



**The Hours** (2002)

by David Hare

**Clarissa:** I think you're courageous. To dare go visit Wellfleet. What I mean is to face the fact that we have lost those feelings forever. Um, oh I don't know what's happening. I'm sorry, I seem to be in some strange sort of mood. It's, it's very rude of me. I seem to be unraveling. 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.

Jesus, oh God.... No don't go. 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 that time I've held myself together, no problem.

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..."

From then on I've been stuck. With the name I mean. And now you walk in. Anyway, it doesn't matter. It was you he stayed with, it was you he lived with. I had one summer.

Ridiculous? Do I think you're ridiculous? Fortunate too.