

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 quite 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.