

CLARISSA

Richard, it's me!

I'm early.

What the hell is

going on here?!

Richard!

RICHARD

What are you doing here?

You're early!

CLARISSA

What is going on...

...what are you doing?

RICHARD

I had this wonderful idea...

I needed some light!

I needed to let in some light!

CLARISSA

Richard, what are you doing?

RICHARD

I had this fantastic notion.
I combined my madness and my
magic to solve the riddle...
until finding the coincidences.

CLARISSA

Richard...

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.

CLARISSA

Allright, Richard, do me
one simple favor...
Come, come sit!

RICHARD

I don't think I can make
it to the party tonight.

CLARISSA

You don't have to go to the party...
you don't have to do anything
you don't wanna do.
You can do as you like!

RICHARD

But I still have to face
the hours, don't I?
I mean the hours after
the party...and the hours
after them.

CLARISSA

You do have good days still,
you know you do!

RICHARD

Not really.
It's kind of you to say so, but...
it's not really true.

CLARISSA

Are they here?

RICHARD

Who?

CLARISSA

The voices.

RICHARD

Oh, the voices are always here.

CLARISSA

And it's the voices
you're hearing now, isn't it?

RICHARD

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

CLARISSA

Richard ...I...

RICHARD

No, wait, wait, wait.

Tell me a story.

CLARISSA

What about?

RICHARD

Tell me a story from your day.

CLARISSA

I... I got up...

RICHARD

Yes?

CLARISSA

And...I went out...
and went to buy flowers...
like Mrs. Dalloway in
the book, you know.

RICHARD

Yes.

CLARISSA

And it was a beautiful morning...

RICHARD

Was it?

CLARISSA

Yes, it was so beautiful...

it was so fresh.

RICHARD

Oh, fresh, was it?

CLARISSA

Yes.

RICHARD

Like a...like a morning on a beach?

CLARISSA

Oh, yes.

RICHARD

Like that?

CLARISSA

Yes.

RICHARD

Like that morning...
when you walked out of that old
house and you were eighteen...
and maybe I was nineteen.

CLARISSA

Yes.

RICHARD

I was nineteen years old...
and I'd never seen anything
so beautiful.
You, coming out of the glass-door in the
early 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.

CLARISSA

The party...

doesn't matter.

RICHARD

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.