



The Hours (2002)

by David Hare

Richard: What are you doing here? You're early!

I had this wonderful idea. I needed some light. I needed to let in some light. I had this fantastic notion. I took a Xanax and a Ritalin together. It had never occurred to me.

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.

I don't think I can make it to the party, Clarissa. But I still have to face the hours, don't I? I mean the hours after the party, and the hours after that. Do I still have good days in front of me? Not really. It's kind of you to think, but it's not really true.

Mrs. Dalloway, it's you. I've stayed alive for you. But now you have to let me go. No, wait, wait, wait....

Tell me a story. Like that morning when you walked out of that old house. And you were eighteen, and maybe I was nineteen. I was nineteen years old and I had never seen anything so beautiful. You, coming out of a glass door early in the morning, still sleepy. Isn't it strange? The most ordinary morning in anybody's life.

I'm afraid I can't make it to the party, Clarissa. You've been so good to me, Mrs. Dalloway. I love you. I don't think two people could have been happier than we've been.

(Richard jumps out the window.)