes, it's me!
Oh... It's me.
Come in.
Richard,
it's a beautiful morning.
How about we let in
a little more light?

Is it still morning?
Yes, it is.
Have I died?
Good morning, my dear.
Any visitors?
Yes.
Are they still here?
No. They've gone.
Mm. How'd they look?
Today?
Sort of like black fire.
I mean, sort of light
and dark at the same time.
There was one a bit
like an electrified jellyfish.
They were singing.
May have been Greek.
So the ceremony is at 5:00.
Do you remember?
And then...
the party is right after.
They did bring you breakfast,
didn't they?
What a question. Of course.
Richard, you did eat it?
Well, can you see it?
Is it here?
Any breakfast lying around?
No, I don't see it.
Well, then I must have
eaten it, mustn't I?
I suppose.
Does it matter?
Of course, it matters.
You know what the doctors say.
Have you been skipping pills?
Clarissa, I can't take this.
Take what?
Having to be proud and brave
in front of everybody.
Oh. Honey, it's not
a performance.
Of course it is.
I got the prize

for my performance.

Well, that is
nonsense.

I got the prize for having AIDS
and going nuts
and being brave about it.

I actually got the prize
for having come through.

It's not true.

- For surviving, that's what
- It's not true.

I got the prize for.

Oh, you think they
would have given it to me
if I were healthy?

Yes, as a matter of fact, I do.

Is it here somewhere?

What?

The prize.

I'd like to look at it.

No, you haven't gotten it yet.

It's tonight.

Are you sure?

Um...

I remember
the ceremony perfectly.

I seem to have
fallen out of time.

Richard.

Richard...

it's a party,
and it's only a party.

Hmm? Populated entirely
by people who respect
and admire you.

A small party, is it?

A select party, is it?

Your friends.

I thought I lost all my friends.

I thought I drove
my friends crazy.

Jesus.

Oh, Mrs. Dalloway,
always giving parties

to cover the silence.
Richard...
You won't need to do anything.
All you have to do is appear,
sit on the sofa.
And I will be there.
This is a group of people
who want to tell you
your work is going to live.
Oh, is it?
Is my work going to live?
I can't go through with it,
Clarissa.
Oh... Why do you say that?
- I can't.
- Why?
Because I wanted
to be a writer, that's all.
So?
I wanted to write about it all.
Everything that happens
in a moment.
The way the flowers looked
when you carried them
in your arms.
This towel, how it... smells,
how it feels.
This thread.
All our feelings,
yours and mine.
The history of it,
who we once were.
Everything in the world.
Everything all mixed up...
like it's all mixed up now.
And I failed.
I failed.
No matter what you start with,
it ends up being so much less.
Sheer fucking pride...
and stupidity.
We want everything, don't we?
I suppose we do.
You kissed me on a beach.

Yeah.
Do you remember...
how many years ago?
Of course.
What did you want then?
Come closer.
I'm right here.
Come closer, would you, please?
Take my hand.
Would you be angry?
Would I be angry
if you didn't show up
at the party?
Would you be angry if I died?
If you died?
Who is this party for?
What do you mean, who's it for?
What are you asking?
What are you trying to say?
I'm not trying to say anything.
Mm.
I'm saying...
I think I'm only staying alive
to satisfy you.
Well...
so that is what we do.
That is what people do.
They stay alive for each other.
And the doctors told you,
you-you don't need to die.
They told you that.
You can... live
like this for years.
Well, exactly.
I don't accept this.
I don't accept what you say.
Oh.
And it's for you
to decide, is it?
How long have you been
doing that?
How many years?
Coming to the apartment.
What about your own life?

What about Sally?
Just wait till I die.
Then you'll have to think
of yourself.
How are you going to like that?
Richard...
it would be great
if you did come to the party,
if you felt
well enough to come.
Just to let you know,
I am making the crab thing.
Not that I imagine
it makes any difference to you.
Of course,
it makes a difference.
I love the crab thing.
Clarissa?
Yes?
I'll be back at 3:30,
and I'll help you
get dressed.
Wonderful.
Wonderful.
"It's on this day,
"this day of all days...
her fate becomes clear
to her."
Excuse me, Mrs. Woolf.
Mr. Woolf said I was to come
and speak with you.
I've nearly finished, Nelly.
You can tell me in the kitchen.
I'll be down very soon.
Hmm.
What happens is,
she says she wants something,
and then it turns out
she doesn't.
Well, she never does, does she?
She never wants anything.
Mm-hmm.
Especially when she's
particularly after it.

That's a sure sign.
I wish I'd been there.
I wish you had, too.
Did you give her that look?
That sort of look you do?
I said, "Madam..."
Yes, Nelly, tell me.
How can I help?
It's about lunch.
I just had
to go ahead on my own.
I understand.
You chose a pie?
I chose a lamb pie.
That seems suitable.
You being so busy
with your writing...
I had no instructions.
You do remember
that my sister is coming

at 4:

Yes, ma'am.
I hadn't forgotten.
China tea, I think.
And ginger.
Ginger, Madam?
I'd like
to give the children a treat.
We'd have to go to London
for ginger, Madam.
I haven't finished this,
and there's the rest
of lunch
to get ready.

The 12:

will get you
into London just after 1:00.
If you return on the 2:30,
you should be back in Richmond

soon after 3:

Do I miscalculate?

No.

Well, then, is something
detaining you, Nelly?

I can't think of anything
more exhilarating
than a trip to London.

- Good morning, Mrs. Woolf.

- Good morning.

We shall publish
no more new authors.

I have to tell you,
I've discovered ten errors
in the first proof.

Lucky to have found them then.

"Passiondale was a...

"charnel house
from which no min returned."

Do you think it's possible that
bad writing actually
attracts a higher
incidence of error?

If it's all right, I thought
I might take a short walk.

Not far?

No. Just for air.

Go then.

If I could walk midmorning,
I'd be a happy man.

She'll die.

She's going to die.

That's what's going to happen.

Huh.

That's it.

She'll kill herself.

She'll kill herself

over something

which doesn't seem to matter.

Let's think.

You grease the pan, Mommy.

I know you grease the pan,
sweet one.

Even Mommy knows that.

This is what we're going to do.

Flour...

bowl...
sifter.
Can I do it, Mommy?
Can you sift the flour?
Yes, you can sift the flour,
baby,
if that's what makes you happy.
Yeah.
Isn't it beautiful?
Don't you think
it looks like snow?
Hmm?
Okay.
Now, the next thing...
The next thing I'm going
to show you... uh, is...
we measure out the cups.
Mommy, it isn't that difficult.
Now, I know.
I know it isn't difficult.
It's just that I...
I just want to do this
for Daddy.
Because it's his birthday?
That's right.
We're baking the cake
to show him
that we love him.
Otherwise he won't know
we love him?
That's right.
I got all the stuff.
I'm going right out again.
My God, what a zoo!
Why do people have to talk
about dry cleaning?
I mean, what is there
to talk about?
I bought you some flowers.
Where are you?
In here.
I got someone at work
to cover me.
I'll be with you all night.

Are you all right?
Sure.
I guess you saw Richard.
That's right.
Well, of course.
I bet he said,
"Oh, by the way,
honey, do you mind?
Can I skip the party?"
Don't worry.
He always shows up.
Oh, sure.
In the end.
What, Richard miss an award?
A chance to talk about his work.
I don't think so.
He'll show up.
You did the seating.
I did.
I don't believe it...
Louis Waters.
Is Louis coming?
Richard's Louis?
He is.
You put him next to me.
Why do I always have
to sit next to the exes?
Is this some kind of a hint,
sweetheart?
And, anyway, shouldn't
the exes have a table
of their own,
where they can all ex together
in ex-quisite agony?
I'm off.
Try not to pass out
from excitement.
Clarissa...
it's going to be beautiful.
Thank you.
You're welcome.
Why is everything wrong?
It didn't work.
Damn it!

It didn't work.
Hey, Scott.
Hi, Mrs. Barlowe.
Mommy, Mommy, there's
someone at the door!
Hello?
Hello? Laura?
Hi, Kitty.
Hi. Am I interrupting?
Oh, of course not. Come in.
Are you all right?
Why, sure.
Hi, Richie.
Sit down.
I've got coffee on.
Um, would you like some?
Please.
Oh, look.
You made a cake.
I know.
Didn't work.
I thought it was going to work.
I thought
it would work better than that.
Oh, Laura, I don't understand
why you find it so difficult.
I don't know either.
Anyone can make a cake.
I know.
Everyone can.
It's ridiculously easy.
Like, I bet you didn't
even grease the pan.
I greased the pan.
All right.
You know, you have
other virtues... and
Dan loves you so much,
he won't even notice.
Whatever you do,
he's going to say
it's wonderful.
Well, it's true.
Does Ray have a birthday?

Sure he does.
When is it?
September.
We go to the country club.
We always go
to the country club.
We drink martinis and spend
the day with 50 people.
Ray's got a lot of friends.
He does.
You both have a lot of friends.
You're good at it.
How is Ray?
I haven't seen him in a while.
Ray's fine.
Mmm.
These guys are
something, aren't they?
You can say that again.
They came home from the war.
They deserved it, didn't they?
After what they'd
been through.
What... did they deserve?
I don't know.
Us, I guess.
All this.
Oh.
You're reading a book.
Yeah.
What's this one about?
Oh, it's about...
this woman who's incredibly...
Well, she's a hostess, and
she's incredibly confident,
and she's going to give a party,
and maybe because
she's confident,
everyone thinks she's fine...
but she isn't.
So.
Well.
Kitty, what is it?
Is something wrong?

I, uh... I have
to go into the hospital
for a couple of days.
Kitty.
Yeah. I have, um...
some kind of... growth,
in my uterus,
and they're going to go in
and take a look.
When?
This afternoon.
Well, I need you
to feed the dog.
Of course.
Is that what you
came here to ask?
What did the doctor
say exactly?
Well, it's probably
what the trouble's been.
About getting pregnant.
The thing is...
I mean, you know,
I've been...
really happy with Ray.
And now it turns out
there was a reason.
There was a reason
I couldn't conceive.
You're lucky, Laura.
I don't think you
can call yourself a woman
until you're a mother.
The joke is...
all my life
I could do everything.
I mean, I could
do anything, really.
Except the one thing I wanted.
Yes.
That's all.
Well, at least now they'll
be able to deal with it.
That's right.

That's what they're doing.
That's right.
Mm. I'm not worried.
What would be
the point of worrying?
No, it's not in your hands.
But that's it.
It's in the hands of some
physician I've never even met.
Some surgeon who probably
drinks more martinis
than Ray and...
Oh, Kitty.
I'm mean, of course I'm worried
about Ray.
Come here.
I'm doing fine.
Really.
I know. I know you are.
I'm more worried about Ray.
If anything,
he's not good with this stuff.
Forget about him, hmm?
Just forget about Ray.
You're sweet.
You know the routine, right?
Half a can
in the evening, and...
check the water now and then,
and Ray will feed
him in the morning.
Kitty, you didn't mind?
What?
I didn't mind what?
Do you want me to drive you?
I think I'll feel better
if I drive myself.
Kitty, it's going to be
all right.
Of course it is.
Bye.
What?
What do you want?
Mr. Woolf, Mrs. Bell

has arrived.

Not due till 4:

I can't help it.

She's here.

You look a perfect angel.

Don't let the boys

make fun of you.

Fly away, fly.

Virginia.

Leonard thinks it's

the end of civilization...

people who are invited

at 4:

Oh, God.

Barbarians.

Well, we finished lunch

sooner than we imagined.

I've had to send Nelly off

to London for sugar ginger.

Oh, Virginia.

You're not still frightened

of the servants, are you?

Come on.

And how are you, sister?

Frantic.

It's been ridiculous in London.

Ridiculous? How?

Busy.

Why is busy ridiculous?

I would have invited you

to our party,

but I knew you wouldn't come.

Did you?

How did you know that?

I thought

you never came to town.

That's because

you no longer ask me.

Are you not forbidden to come?

Do the doctors not forbid it?

Oh, the doctors.

Do you not pay heed

to your doctors?
Not when they're a bunch
of contemptible Victorians.
So... what are you saying?
Are you feeling better?
Has this vastness
made you stronger?
I'm saying, Vanessa, that even
crazy people like to be asked.
Nessa! Nessa!
Nessa! Nessa!
Hello, changelings.
What have you got?
What have you found?
We found a bird.
Did you?
Yes.
Where did you find that?
I think it must have
fallen from a tree.
Oh, my goodness.
Just look at him.
We might be able to save him.
Save him?
I think you have
to be careful, Quentin.
There's a time to die,
and it may be
the bird's time.
Come on, let's pick some grass
to make a grave.
- Oh, Julian.
- I'm just saying.
Then at least there'll be
a bed for him to die on.
Come on, Nessa,
let's make a grave.
Nessa, come on!
Oh...
Very well, I'm coming.
Wait for me then.
Angelica, will
you be all right?
Stay with your aunt.

You're going too fast.
Do you think she'd like roses?
Is it a she?
Yes, the females are larger.
And less colorful.
What happens when we die?
What happens?
We return to the place
that we came from.
I don't remember
where I came from.
Nor do I.
She looks very small.
Yes.
Yes, that's one
of the things that happens...
we look smaller.
But very peaceful.
Oh, is it done?
Have we finished?
Is the bird funeral complete?
Yes.
Very well, then.
Are we to be denied tea
altogether for coming so early?
No, of course not.
Good.
Come on, Angelica.
Come on, come on, boys.
Let's get some tea.
Nessa, tell him to stop it!
Now stop it, Julian.
Virginia, we're going in.
Virginia!
Hey, bug.
I've got this idea.
We're going
to make another cake.
We're going to make
a better one.
What happened
to the first one?
And after that...
I think we should go out.

Yes?

Clarissa, it's Louis.

Louis Waters.

Louis? Oh, my God.

You're early.

Do you mind?

Is it all right?

Oh, why should I mind?

I'm delighted!

Well, now!

I feel like I'm interrupting.

Oh, why?!

No.

I know the ceremony

isn't until 5:

but I flew in this morning.

Oh, well, Richard's

going to be thrilled.

He'll be thrilled

to see you.

You think so?

Of course.

What are we doing?

We should go in.

Are you all right?

Yes. It's nothing.

It's just the party.

Oh, right.

Oh, wow!

It's looking beautiful.

Thanks.

Are you still with...?

Yes, I am.

Still with her. Ten years.

It's crazy.

Why is it crazy?

No reason.

Would you like something
to drink?

Some water.

Okay.

Are you still an editor?

Oh, sure.

With the same publisher?

Mm-hmm.

How's San Francisco?

Oh, it's one of those cities
people tell you to like.

Richard said he thought
you were happy out there.

Oh, great.

So now the illness
makes him psychic.

You have to prepare
yourself, Louis.

He's very changed.

I read the book.

Oh, God...

Exactly.

I thought you were
meant to do more
than just change people's names.

Well...

Isn't it meant to be fiction?

He even had you living
on 10th Street.

It isn't me.

Isn't it?

You know how Richard is.

It's a fantasy.

A whole chapter on
"Should she buy
some nail polish?"

And then, guess what?

After 50 pages, she doesn't.

The whole thing seems to go on
for eternity.

Nothing happens.

And then, wham!

For no reason,
she kills herself.

His mother
kills herself.

Yeah, sure, his mother,
but still for no reason.

Well, I...

Out of the blue.

I know the book is tough,
but I liked it.
I know.
Only one thing upset me.
What's that?
What upset you?
Well...
that there wasn't more
about you.
That's kind.
I went back to Wellfleet.
You did?
One day.
I didn't tell you?
No.
But then, I never see you.
You remember the house.
It's still there.
I think you're courageous.
Courageous? Why?
To dare go visit.
What I mean is...
to face the fact
that we have lost
those feelings forever.
Shit!
Clarissa?
Um...
I don't know what's happening.
I'm sorry.
I seem to be in some strange
sort of mood.
I'm sorry.
It's, uh, it's very rude of me.
I seem to be unraveling.
I shouldn't have come.
No, it's not you.
It's not you.
It's more like having
a presentiment.
Do you know what I'm saying?
Oh, God,
it's probably just nerves
about the party, you know?

Bad hostess!
Clarissa, what's happened?
Jesus!
What is it?!
Oh! Oh, God!
Do you want me to go?
No, don't go! Don't...
Don't go.
Explain to me
why this is happening.
Don't... don't touch me.
Jesus.
It's better if you don't.
It's just too much.
You fly in from San Francisco,
and I've been nursing Richard
for years.
And all the time,
I've held myself together...
no problem.
I know.
One morning, in Wellfleet...
you were there,
we were all there...
I'd been sleeping with him,
and I was out
on the back porch.
He came out behind me,
and he put his hand
on my shoulder.
"Good morning, Mrs. Dalloway."
That's...
That's when...
From then on, I've...
been stuck.
Stuck?
Yep.
Yeah.
With the name, I mean.
And now you walk in.
To see you
walk in...
because I never see you.
Look at you.

Anyway, it doesn't matter.
It was you he stayed with.
It was you he lived with.
I had one summer.
The day I left him,
I got on a train
and made my way across Europe.
I felt free
for the first time in years.
So... tell me about
San Francisco.
What's to tell?
I still teach drama
to idiots, mostly.
They can't all be idiots.
No, no. In fact,
I shouldn't tell
you this, but...
I've fallen in love.
Really?
Yes.
With a student.
With a student.
Exactly.
I know.
You think,
Am I still up for this?
All this intensity,
all those arguments,
doors being slammed.
Well, you know what it's like.
Are you feeling better?
A little.
Thank you.
You think I'm ridiculous?
Ridiculous?
Fortunate, too.
I'm going to leave you
at Mrs. Latch's.
I have to do something.
Mommy, I don't want to go.
You have to. I'm sorry.
I have something to do
before Daddy gets home.

Hello.

Hi, Mrs. Latch.

My boy's not very happy.

Mommy, I don't want
to do this.

I have to go, honey.

Your mommy has things
she has to do.

Come in, I got cookies.

Okay, baby?

You have to be brave now.

Don't worry now.

It's going to be fine.

Well...

Honey!

Come on. Come on, darling.

Mommy!

- Stop it.

- No!

Darling, stop it.

Mommy!

- All right.

- Mommy!

Mommy!

Mommy!

Come on.

Mommy!

Mommy!

No!

Breakfast is served

between 7:

in the Regency Room,
and room service is available

Thank you, ma'am.

Is there anything else
you need?

Yes, um...

No.

Not to be disturbed.

"Did it matter, then? "

She asked herself,

"walking toward Bon Street.

"Did it matter that she must

inevitably cease completely?

"All this must go on

without her.

"Did she resent it?

"Or did it not become consoling

"to believe that death

ended absolutely?

"It is possible to die.

It is possible...

...to die."

There was a lovely coat

for Angelica at Harrod's,

then nothing for the boys.

It seems so unfair.

Why should Angelica

be favored?

Virginia?

Virginia?

Virginia!

What are you thinking about?

Are you still with us?

Your aunt's a very

lucky woman, Angelica...

because she has two lives.

She has the life

she's leading,

and also the book she's writing.

This makes her very

fortunate indeed.

What were you thinking about?

I was going to kill

my heroine...

but I've changed my mind.

I... I can't.

I fear I may have to kill

someone else instead.

Oh, Quentin!

We're ready!

A fascinating visit.

We enjoyed it thoroughly.

Do you have to go already?

I do wish you wouldn't go.

Oh, Virginia,

the last thing you want

is our noisiness.
My hopeless, clumsy boys.
Say good-bye, boys.
Bye!
You'll return to what?
Tonight?
Oh, just some...
insufferable dinner.
Not even you could
envy, Virginia.
But I do.
Say something, Nessa.
Didn't you think
I seemed better?
Yes...
Yes... Virginia,
you seemed better.
You think...
You think I may one day escape?
One day. One...
Nessa.
Nessa!
Come on, Nessa.
Come, Angelica, we must go.
Come on!
Good-bye.
Good-bye, little girl.
Angelica!
The train!
We're going to miss the train.
Come on. Hurry up.
Big step.
Come on, come on, come on!
I want to go home.
Yeah, all right.
We stayed too long,
we've missed the train.
Stay close.
I'm sorry, I know.
I tried to get here earlier.
I tried, okay? Don't start.
I know,
it's just incredibly important
because it's your party.

Julia, how have you been doing?

I'm fine.

Come here.

What have you been doing?

Well, studying, Mom.

Um...

So, what should I do? Chairs?

No. Let's clear off the desk first.

You can take it into the bedroom.

I bumped into Louis Waters.

Oh, you did?

Where?

In the street.

They're all here, aren't they?

All the ghosts.

All of the ghosts are assembling for the party.

He's so weird.

Oh, what?

You can't see that?

You can't see that

Louis Waters is weird?

I can see that he's sad.

Well... all your friends are sad.

You've been crying.

What's happening?

All it is,

I looked around this room, and I thought,

"I'm giving a party.

All I want to do is give a party."

And?

I know why he does it; he does it deliberately.

Oh, is this Richard?

Of course.

He did it this morning.

He gives me that look.

What look?

To say...

"Your life is... trivial.
You are so trivial."
Just...
daily stuff, you know.
Schedules and parties
and... details.
That's what he means... by it,
that is what he's saying.
Mom, it only matters
if you think it's true.
Well?
Do you? Tell me.
When I'm with him, I feel...
Yes, I am living.
And when I'm not with him...
Yes, everything does seem
sort of s...
...silly.
I don't mean with you.
Oh, I...
God. Jesus.
Never with you.
It's all the rest of it.
Sally?
The rest of it.
False comfort.
Because?
If you say to me,
"When were you happiest?"
Mom...
"Tell me the moment
you were happiest."
I know, I know,
it was years ago.
Yeah.
All you're saying is...
you were once young.
I remember one morning...
getting up at dawn,
there was such a sense
of possibility.
You know?
That feeling?
Hmm?

And I remember
thinking to myself,
"So, this is the
beginning of happiness.
"This is where it starts.
And, of course, there
will always be more."
It never occurred to me
it wasn't the beginning.
It was happiness.
It was the moment...
right then.
Ah, Nelly, good evening.
I was wondering
if you'd seen Mrs. Woolf.
I thought you knew, sir.
Mrs. Woolf has gone out.
Excuse me! Excuse me!
Mr. Woolf, what an
unexpected pleasure.
Perhaps you could tell me
exactly what you think
you're doing?
What I was doing?
I went to look for you,
and you weren't there.
You were working in the garden.
I didn't wish to disturb you.
You disturb me
when you disappear.
I didn't disappear.
I went for a walk.
A walk?!
Is that all?
Just a walk?
Virginia, we must go home now.
Nelly's cooking dinner.
She's already had
a very difficult day.
It's just our obligation
to eat Nelly's dinner.
There is no such
obligation.
No such obligation exists.

Virginia,
you have an obligation
to your own sanity.
I have endured this custody!
I have endured
this imprisonment.
Oh, Virginia!
I am attended by
doctors, everywhere.
I am attended by doctors
who inform me of
my own interests!
They know your interests.
They do not!
They do not speak
for my interests.
Virginia, I can...
I can see that it must be
hard for a woman of your...
- Of what? Of my what, exactly?
- Uh, your...
your talents to see
that she may not be
the best judge
of her own condition!
Who, then, is a better judge?
You have a history!
You have a history
of confinement.
We brought you to Richmond
because you have a history
of fits, moods, blackouts,
hearing voices.
We brought you here
to save you
from the irrevocable damage
you intended upon yourself.
You've tried to kill yourself
twice!
I live daily with that threat.
I set up the press...
we set up the printing press
not just for itself,
not just purely for itself,

but so that you might have
a ready source
of absorption and of remedy.
Like needlework?
It was done for you!
It was done for your betterment!
It was done out of love!
If I didn't know you better,
I'd call this ingratitude.
I am ungrateful?
You call me ungrateful?
My life has been stolen from me.
I'm living in a town
I have no wish to live in.
I'm living... a life
I have no wish to live.
How did this happen?
It is time for us
to move back to London.
I miss London.
I miss London life.
This is not you speaking,
Virginia.
This is an aspect
of your illness.
- It's not you.
- It is me. It is my voice.
It's not your voice.
It's mine and mine alone.
This is the voice
that you hear.
It is not! It is mine!
I'm dying in this town!
If you were thinking clearly,
Virginia,
you'd recall it was London
that brought you low.
If I were thinking clearly...
If I were thinking clearly...
We brought you to Richmond
to give you peace.
If I were thinking clearly,
Leonard,
I would tell you that I wrestle

alone in the dark,
in the deep dark,
and that only I can know,
only I can understand
my own condition.
You live with the threat...
you tell me...
you live with the threat
of my extinction.
Leonard, I live with it,
too.
This is my right.
It is the right
of every human being.
I choose not the suffocating
anesthetic of the suburbs,
but the violent jolt
of the capital.
That is my choice.
The meanest patient,
yes, even the very lowest
is allowed some say
in the matter of her own
prescription.
Thereby she defines
her humanity.
I wish, for your sake, Leonard,
I could be happy in this
quietness.
But if it is a choice between
Richmond and death,
I choose death.
Very well, London, then.
We'll go back to London.
You hungry?
I'm a little hungry myself.
Come along.
London train on platform one!
This is the London train
terminating at Vauxhall.
You cannot find peace
by avoiding life, Leonard.
This is the London train!
London train on platform one!

Mommy!
Mommy!
Hey. Hey, there, bug.
Hey, what's wrong?
Hi, Mrs. Latch.
Sorry I'm late.
He's fine.
He's been fine.
He's, he's just happy
to see you.
Aw, it couldn't have been
that bad, could it? Hmm?
So, you got it cut, then?
Oh, yes, yes. No problem.
Looks great.
Well, they didn't have
to do very much.
Well, we had a fine time
together.
Thank you very much.
So, that wasn't too bad, was it?
I wasn't gone too long.
No, you weren't long.
That's right.
At one point...
I don't know.
There was a moment where
I thought I might be longer.
But I changed my mind.
What is it, honey?
Mommy, I love you.
I love you, too, baby.
What's wrong?
What?
Don't worry, honey,
everything's fine.
We're going to have
a wonderful party,
and we've made your daddy
such a nice cake.
I love you, sweetheart.
You're my guy.
Mommy!
Mommy!

Richard, it's me. I'm early.
What the hell is going on?
Richard!
What are you doing here?
You're early!
Wha-What is going on here?
What are you doing?
L-I had this wonderful idea.
I needed some light.
I needed to let in some light!
Richard, what are you doing?
I had this fantastic notion.
I took the Xanax
and the Ritalin together.
It-it never occurred to me.
Richard...
Don't come near me!
It seemed to me I needed
to let in some light.
What do you think?
I cleared away all the windows.
All right, Richard,
do me one simple favor.
Come. Come sit.
I don't think I can make it
to the party, Clarissa.
You don't have to go
to the party.
You don't have to go
to the ceremony.
You don't have to do anything
you don't want to do.
You can do as you like.
But I still have to face
the hours, don't I?
I mean, the hours
after the party,
and the hours after that...
You do have good days still.
You know you do.
Not really.
I mean, it's kind of you
to say so, but it's...
I mean, it's kind of you

to say so, but it's...
not really true.
Are they here?
Who?
The voices.
Oh, the voices are always here.
And it's the voices that you're
hearing now, isn't it?
No, no, no, no.
Mrs. Dalloway, it's you.
I've stayed alive for you,
but now you have to let me go.
Richard, I...
No, wait, wait, wait, wait.
Wait.
Tell me a story.
What about?
Tell me a story from your day.
I, um...
I-I got up...
Yes?
...and I went out, and, uh,
I went to buy flowers,
Like Mrs. Dalloway,
in the book, you know?
Yes.
And it was a beautiful morning.
Was it?
Yes, it was so beautiful.
It was so fresh.
Oh, fresh, was it?
Yes.
Like a...
like a morning on the beach?
Yes.
Like that?
Yes.
Like that morning when you
walked out of that old house,
and you were, you were 18,
and maybe I was 19.
Yes.
I was 19 years old,
and I'd never seen

anything so beautiful.
You...
coming out of a glass door
in the early morning,
still sleepy.
Isn't it strange?
Most ordinary morning
in anybody's life.
I'm afraid I can't make it
to the party, Clarissa.
The party...
doesn't matter.
You've been so good to me,
Mrs. Dalloway.
I love you.
"I don't think two people
could've been happier
than we've been."
Oh, God, no!
Happy birthday.
Happy birthday, Dan.
This is perfect.
This is just perfect.
Oh, do you think so?
Do you really think so?
Why, sure.
You must've been
working all day.
Well, that's what
we were doing.
Weren't we, bug?
Been working all day.
This is just fantastic.
It's what I've always wanted.
Oh, Dan.
One day, Richie, I'll tell you.
I'll tell you
how it all happened.
Don't.
I want to.
I want to tell him the story.
What happened...
when I was in the war.
At war, I found myself

thinking about this girl
that I had seen...

I had never met her...

at high school,
this... strange,
fragile-looking girl
named Laura McGrath.

Yeah.

And she was shy...

and she was interesting.

And... well,

your mother won't mind if

I tell you this, Richie.

She was the sort of

girl that you see

sitting mostly on her own.

And I'll tell you...

sometimes, when I was

in the South Pacific,

the fact is

that I used to think

about this girl.

Dan.

I used to think

about bringing her to a house,

to a life.

Pretty much like this.

And it was the thought

of the happiness...

the thought of this woman,

the thought of this life...

that's what kept me going.

I had an idea of our happiness.

Why does someone have to die?

Leonard...

In your book,

you said someone had to die.

Hmm.

Why?

Is that a stupid question?

No.

I imagine my question is stupid.

Not at all.

Well?

Someone has to die
in order that the rest of us
should value life more.
It's contrast.
And who will die?
Tell me.
The poet will die.
The visionary.
What are you doing?
I'm brushing my teeth.
Are you coming to bed?
Yeah, in a minute.
Come to bed, Laura Brown.
I ran into Ray.
He said Kitty had to
go to the hospital.
I know.
Nothing serious.
He said just a checkup.
I'm terrified.
Why?
Only I knew
that she could disappear.
Maybe you could
go see her
in the morning, honey.
I was going to.
I was going to stop by.
I've had a wonderful day,
and I have you to thank.
Come to bed, honey.
I'm coming.
Are you coming?
Yes.
What?
I was hoping
you were going to bed.
I am.
I am going to bed.
What, then?
All else is clear.
The outline of the story
is planned,
now one thing only.

Mrs. Dalloway's destiny
must be resolved.
You're Laura Brown.
Yes, I'm Richard's mother.
Of course.
I'm Clarissa Vaughan.
Please come in.
My friend Sally
is in the kitchen,
and my daughter.
I'll take this.
We were having a party.
We were going to have a party.
I was lucky.
I got the last plane
from Toronto.
So, that's the monster.
Hope I did the right thing.
I found your number
in his phone book.
Yes, he had it.
We didn't speak often.
It's a terrible thing,
Miss Vaughan... to outlive
your whole family.
Richard's father died.
Yes, he-he died of cancer
quite young.
And Richard's sister is dead.
Obviously, you...
feel unworthy.
Gives you feelings
of unworthiness.
You survive and they don't.
Have you read the poems?
Oh, yes. Oh...
I also read the novel.
You see, uh, people say
the novel is difficult.
Uh... I know.
They say that.
I know.
He had me die in the novel.
L-l-I know why he did that.

It hurt, of course.
I can't pretend it didn't hurt,
but I...
I know why he did it.
You left Richard
when he was a child.
I left both my children.
I abandoned them.
They say it's the worst thing
a mother can do.
You have a daughter.
Yes...
But I never met Julia's father.
You so wanted a child.
That's right.
You're a lucky woman.
There are times
when you don't belong,
and you think you're going
to kill yourself.
Once, I went to a hotel.
Later that night, I made a plan.
The plan was
I would leave my family
when my second child was born...
and that's what I did.
I got up one morning,
made breakfast,
went to the bus stop,
got on a bus.
I'd left a note.
I got a job in a library
in Canada.
It would...
be wonderful to say
you regretted it.
It would be easy.
But what does it mean?
What does it mean to regret...
when you have no choice?
It's what you can bear.
There it is.
No one's going to forgive me.
It was death.

I chose life.
Time to take your coat off.
I thought you might like
a cup of tea.
Oh my goodness.
Thank you, dear.
I feel like I'm stealing
your room.
Um, we put the food away,
so, if you're at all hungry
in the night,
just help yourself.
Oh, I will.
Where will you sleep?
Oh, the sofa.
Oh, oh, I'm sorry.
Good night, sweetheart.
Good night.
"Dear Leonard,
"to look life in the face...
"always to look life
in the face,
"and to know it for what it is.
"At last, to know it,
"to love it for what it is,
"and then...
"to put it away.
"Leonard...
"always the years between us,
"always the years...
"always... the love...
"always...
the hours."