

INT. MRS. RAMSAY'S BEDROOM - EVENING

Mrs. Ramsay is wearing a formal black dress, sitting before a vanity, brushing her hair. From another part of the house, we can hear the sound of a clock chiming the hours. Mrs. Ramsay stops to listen to the first few strokes, realizing that is very late.

MRS. RAMSAY (V.O.)

Where could they be?...

She brushes more vigorously as her exasperation grows and the chimes continue to ring.

MRS. RAMSAY (V.O.)

How many times did I tell Andrew
to be back in time for dinner?

She stops, looking at the lines of worry on her face. As she strokes her face, her hair, she can't help but see that there are lines on her face, that her hair is beginning to gray, that she is not as young and beautiful as she used to be. There is a knock on the door.

MRS. RAMSAY

Come in.

Jasper and Rose enter the bedroom. They are already dressed for dinner.

JASPER

We've come to deliver a message.

MRS. RAMSAY

Let me guess—our expeditionary
party has returned!

ROSE

No, Mother. They're not back yet.

MRS. RAMSAY

This is most annoying! And now
here's Mr. Bankes all ready for
his dinner, and no Andrew, no
Nancy, no Paul, no Minta!

JASPER

That's why we came, Mother.
Mildred wants to know if she
should wait dinner.

MRS. RAMSAY

And spoil it completely? Not for
the Queen of England. Not for the

Empress of Morocco! No, you run and tell Mildred that we will not spoil her masterpiece for the sake of a few stragglers.

ROSE

Can I stay and help you pick your jewels? Please, say yes, Mother.

She nods and moves the jewelry case towards Rose.

MRS. RAMSAY

Jasper, can you deliver the message yourself?

JASPER

Oh, yes. But can I come back and help too?

MRS. RAMSAY

Of course you can, my dear.

Jasper runs out of the room, unintentionally slamming the door as he goes.

When he is gone, the room seems very quiet and solemn. Rose pores over the jewels in her mother's jewelry case, holding up one after another slowly, thoughtfully, as if weighing a very important decision.

ROSE

This is very beautiful...like amethyst teardrops. Did Father give it to you?

MRS. RAMSAY

No. That was given to me long before I met your father. I was just a young woman...about Prue's age.

ROSE

Who gave it to you?

MRS. RAMSAY

A young man that I was friends with then.

ROSE

He must have liked you a lot. Where is he now?

MRS. RAMSAY

I'm afraid he died many years ago.

ROSE

Do you still miss him?

Mrs. Ramsay stops brushing her hair and gazes off, as if recalling that time, so long ago.

MRS. RAMSAY

That...was another time. Come now,
let's choose another.

ROSE

Here. (Holding another necklace up
against the dress.) I like this
one best. It's like gold lace.

MRS. RAMSAY

You're absolutely right, Rose. You
may do the honors.

As Rose draws and fastens the necklace around her mother's neck, she gazes at her in the mirror over her shoulder.

ROSE

Will I ever be as beautiful as you
are?

Mrs. Ramsay turns and looks at her, taken aback for a moment by the unexpectedness of this simple devotion.

MRS. RAMSAY

(Hugging her.) Oh, Rose! Yes. Yes.
Ever so much more.

There is a knock on the door. Jasper pokes in his head.

JASPER

Mildred says that the soup will be
ready in five minutes.

MRS. RAMSAY

Well then, we should start down.
Jasper, you're just in time to
provide the escort. Now, is there
anything else I need? ...Yes, Rose,
my green shawl.

Rose runs over and picks out the green shawl for her mother from the dresser drawer. Mrs. Ramsay bends down and allows Rose to drape the shawl around her shoulders.

MRS. RAMSAY

I think we are ready. Rose, you
can take my handkerchief. Jasper,
you can take my arm.

They walk out in procession, Mrs. Ramsay on Jasper's arm,
and Rose following with her handkerchief.

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