

*Performing Mrs Dalloway*¹

Characters

Clarissa Dalloway (Mrs Dalloway)

Peter Walsh

Sally Sutton (Lady Rosseter)

Richard Dalloway (Clarissa's husband)

Elizabeth Dalloway (Clarissa's daughter)

Doris Kilman (Miss Kilman, Elizabeth's history tutor)

Lucy (a servant)

Mrs Walker (Clarissa's Irish cook)

Septimus Warren Smith (a young shell-shocked WWI veteran)

Lucrezia Warren Smith (Reza, SWS's Italian wife)

Dr Holmes (SWS's doctor-

Sir William Bradshaw (SWS's psychiatrist)

Lady Bradshaw (Sir William's wife. Attends Clarissa's party and connects the 2 stories)

Voices (Chorus)

Prologue

Act 1 – The Party

Act 2 – The Notebook

Act 3 – On the Edge of the World

Epilogue

¹ This is the script that will be used for the UBM workshops with Oliver Borowski and the TILLIT 2018 performance. It has been compiled by JR Lapaire. As students of English literature know, Woolf's novel is a seamless flow of text. The division into three « acts » restores a sense of clarity and concision for the audience. It is important to note that the narrative sequence has been slightly altered in the « creative rewriting » process: in the present stage adaptation, the story *opens* with the party scene, whereas the novel *postpones* it until the end. But as the notes attest, the lines and stage directions are faithful to the letter and spirit of Woolf's novel. Compression: **4229 words** (against 64.076) = **6,6 %**.

Prologue²

LUCY (SERVANT): Mrs Dalloway said she would buy the flowers herself.³

CLARISSA DALLOWAY [*Standing there at the open window*]⁴: What a morning! What a lark!
... What a plunge!⁵

[*(Bodies) rising, falling, standing and looking. Like the flap of a wave, the kiss of a wave.*⁶ A pause, a hush. *Big Ben strikes the hour, irrevocable*]⁷

VOICE: Westminster in the middle of June.

VOICE: The War is over.⁸

VOICE: Messages passing from the Fleet to the Admiralty.

VOICE: The cabs, the people, and the parks.

VOICE: The ebb and flow of things.⁹

LUCY (SERVANT) [*Coming into the drawing-room with her tray held out*]: Mrs Richard Dalloway is giving a party tonight. [*Putting the candlesticks on the mantelpiece, as if she were Lady Angela attending Princess Mary*]¹⁰ She will stand at the top of the staircase¹¹ [*Imitating the mincing tones of Clarissa's guests*]¹² They will come, they will talk¹³ – the fine ladies and the smoking gentlemen!

MRS DALLOWAY: Oh, Lucy, the silver does look nice!¹⁴

[*Front-door bell rings*]

PETER WALSH [*Running upstairs quickly*]: Mrs Dalloway will see me. Oh, yes, she will see me!¹⁵ [*Door opens and Peter walks in. Takes both Clarissa's hands and kisses them.*]
Clarissa!

CLARISSA DALLOWAY: That voice! Peter! Peter Walsh! After all these years!¹⁶

² London, June 1919. Introducing the two central characters, who share the same urban space but inhabit separate social and mental worlds: Clarissa Dalloway and Septimus Warren Smith.

³ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013 : 1

⁴ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013 : 1

⁵ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013 : 1

⁶ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013 : 1

⁷ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013 : 3.

⁸ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 1

⁹ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 6-7 "all this; the cabs passing (...) what she loved was this, here, now, in front of her (...) somehow in the streets of London, on the ebb and flow of things, here, there, she survived."

¹⁰ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 34. "And Lucy, coming into the drawing-room with her tray held out, put the giant candlesticks on the mantelpiece, the silver casket in the middle, turned the crystal dolphin towards the clock (...) Of all, her mistress was loveliest – mistress of silver, of linen, of china (...) Behold! She said, speaking to her old friends in the baker's shop (...) She was Lady Angela, attending Princess Mary, when in came Mrs Dalloway."

¹¹ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 5. The words are not actually spoken by Lucy in the original text. They refer to Peter Walsh's prediction, when they were young, that Clarissa would marry into society and entertain: "How they argued! She would marry a Prime Minister and stand at the top of a staircase; the perfect hostess he called her (she had cried over it in her bedroom), she had the makings of the perfect hostess, he said."

¹² Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 34 "They would come; they would stand; they would talk in the mincing tones which she could imitate, ladies and gentleman."

¹³ Affectedly, elegantly.

¹⁴ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 34.

¹⁵ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 36.

PETER WALSH [*Looking around*]: What's all this?¹⁷ [*Seizing her by the shoulders*] Tell me, are you happy Clarissa?"¹⁸

CLARISSA DALLOWAY [*Door opens*]: Here's my Elizabeth.¹⁹

ELIZABETH: How d'y do?²⁰

PETER WALSH: Hullo, Elizabeth!²¹

CLARISSA DALLOWAY [*Leads Peter gently out on to the landing*]: I'm giving a party tonight.²² We will talk later.²³ [*Then raising her voice against the roar of the open air*] Remember my party tonight!²⁴

[*Clarissa crosses to the window and watches Peter go.*]
[*Septimus stands by another large Bloomsbury window*]²⁵

SEPTIMUS WARREN SMITH [*Feels he is standing on a cliff, with the gulls screaming over him*]²⁶: Evans, Evans was killed!²⁷ [*Seeing things*]²⁸ There in the trenches! Just before the Armistice! [*Raising his hand like some colossal figure- the giant mourner - then pressing his hands to his forehead, furrows of despair on his cheeks, seeing legions of men prostrate*] The mud. The wound. I must tell the whole world!²⁹

LUCREZIA WARREN SMITH (REZA): Every one has friends who were killed in the War!³⁰

SEPTIMUS [*Drawing out his words, in an immense effort to speak out*] No crime; love!³¹ Evans! [*Waving his hands, crying out*]³² I will kill myself!³³

¹⁶ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 160. Originally "That voice! It was Sally Seton. Sally Seton! After all these years!"

¹⁷ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 36.

¹⁸ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 43.

¹⁹ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 43.

²⁰ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 43.

²¹ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 43.

²² Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 43.

²³ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 167.

²⁴ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 43.

²⁵ Clarissa and Septimus are the central characters in the novel. Their stories stay unconnected until Clarissa learns about Septimus Warren Smith's death through one of her party guests, Lady Bradshaw. Yet, a few spatial elements unite both characters : the streets and parks of London, as well as the windows that they stand by or look through.

²⁶ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 139 and 131.

²⁷ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 80

²⁸ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 61

²⁹ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 64 "A man in grey was actually walking towards him. It was Evans! But no mud was on him; no wounds; he was not changed. I must tell the whole world, Septimus cried (...) raising his hand like some colossal figure who had lamented the fate of man for ages in the desert alone with his hands pressed to his forehead, furrows of despair on his cheeks, and now sees the light on the desert's edge (...) with legions of men prostrate behind him he, the giant mourner, receives for one moment on his face the whole - "

³⁰ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 60

³¹ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 62 "The supreme secret must be told to the Cabinet; first, that trees are alive; next there is no crime; next, love, universal love, he muttered, grasping, trembling, painfully drawing out those painful truths which needed, so deep were they, so difficult, an immense effort to speak out, but the world was entirely hanged by them for ever. No crime; love; he repeated."

³² Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 131 "Lately he had become excited suddenly for no reason (and both Dr. Holmes and Sir William Bradshaw said excitement was the worst thing for him), and waved his hands and cried out that he knew

CLARISSA DALLOWAY [*Parts the curtains and looks.*³⁴ *Waving at Peter in the street*]
Remember my party! Remember!³⁵

the truth! He knew everything! That man, his friend who was killed, Evans, had come, he said. He was singing behind the screen."

³³ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 13 "Septimus had said, 'I will kill myself'; an awful thing to say."

³⁴ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 174.

³⁵ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 44. "Remember my party, remember my party, said Peter Walsh as he stepped down the street, speaking to himself rhythmically."

Act 1 – The Party

[At the Stores. The woman and the girl are having tea. Miss Kilman is eating with intensity a plate of sugared cakes]³⁶

MISS KILMAN: Are you going to the party tonight, Elizabeth?³⁷

ELIZABETH DALLOWAY: I suppose so. Mother wants me to.³⁸

MISS KILMAN: You mustn't let your mother's parties *absorb* you!³⁹

[Inside her Westminster home. Evening dresses hung in the cupboard. Clarissa Dalloway plunges her hand into the softness, gently detaches a dress and carries it to the window.]⁴⁰

CLARISSA DALLOWAY: I will wear this dress tonight.⁴¹

VOICE: Mrs Dalloway has just broken into her fifty-second year.⁴²

VOICE: She feels very young; at the same time unspeakably aged.

VOICE: She knows nothing; no language, no history.

VOICE: Her only gift is knowing people.⁴³

[Servants walk across the room with trays held out]

MRS WALKER⁴⁴: The plates and the saucepans!⁴⁵ The soup and the salmon!⁴⁶ The salmon is always underdone!⁴⁷

VOICE: What is the sense of Clarissa Dalloway's parties?⁴⁸

VOICE: She has always been fond of society.⁴⁹

VOICE: They say the Prime Minister is coming.⁵⁰

³⁶ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 121 "They must have their tea. Elizabeth rather wondered whether Miss Kilman could be hungry. It was her way of eating, eating with intensity, then looking, again and again, at the plate of sugared cakes on the table next them; then, when a lady and a child sat down and the child took the cake, could Miss Kilman really mind it? Yes, Miss Kilman did mind it. She had wanted that cake- the pink one. The pleasure of eating was almost the only pure pleasure left her."

³⁷ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 123 "'Are you going to the party tonight?' Miss Kilman said. Elizabeth supposed she was going; her mother wanted her to go."

³⁸ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 123 "Elizabeth supposed she was going; her mother wanted her to go. She mustn't let parties absorb her, Miss Kilman said, fingering the last two inches of a chocolate éclair. She did not much like parties, Elizabeth said (...) 'I never go to parties,' said Miss Kilman, just to keep Elizabeth from going. 'People don't ask me to parties (...) Why should they ask me? I'm plain, I'm unhappy'"

³⁹ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 123 "She must not let parties absorb her, Miss Kilman said."

⁴⁰ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 33

⁴¹ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 33

⁴² Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 32-33.

⁴³ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 6.

⁴⁴ Mrs Dalloway's Irish cook.

⁴⁵ 'sɔ:spən

⁴⁶ 'sæmən

⁴⁷ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 155.

⁴⁸ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 113 "But suppose Peter said to her, 'Yes, yes, but your parties – what's the sense of your parties?'"

⁴⁹ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 167.

MISS KILMAN [*Standing in a corner*]: I never go to parties. People don't ask me to parties. Why should they ask me?⁵¹

VOICE: The plain and unhappy Doris Kilman.⁵²

VOICE: Elizabeth's history tutor.

VOICE: Loves the girl but despises Mrs Dalloway from the bottom of her heart!⁵³

VOICE: Ugly and clumsy, bitter and burning with fleshly desires!⁵⁴

VOICE: The frightfully clever Miss Kilman,⁵⁵ with her strong, violent grudge against the world!⁵⁶

MISS KILMAN [*Muttering*]: It is the flesh, it is the flesh!⁵⁷ God help me!

CLARISSA DALLOWAY [*Speaking to herself*]: Oh dear, it is going to be a complete failure. Why am I doing these things? Why?⁵⁸

[*A ring at the bell*]

CLARISSA DALLOWAY : Heavens, the front-door bell!⁵⁹

[*Guests start to come. Servants busy themselves running up and down the stairs, bringing in trays of glasses, smoothing covers, straightening chairs, etc.*]⁶⁰

CLARISSA DALLOWAY [*At the top of her stairs, greets all her guests with the same words*⁶¹]: How delightful to see you!⁶²

VOICE: Clarissa Dalloway - a real hostess with perfect manners.⁶³

VOICE: She is at her worst - effusive,⁶⁴ insincere. ⁶⁵

VOICE: She slices like a knife through everything!

VOICE: At the same time, she has a sense of being out, out, far out to sea and alone. ⁶⁶

⁵⁰ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 154. "The Prime Minister was coming, Agnes said: so she had heard them say in the dining-room, she said, coming in with a tray of glasses. Did it matter, did it matter in the least, one Prime Minister more or less?"

⁵¹ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 123 "'I never go to parties,' said Miss Kilman, just to keep Elizabeth from going. 'People don't ask me to parties.' (...) She had suffered horribly. 'Why should they ask me?' she said 'I'm plain, I'm unhappy.' She knew it was idiotic."

⁵² Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 123 'I'm plain, I'm unhappy.'

⁵³ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 120 "She despised Mrs. Dalloway from the bottom of her heart." (See also p. 116).

⁵⁴ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 120

⁵⁵ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 122 "Mrs Kilman swelled and looked very plain, but Mrs Kilman was frightfully clever."

⁵⁶ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 120.

⁵⁷ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 120. "It is the flesh, it is the flesh," she muttered (...) She prayed to God.

⁵⁸ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 157

⁵⁹ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 35.

⁶⁰ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 154-55.

⁶¹ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 160 "She couldn't help feeling that she had, anyhow, made this happen, that it marked a stage, this post that she felt herself to have become, for oddly enough she had quite forgotten what she looked like, but felt herself a take driven in at the top of her stairs."

⁶² Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 156

⁶³ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 56 "Clarissa came up, with her perfect manners, like a real hostess"

⁶⁴ i'fju:siv

⁶⁵ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 156

RICHARD DALLOWAY [*Goes to Clarissa and holds her hand. Can't say anything but holds her hand. 'Happiness is this, is this, he thinks'*]⁶⁷ [*Then, in a whisper*] It is going to be all right!

VOICE: Look! There's Richard Dalloway.

VOICE: Loves his wife, and loves his daughter.

VOICE: Loves dogs and horses, loves to be out of doors.⁶⁸

VOICE: Simple by nature⁶⁹ - a second-class brain!⁷⁰

VOICE: A good sort - but a bit thick in the head.⁷¹

VOICE: Spends his time at committees!⁷²

VOICE: A life wasted on politics!⁷³

[*The dining room. People start to wander aimlessly around or stand in bunches*]⁷⁴

MRS DALLOWAY: It has begun! It has started!⁷⁵ This party is an offering - an offering for the sake of offering.⁷⁶ **This is my gift to the world.**

ELIZABETH DALLOWAY [*In a pink dress, her hair done in the fashionable way. Very handsome. Can't be more than seventeen.*]⁷⁷ *Stands quite still, very stately, very serene, holding herself straight, looking at her mother*] ⁷⁸ [*To herself*] She has never been so happy.⁷⁹

RICHARD DALLOWAY [*Turns round and looks at his daughter*] Who is that lovely girl? Can this be my Elizabeth?⁸⁰ You look quite lovely.⁸¹

⁶⁶ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 6 "She sliced like a knife through everything; at the same time was outside, looking on. She had a perpetual sense, as she watched the taxi cabs, of being out, out, far out to sea and alone; she always had the feeling that it was very, very dangerous to live even one day."

⁶⁷ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 111. "He could not tell he loved her. He held her hand. Happiness is this, he thought."

⁶⁸ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 69. "Whatever he took up he did in the same matter-of-fact sensible way; without a touch of imagination, without a spark of brilliancy; but with the inexplicable niceness of his time. He ought to have been a country gentleman - he was wasted on politics. He was at his best out of doors, with horses and dogs."

⁶⁹ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 107.

⁷⁰ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 112 "Sally Setton saying that Richard would never be in the Cabinet because he had a second-class brain."

⁷¹ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 69.

⁷² Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 37. "Richard is at a Committee, said Clarissa."

⁷³ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 69.

⁷⁴ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 157.

⁷⁵ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 159 "So it wasn't a failure after all! It was going to be alright now - her party. It had begun, it had started."

⁷⁶ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 114-15 "But suppose Peter said to her, 'Yes, yes, but your parties - what's the sense of your parties? All she could say was (and nobody could be expected to understand): They're an offering; which sounded horribly vague (...) It was an offering; to combine, to create; but to whom? An offering for the sake of offering, perhaps. Anyhow, it was her gift."

⁷⁷ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 158. "Wasn't that Elizabeth, grown up, with her hair done in the fashionable way, in the pink dress? Yet she could not be more than seventeen. She was very, very handsome."

⁷⁸ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 114, 126.

⁷⁹ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 173 "Odd, incredible; she had never been so happy. Nothing could be slow enough; nothing last too long." In the original text, the feeling is directly experienced by Clarissa Dalloway.

⁸⁰ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 181 "For her father had been looking at her, as he stood talking to the Bradshaws, and he had thought to himself, Who is that lovely girl? And suddenly he realized it was his Elizabeth, and he had not recognized her."

⁸¹ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 155. "Over her shoulder Lucy reported how Miss Elizabeth looked quite lovely; she couldn't take her eyes off her; in her pink dress, wearing the necklace Mr Dalloway had given her."

PETER WALSH: [*To himself*] I should have stayed at home.⁸² What is the sense of these parties, anyway?⁸³ Lunching, dining, talking nonsense! ⁸⁴ The tragedy of married life! ⁸⁵ [*Catches sight of Richard Dalloway*] Hullo, Richard. I am delighted to see you! [*They walk off together right across the room, giving each other little pats, as if they hadn't met for a long time*]⁸⁶

VOICE: After five years in India, Peter Walsh is back.⁸⁷

VOICE: He's enchanting, perfectly enchanting!⁸⁸

VOICE: In love again, with some younger woman of course.⁸⁹

VOICE: The wife of a Major in the Indian Army, what a folly!⁹⁰

SALLY SETTON [*Rushes in*]: Clarissa!

MRS DALLOWAY: Sally! Sally Seton! After all these years!

[*Now all on top of each other, kissing each other, laughing, words tumbled out*].

SALLY SETON: Just passing through London. Heard you were giving a party! I couldn't *not* come!⁹¹ So I came – without an invitation!⁹²

MRS DALLOWAY: I can't believe it! Sally Sutton!

SALLY SETON: Lady Rosseter! I have *five enormous boys*!⁹³ And ten thousand a year!⁹⁴

VOICE: Clarissa and Sally have always been *friends*, not acquaintances.⁹⁵

VOICE: In the old days at Bourton, they would sit up all night talking.⁹⁶

VOICE: The wild, the daring, the romantic Sally!⁹⁷

VOICE: She would paint, she would write.

VOICE: Her warmth! Here vitality! Everybody just adored her!⁹⁸

⁸² Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 156

⁸³ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 113

⁸⁴ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 72

⁸⁵ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 71.

⁸⁶ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 159.

⁸⁷ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 36. "Mrs Dalloway will see me," said the elderly man in the hall. "Oh yes, she will see *me*," he repeated, putting Lucy aside very benevolently, and running upstairs ever so quickly. "Yes, yes, yes," he muttered as he ran upstairs. "She will see me. After five years in India, Clarissa will see me."

⁸⁸ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 37.

⁸⁹ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 41.

⁹⁰ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 66.

⁹¹ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 178. "When I heard Clarissa was giving a party, I felt I couldn't *not* come – must see her again (and I'm staying in Victoria Street, practically next door). So I just came without an invitation."

⁹² Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 160.

⁹³ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 161.

⁹⁴ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 176. "They have myriads of servants, miles of conservatories, Clarissa wrote. Sally owned it with a shout of laughter. Yes, I have ten thousand a year – whether before tax was paid or after, for her husband, whom you must meet, she said, whom you would like, she said, did all that for her."

⁹⁵ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 177. "What Sally felt was simply this. She had owed Clarissa an enormous amount. They had been friends, not acquaintances, friends."

⁹⁶ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 29.

⁹⁷ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 29.

⁹⁸ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 170. "But everybody adored her (except perhaps Papa). It was her warmth; her vitality – she would paint, she would write. Old women in the village never to this day forgot to ask after 'your friend in the red cloak who seemed so bright.'"

VOICE: Sally's charm was overpowering.⁹⁹

VOICE: She's still very attractive.¹⁰⁰

VOICE: Once she picked a flower and kissed Clarissa on the lips.

VOICE: Then the whole world turned upside down!¹⁰¹

VOICE: What was this except being in love?¹⁰²

SALLY SETON: Oh, Clarissa!¹⁰³ [*The two move to a corner of the room*]

PETER WALSH: The Prime Minister! [*Looks quite ordinary but tries to look somebody. Goes his rounds with Richard escorting him. Nobody looks at him. Everyone goes on talking*]¹⁰⁴
[*Talking to himself*] Lord, the snobbery of the English!¹⁰⁵

VOICE: Early in the nineties, Peter was passionately in love with Clarissa!¹⁰⁶

VOICE: He asked impossible things. He made terrible scenes.¹⁰⁷

VOICE: It had to be finished one way or the other.¹⁰⁸

VOICE: Thank Heaven Clarissa refused to marry him.

VOICE: "Clarissa!" he cried. "Clarissa!" But she never came back.¹⁰⁹

MRS DALLOWAY: Lady Bradshaw!

LADY BRADSHAW: We are shockingly late, dear Mrs Dalloway.¹¹⁰ [*Sinking her voice*] Sir William, my husband was called up on the telephone. A very sad case. A young man has killed himself. He had been in the army."¹¹¹

⁹⁹ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 30. "Sally's power was amazing, her gift, her personality (...) The charm was overpowering."

¹⁰⁰ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 176 "She was still attractive, still a personage."

¹⁰¹ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 31-32 "Then came the most exquisite moment of her whole life passing a stone urn with flowers in it. Sally stopped; picked a flower; kissed her on the lips. The whole world might have turned upside down! The others disappeared; there she was alone with Sally. And she felt she had been given a present, wrapped up, and told just to keep it, not to look at it – a diamond, something infinitely precious."

¹⁰² Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 29. "But this question of love (she thought putting her coat away), this falling in love with women. Take Sally Seton; her relation in the old days with Sally Seton. Had not that, after all, been love?" See also p. 31 "But nothing is so strange when one is in love (and what was this except being in love?)."

¹⁰³ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 176.

¹⁰⁴ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 161. "The Prime Minister," said Peter Walsh. The Prime Minister? Was it really? (...) One couldn't laugh at him. He looked so ordinary. You might have stood him behind a counter and bought biscuits – poor chap, all rigged up in gold lace. And to be fair, as he went his rounds, first with Clarissa, then with Richard escorting him, he did it very well. He tried to look somebody. It was amusing to watch. Nobody looked at him. They just went on talking, yet it was perfectly plain that they all knew, felt to the marrow of their bones, this majesty passing; this symbol of what they all stood for, English society."

¹⁰⁵ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 161. "The Prime Minister," said Peter Walsh. The Prime Minister? Was it really? (...) One couldn't laugh at him. He looked so ordinary. You might have stood him behind a counter and bought biscuits – poor chap, all rigged up in gold lace. And to be fair, as he went his rounds, first with Clarissa, then with Richard escorting him, he did it very well. He tried to look somebody. It was amusing to watch. Nobody looked at him. They just went on talking, yet it was perfectly plain that they all knew, felt to the marrow of their bones, this majesty passing; this symbol of what they all stood for, English society."

¹⁰⁶ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 54. "It was at Bourton that summer, early in the 'nineties, when he was so passionately in love with Clarissa. There were a great many people there, laughing and talking, sitting round a table after tea."

¹⁰⁷ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 58. "His demands upon Clarissa (he could see it now) were absurd. He asked impossible things. He made terrible scenes. She would have accepted him still, perhaps, if he had been less absurd. Sally thought so."

¹⁰⁸ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 58-59. "It's got to be finished one way or the other (...) It's no use. It's no use. This is the end."

¹⁰⁹ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 59..

VOICE: Here's death in the middle of Clarissa's party.¹¹²
 VOICE: Septimus Warren Smith is the young man's name.
 VOICE: He has just thrown himself from a window.
 VOICE: The thud, the rusty spikes - a suffocation of blackness.
 VOICE: Why did he do it?

[The noise and the movements made by people reach a climax then freeze almost completely.]

MRS DALLOWAY *[Walks in a daze, as if a stranger to her own party.]* He has escaped.¹¹³ Are we not all prisoners?¹¹⁴

VOICE: She feels like the young man who has killed himself.
 VOICE: She feels glad he has done it.¹¹⁵
 VOICE: She feels it is very, very dangerous to live even one day.¹¹⁶
 VOICE: This life, to be lived to the end – an awful fear.¹¹⁷
 VOICE: Death is defiance. Death is an attempt to communicate.¹¹⁸
 VOICE: **There she is, forced to stand in her evening dress...**¹¹⁹
 VOICE: **... when a young man, holding his treasure, sinks and disappears in this profound darkness.**¹²⁰

[The guests now seem to be fighting against the pull of gravity, while making their way to the cloak room to fetch their cloaks.¹²¹ They are drawn to the ground and must now make a conscious effort to move and lift their bodies around, very slowly]

MRS DALLOWAY *[Somehow it is her disaster. Odd, incredible, she has never been so happy]*¹²²
 What an extraordinary night!¹²³

¹¹⁰ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 171.

¹¹¹ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 172.

¹¹² Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 172. "Oh! thought Clarissa, in the middle of my party, here's death. (...) What business had the Bradshaws to talk of death at her party – the Bradshaws talked of death. He had killed himself-but how? Always her body went through it first, when she was told, suddenly, of an accident; her dress flamed, her body burnt. He had thrown himself from a window. Up had flashed the ground; through him, blundering, bruising, went the rusty spikes. There he lay with a thud, thud, thud in his brain, and then a suffocation of blackness. So she saw it. But why had he done it?"

¹¹³ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 173. Originally said of Clarissa: "She has escaped. But that young man had killed himself!"

¹¹⁴ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 180.

¹¹⁵ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 174. "She felt somehow very like him – the young man who had killed himself. She felt glad that he had done it; thrown it away while they went on living."

¹¹⁶ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 6 "She always had the feeling that it was very dangerous to live even one day."

¹¹⁷ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 173. "There was the terror; the overwhelming incapacity, one's parents giving it into one's hands, this life, to be lived to the end, to be walked with serenely; there was in the depths of her heart an awful fear."

¹¹⁸ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 172. "Death was defiance. Death was an attempt to communicate; people feeling the impossibility of reaching the centre, which mystically evaded them; closeness drew apart; rapture faded; one was alone. There was an embrace in death."

¹¹⁹ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 173.

¹²⁰ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 173. "Somehow it was her disaster – her disgrace. It was her punishment to see sink and disappear here a man, there a woman, in this profound darkness, and she forced to stand here in her evening dress."

¹²¹ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 57 "People began going out of the room. He heard them talk about fetching cloaks."

¹²² Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 173. "Odd, incredible; she had never been so happy. Nothing could be slow enough; nothing last too long."

¹²³ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 174.

Act 2 – The notebook

[Insights into the characters' consciousness. The feelings and memories which linger in the mind are like a 'deposit' of special moments¹²⁴. As the performers travel across the stage, walking, running, stopping, turning, falling, etc. the suggestion is made that they are in the streets and parks of London, or at Clarissa's party. The movement patterns have a strong connection to the other parts / acts in the play]

MRS DALLOWAY *[Entering the Park, with the lawns and the pitches, the silence and the mist, the whirling young men, the dancing girls taking their woolly dogs for a run]¹²⁵*: How fresh! How calm!¹²⁶ I love walking in London. Really, it's better than walking in the country!¹²⁷

[Stands for a moment, in the here and now, looking at the omnibuses and the taxi cabs; yet at the same time looks back at the summers in Bourton with Peter and Sally, thinking of how the blinds used to flap¹²⁸]

There is a dignity in people; a solitude; even between husband and wife a gulf.¹²⁹

Peter was charming, clever with ideas about everything. Peter lent me his books.¹³⁰ But with Peter, everything had to be shared; everything gone into. It was intolerable!¹³¹

Sally. Sally's power was amazing. Her gift, her personality...¹³² The purity, the integrity of our love!¹³³ Only women can...

PETER *[Walking up the long straight walk in Regent's Park¹³⁴]*: How strange to be standing alone, alive, unknown in Regent's Park.¹³⁵ A splendid morning, really. Where should I go?¹³⁶ That afternoon, when he came over, I had a revelation.¹³⁷ I knew

¹²⁴ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 26. The phrase "a deposit of painful and exquisite moments" re-elaborates "one must pay back from this secret deposit of exquisite moments".

¹²⁵ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 3

¹²⁶ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 1

¹²⁷ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 3

¹²⁸ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 37 "Do you remember," she said "how the blinds used to flap in Bourton?"

¹²⁹ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 111.

¹³⁰ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 118. "Take Peter Walsh now. There was a man, charming, clever, with ideas about everything (...) Peter knew better than anyone. It was Peter who had helped her; Peter who had lent her books."

¹³¹ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 5.

¹³² Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 30 "Sally's power was amazing, her gift, her personality."

¹³³ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 30 "The strange thing, on looking back, was the purity, the integrity, of her feeling for Sally. It was not like one's feelings for a man. It was completely disinterested, and besides, it had a quality which could only exist between women, between women just grown up."

¹³⁴ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 51. "He remembered Regent's Park; the long straight walk; the little house where one bought air-balls to the left; an absurd statue with an inscription somewhere or other."

¹³⁵ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 47. "Nobody yet knew he was in London, except Clarissa, and the earth, after the voyage, still seemed an island to him, the strangeness of standing alone, alive, unknown, at half-past eleven in Trafalgar Square overcame him. What is it? Where am I?"

¹³⁶ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 50. "He turned; went up to the street, thinking to find somewhere to sit (...) Where should he go? No matter. Up the street, then, towards Regent's Park (...) It was a splendid morning too."

¹³⁷ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 56 "She was talking to a young man on her right. He had a sudden revelation. 'She will marry that man', he said to himself. He didn't even know his name. For of course it was that afternoon, that very afternoon that Dalloway had come over."

Clarissa would marry Richard Dalloway.¹³⁸ Her social instinct told her to¹³⁹ There was always something cold in Clarissa.¹⁴⁰

RICHARD DALLOWAY [*Walking to his house in Westminster*,¹⁴¹ 'eager' and 'stiff']: Marrying Clarissa was a miracle. My own life is a miracle!¹⁴² She might have married Peter.¹⁴³ [*Grasping flowers together, paying for them then holding out a vast bunch in tissue paper, against his body*] Red and white roses!¹⁴⁴ [*Holding his flowers up then bearing them like a weapon*]¹⁴⁵ I will say 'I love you!' No, I won't! For the time comes when it can't be said.¹⁴⁶ Yet Clarissa will take my flowers. Yet she will say 'Richard, what a surprise! How lovely they look!' ¹⁴⁷

SEPTIMUS [*Sitting on a bench in the park, noting down "revelations" then shutting his eyes*]: I have been dead. And yet I am now alive.¹⁴⁸ Leaves are alive, trees are alive. There is a god!¹⁴⁹ [*Staring*] Flowers of darkness!¹⁵⁰ [*Stares madly at Lucrezia, his wife*] Love between man and woman is repulsive!¹⁵¹ Let me rest still!¹⁵²

LUCREZIA (REZIA): Why should I suffer? I can't stand it any longer!¹⁵³ I was happy in Italy, I had a beautiful home. My my sister lives there still.¹⁵⁴ You should see the Milan gardens!¹⁵⁵ [*Turns to Septimus and implore him*] Look! Oh look! Not this way – over there!¹⁵⁶ [*He is not listening. Her words fade*] The English are so silent. The English are so serious.¹⁵⁷

¹³⁸ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 56 "He was a prey to revelations at that time. This one – that he would marry Dalloway – was blinding, overwhelming at the moment."

¹³⁹ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 56 "He admired her courage; her social instinct; he admired her power of carrying things through."

¹⁴⁰ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 56. Peter later refers to Clarissa as "worldly" and "caring too much for rank and society." (70)

¹⁴¹ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 109 "Here he was, in the prime of life, walking to his house in Westminster to tell Clarissa that he loved her."

¹⁴² Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 108. "(He had grown) rather speechless, rather stiff – he repeated that it was a miracle, that he should have married Clarissa; a miracle – his life had been a miracle, he thought; hesitating to cross."

¹⁴³ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 111

¹⁴⁴ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 110. "He was holding out flowers – roses, red and white roses. (But he could not bring himself to say he loved her; not in so many words)."

¹⁴⁵ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 108.

¹⁴⁶ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 107. "The time comes when it can't be said; one's too shy to say it."

¹⁴⁷ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 110. "Richard! What a surprise! (...) But how lovely, she said, taking the flowers. How lovely they looked"

¹⁴⁸ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 63. "I have been dead and yet am now alive, but let me rest still, he begged (he was talking to himself again – it was awful, awful!)."

¹⁴⁹ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 19-21. "He would shut his eyes, he would see no more. Leaves were alive; trees were alive (...) But no; there he was; still sitting alone on the seat, in his shabby overcoat, his legs crossed, staring, talking aloud. Men must not cut down trees. There is a God. (He noted such revelations on the backs of envelopes)."

¹⁵⁰ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 25. "The hall of the house was cool as a vault. Mrs Dalloway raised her hands to her eyes, and, as the maid shut the door, and she heard the swish of Lucy's skirts, she felt like a nun who has left the world (...) It was her life (...) Moments like this are buds on the tree of life, flowers of darkness they are, she thought."

¹⁵¹ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 82

¹⁵² Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 82

¹⁵³ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 60 "Why should she suffer? she was asking, as she walked down the broad path.

¹⁵⁴ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 60 "She had been happy; she had had a beautiful home, and there her sister lived still, making hats."

¹⁵⁵ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 20 "For you should see the Milan gardens," she said aloud. But to whom? There was nobody. Her words faded"

¹⁵⁶ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 22. "'Look', she implored him, pointing at a little troop of boys carrying cricket stumps, and one shuffled, spun round on his heel and shuffled, as if he were acting a clown at the music hall. 'Look', she implored him, for Dr. Holmes had told her make him notice real things (...) 'Not this way – over there!'"

¹⁵⁷ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 81-82.

ELIZABETH DALLOWAY [*Waiting in the street for an omnibus. Holding herself straight, gazing ahead with the staring innocence of sculpture*]:¹⁵⁸ It's so nice to be out in the air and free. I wish I were alone in the country, with my father and the dogs. But they say I look like a lily¹⁵⁹ and should go parties.¹⁶⁰ The fresh air is so delicious!¹⁶¹

SALLY [*Watching Clarissa at the party*]: Clarissa has always been fond of society¹⁶². But why must she invite all the dull women in London!¹⁶³ She is such a snob!¹⁶⁴ But how extraordinary to see her again! Older, happier, but less lovely¹⁶⁵ [*Remembering Bourton*] I owe her an enormous amount.¹⁶⁶

MISS KILLMAN [*Inside Westminster Abbey, barring her eyes with her fingers, she prays*]: God help me rid myself of hatred and love.¹⁶⁷ [*With feelings boiling inside her*] I do not envy her, I pity her.¹⁶⁸ [*Imagines that she is standing in Mrs Dalloway's drawing-room, unmasking her at last*]¹⁶⁹ Fool that you are, Clarissa Dalloway, lying on a sofa. You should be in a factory, behind a counter!¹⁷⁰ You do nothing, believe nothing!¹⁷¹ You think me heavy and commonplace¹⁷² in my 'ugly' mackintosh,¹⁷³ but I have always earned my living.¹⁷⁴ I know the meaning of life! [*Tingling all over*] You *hate* love, and I *love* love! I love the religion that you scorn.¹⁷⁵ I love the beautiful Elizabeth that you adore.¹⁷⁶ I love a plate of sugared cakes.¹⁷⁷

¹⁵⁸ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 126-127. "With such shoulders and holding herself so straight, she was always charming to look at (...) Her fine eyes, having no eyes to meet, gazed ahead, blank, bright, with the stating incredible innocence of sculpture."

¹⁵⁹ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 180. "She was like a lily, Sally said, a lily by the side of a pool."

¹⁶⁰ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 126. "It was nice to be out in the air. People were beginning to compare her to poplar trees, early dawn, hyacinths, fawns, running water, and garden lilies; and it made life a burden to her, for she much preferred being left alone to do what she liked in the country, but they would compare her to lilies, and she had to go to parties, and London was so dreary compared with being alone in the country with her father and the dogs."

¹⁶¹ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 127.

¹⁶² Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 167.

¹⁶³ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 109

¹⁶⁴ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 176

¹⁶⁵ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 109

¹⁶⁶ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 177

¹⁶⁷ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 125 "She barred her eyes with her fingers and tried in this double darkness, for the light of the Abbey was bodiless, to aspire above the vanities, the desires, the commodities, to rid herself both of hatred and love."

¹⁶⁸ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 115 "Now she did not envy women like Clarissa Dalloway; she pitied them."

¹⁶⁹ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 117 "And there rose in her an overmastering desire to overcome her; to unmask her. If she could have felled her it would have eased her. But it was not the body; it was the soul and its mockery that she wished to subdue; make feel her mastery. If only she could make her weep; could ruin her; humiliate her; bring her to her knees crying."

¹⁷⁰ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 116 "With all this luxury going on, what hope was there for a better state of things? Instead of lying on a sofa (...) she should have been in a factory; behind a counter; Mrs Dalloway and all the other fine ladies! (...) But Miss Kilman did not hate Mrs Dalloway (...) Miss Kilman felt, Fool! Simpleton! You who have known neither sorrow nor pleasure; you have trifled your life away."

¹⁷¹ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 117 "This woman did nothing, believed nothing."

¹⁷² Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 117 "Heavy, ugly, commonplace, without kindness or grace, she know the meaning of life!"

¹⁷³ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 117 "Odd it was, as Mss Kilman stood there (and stand she did, with the power and taciturnity of some prehistoric monster armoured for primeval warfare) (...) in a mackintosh."

¹⁷⁴ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 117 "Miss Kilman was no going to make herself agreeable. She had always earned her living."

¹⁷⁵ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 117 "Love an religion! thought Clarissa, going back into the drawing-room, tingling all over. How detestable, how detestable they are (...) The cruellest things in the world (...) Love and religion would destroy that, whatever it was, the privacy of the soul."

¹⁷⁶ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 117 "But there was Elizabeth, rather out of breath, the beautiful girl."

MRS DALLOWAY [*Walks downstage and faces the audience*]: Here is one room; there another! That's the miracle, that's the mystery!¹⁷⁸

¹⁷⁷ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 121 "It was her way of eating, eating with intensity, then looking, again and again, at the plate of sugared cakes on the table next them (...) The pleasure of eating was almost the only pure pleasure left her."

¹⁷⁸ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 119. Adapted from "Why creeds and prayers and mackintoshes? When, thought Clarissa, that's the miracle, that's the mystery; that old lady she meant, whom she could see going from chest of drawers to dressing table. She could still see her (from the window). And the supreme mystery which Kilman might say she had solved, or Peter might say he had solved, but Clarissa didn't believe either of them had the ghost of an idea of solving, was simply this: here was the room; there another. Did religion solve that, or love?"

Act 3 – On the Edge of the World¹⁷⁹

[*Distant sound of the War*]

SEPTIMUS WARREN SMITH [*Muttering, clasping his hands*¹⁸⁰]: They hunt in packs! They desert the fallen!¹⁸¹ They tear them to pieces!¹⁸²

LUCREZIA WARREN SMITH [*Walking down the broad path in Regent's Park*]:¹⁸³ Why should I suffer? I have done nothing wrong? Why?¹⁸⁴ [*Then going back to Septimus, sitting there on the green chair under the tree, talking to himself*]¹⁸⁵

VOICE: Septimus, saying hard, cruel, wicked things to his wife!¹⁸⁶

VOICE: Septimus isn't Septimus any longer.

VOICE: The rope is cut. Their marriage is over.¹⁸⁷

SEPTIMUS [*Talking to himself*]: Evans! Are you behind this screen? For God's sake, don't come! I can't look upon the dead.¹⁸⁸

VOICE: Septimus, talking to that dead man Evans! His officer, and his friend!¹⁸⁹

VOICE: They had to *be* together, *share* with each other, *fight* with each other, *quarrel* with each other.¹⁹⁰

VOICE: Evans was killed. The last shell missed Septimus.¹⁹¹

VOICE: He watched his friend explode with indifference.¹⁹² He could not feel.¹⁹³

SEPTIMUS: I have – I have committed a crime.¹⁹⁴

LUCREZIA : You have done nothing wrong whatever.¹⁹⁵ You've done your duty.¹⁹⁶

¹⁷⁹ As already stated, there no clear divisions in the novel. Titles are based on words or phrases incidentally used in the novel. At some point, Septimus is described as a lonely, figure "straying on the edge of the world" (Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 86).

¹⁸⁰ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 160.

¹⁸¹ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 83

¹⁸² Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 131

¹⁸³ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 59

¹⁸⁴ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 60 "But for herself she had done nothing wrong; she had loved Septimus; she had been happy; she had had a beautiful home, and there her sister lived still, making hats. Why should *she* suffer?"

¹⁸⁵ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 60

¹⁸⁶ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 60 "'No; I can't stand it any longer, she was saying, having left Septimus, who wasn't Septimus any longer, to say hard, cruel, wicked things, to talk to himself, to talk to a dead man, on the seat over there."

¹⁸⁷ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 62 "He dropped her hand. Their marriage was over, he thought, with agony, with relief. The rope was cut."

¹⁸⁸ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 64 "He knew all their thoughts, he said; he knew everything. He knew the meaning of the world, he said."

¹⁸⁹ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 80 "He developed manliness; he was promoted; he drew the attention, indeed the affection of his officer, Evans by name."

¹⁹⁰ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 80

¹⁹¹ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 82 "The last shells missed him. He watched them explode with indifference"

¹⁹² Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 82 "When Evans was killed, just before the Armistice, in Italy, Septimus, far from showing any emotion or recognising the end of a friendship, congratulated himself upon feeling very little and very reasonably."

¹⁹³ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 82 "For now that it was all over, truce signed, and the dead buried, he had, especially in the evening, these thunderclaps of fear."

¹⁹⁴ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 89.

¹⁹⁵ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 89. "'He has done nothing wrong whatever,' Reza assured the doctor."

You served with the greatest distinction.¹⁹⁷

VOICE: Friendship! War! Death! The whole show!¹⁹⁸

SEPTIMUS (*High on his rock, like a drowned sailor on a rock. Talking to himself again*):¹⁹⁹
Let me rest still. My bed is falling! I am falling!²⁰⁰

LUCREZIA : Dr Holmes has come to see you. Dr Holmes is such a kind man.²⁰¹ You must let him help you.²⁰²

DR HOLMES [*Large, fresh-coloured, handsome, flicking his boots, brushing it all aside*]:
Headaches, fears, dreams - nerve symptoms, and nothing more! [*Turning to Lucrezia*]
Give him another plate of porridge at breakfast!²⁰³

VOICE: Dr Holmes is on him. Human nature is on him!²⁰⁴

VOICE: Dr Holmes is a damned fool with red nostrils. But Dr Holmes has won.²⁰⁵

VOICE: Septimus knows everyone's thoughts. He knows everything.²⁰⁶

SEPTIMUS : I know the meaning of the world.²⁰⁷ Now we will kill ourselves, won't we, Lucrezia?^{208 209}

VOICE: But she cannot understand him.

VOICE: The whole world is clamouring 'Kill yourself, kill yourself!' ²¹⁰

VOICE: He is quite alone now. He is deserted. Only the dead are with him. ²¹¹

SEPTIMUS: Evans, Evans! ²¹²

¹⁹⁶ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 82 "They were proud of him; he had won crosses. 'You've done your duty; it is up to us-'"

¹⁹⁷ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 89. "Yes, he served with the greatest distinction,' Reza assured the doctor."

¹⁹⁸ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 80 "He had gone through the whole show, friendship, European War, death, had won promotion, was still under thirty and bound to survive".

¹⁹⁹ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 82 "But he himself remained high on his rock, like a drowned sailor on a rock. I leant over the edge of the boat and fell down, he thought. I went under the sea. I have been dead and yet am now alive, but let me rest still, he begged (he was talking to himself again - it was awful, awful!"

²⁰⁰ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 82 "There were moments of waking in the early morning. The bed was falling; he was falling."

²⁰¹ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 86 "Dr Holmes was such a kind man. He was so interested in Septimus. '"

²⁰² Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 84 "Now he had surrendered; now other people must help him (...) Dr. Holmes. What a kind man."

²⁰³ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 85.

²⁰⁴ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 85

²⁰⁵ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 86 "Holmes had won of course; the brute with the red nostrils had won. "

²⁰⁶ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 61 "He knew all their thoughts, he said; he knew everything. He knew the meaning of the world, he said."

²⁰⁷ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 61 "He knew all their thoughts, he said; he knew everything. He knew the meaning of the world, he said."

²⁰⁸ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 61 "Suddenly he said, 'Now we will kill ourselves,' when they were standing by the river (...) But going home he was perfectly quiet- perfectly reasonable."

²⁰⁹ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 61 "He would argue with her about killing themselves; and explain how wicked people were; how he could see them making up lies as they passed in the street. He knew all their thoughts, he said, he knew everything. He knew the meaning of the world, he said."

²¹⁰ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 86. "So he was deserted. The whole world was clamouring: Kill yourself, kill yourself for our sakes. But why should he kill himself for their sakes?"

²¹¹ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 86. "But Rezia could not understand him. Dr Holmes was such a kind man.

²¹² Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 86. "It was at that moment (Rezia had gone shopping) that the great revelation took place. A voice spoke from behind the screen. Evans was speaking. The dead were with him. 'Evans, Evans!' he cried."

DR HOLMES [*Enters the room again. In the most amiable way in the world*] Now what's all this about?²¹³

SEPTIMUS: Evans... behind this screen... with a message from the dead. Can't you hear? Do not cut down the trees!²¹⁴ Go tell the Prime Minister!

LUCREZIA: He is talking aloud to himself.²¹⁵

VOICE: He is all muddled up.²¹⁶

VOICE: **He is straying on the edge of the world.**²¹⁷

VOICE: A drowned sailor on the shore of the world!²¹⁸

SEPTIMUS [*Turning to Dr Holmes*]: You brute! You brute!²¹⁹

DR HOLMES: Talking nonsense to frighten your wife? I'll give you something to sleep [*Looking ironically around the room*] If you don't trust me, then go to Harley Street.²²⁰

VOICE: Sir William Bradshaw: the priest of science, the ghostly helper of *nerve cases*!²²¹

VOICE: Tact, sympathy, an understanding of the human soul!²²²

VOICE: An endless stream of rich, afflicted patients!²²³

LADY BRADSHAW: A wall of gold mounting minute by minute!²²⁴

Also "'Evans!' he cried. There was no answer. " (136); "'Evans, Evans, Evans – his messages from the dead; do not cut down the trees; tell the Prime Minister"'. (138)

²¹³ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 87.

²¹⁴ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 138 "'Evans, Evans, Evans – his messages from the dead; do not cut down the trees; tell the Prime Minister"'. (138)

²¹⁵ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 86.

²¹⁶ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 78. "London has swallowed up many millions of young men called Smith; thought nothing of fantastic Christian names like Septimus with which their parents have thought to distinguish them (...) But of all this what could the most observant of friends have said except what a gardener says when he opens the conservatory door in the morning and finds a new blossom on his plant: - It has flowered; flowered from vanity, ambition, idealism, passion, loneliness, courage, laziness, the usual seeds, which all muddled up, made him shy, and stammering, made him anxious to improve himself."

²¹⁷ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 86. "But even Holmes himself could not touch this last relic straying on the edge of the world, this outcast, who gazed back at the inhabited regions, who lay, like a drowned sailor, on the shore of the world."

²¹⁸ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 86. Also "He was drowned, he used to say, and lying on a cliff with the gulls screaming over him. He would look over the edge of the sofa down into the sea." 131.

²¹⁹ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013 : 87 "You brute! You brute!" cried Septimus, seeing human nature, that is Dr. Holmes, enter the room."

²²⁰ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 87. "'Now what's all this about,' said Dr. Holmes in the most amiable way in the world. 'Talking nonsense to frighten your wife?' But he would give him something to make him sleep. And if they were rich people, said Dr. Holmes, looking ironically round the room, by all means let them go to Harley Street; if they had no confidence in him, said Dr. Holmes, looking not quite so kind."

²²¹ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 87-88. "the ghostly helper, the priest of science (...) the stream of patient being so incessant (...) gave him the reputation of the utmost importance in dealing with nerve cases."

²²² Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 88.

²²³ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 87-88. "For often Sir William would travel sixty miles or more down into the country to visit the rich, the afflicted, who could afford the very large fee which Sir William very properly charged for his advice. Her ladyship waited with the rugs about her knees an hour or more, leaning back, thinking sometimes of the patient, sometimes, excusably, of the wall of gold, mounting minute by minute while she waited."

²²⁴ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 88.

SIR WILLIAM BRADSHAW [*Upon seeing the Warren Smiths*]: A complete physical and nervous breakdown. A case of extreme gravity!²²⁵ Has he threatened to kill himself?²²⁶

SEPTIMUS: I – I –²²⁷

SIR WILLIAM BRADSHAW [*Kindly*]: Rest, rest, rest; a long rest in bed. We have a delightful home down in the country.²²⁸

VOICE: Rest in bed; rest in solitude; rest without friends, without books, without messages; six month's rest!²²⁹

LADY BRADSHAW: Sir William's power and dominion. He shuts people up when they go under!²³⁰ He swoops, he devours his victims - the defenceless and the exhausted!²³¹

SEPTIMUS [*Lying on a cliff with the gulls screaming over him. Looking over the edge of the sofa down into the sea*]²³²: I am not afraid. Love, trees, there is no crime!²³³ [*There remains only the window, the large Bloomsbury lodging-house window; the tiresome, the troublesome, and rather melodramatic business of opening the window and throwing himself out.*]²³⁴ No one can separate... [*Sitting on the sill. Flings himself violently down on to the railings*]²³⁵

DR HOLMES AND SIR WILLIAM BRADSHAW: The coward! Why the devil did he do it?²³⁶

²²⁵ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 88-89. "It was a case of complete breakdown-complete physical and nervous breakdown, with very symptom in an advanced stage, he ascertained in two or three minutes."

²²⁶ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 89. "Her husband was very seriously ill, Sir William said. Did he threaten to kill himself?"

²²⁷ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 91. "But if he confessed? If he communicated? Would they let him off then, Holmes and Bradshaw? 'I-I-' he stammered. But what was his crime? He could not remember it. 'Yes?' Sir William encouraged him. (But it was growing late.). Love, trees, there is no crime – what was his message? He could not remember it. 'I-I-' Septimus stammered."

²²⁸ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 89-90. "It was merely a question of rest, said Sir William; of rest, rest, rest; a long rest in bed. There was a delightful home down in the country where her husband would be perfectly looked after."

²²⁹ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 92.

²³⁰ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 94-95. "For example, Lady Bradshaw. Fifteen years ago she had gone under. It was nothing you could put your finger on; there had been no scene, no snap; only the slow sinking, waterlogged, of her will into his. Sweet was her smile, swift was her submission (...) Now, quick to minister to the craving which lit her husband's eye so oilily for dominion, for power (...) Naked, defenceless, the exhausted, the friendless received the impress of Sir William's will. He swooped; he devoured. He shut people up. It was his combination of decision and humanity that endeared Sir William so greatly to the relations of his victims."

²³¹ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 94-95. "Naked, defenceless, the exhausted, the friendless received the impress of Sir William's will. He swooped, he devoured. He shut people up. It was this combination of decision and humanity that endeared Sir William so greatly to the relations of his victims."

²³² Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 131. "He was drowned, he used to say, and lying on a cliff with the gulls screaming over him. He would look over the edge of the sofa down into the sea."

²³³ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 130. "Fear no more, says the heart in the body; fear no more. He was not afraid."

²³⁴ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 139.

²³⁵ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 139-40 "(He sat on the sill.) But he would wait till the very last moment. He did not want to die. Life was good. The sun hot. Only human beings?"

²³⁶ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 139-40. "It was their idea of tragedy (...) Holmes and Bradshaw. (...) Holmes was at the door. 'I'll give it to you!' he cried, and flung himself vigorously, violently down on to Mrs. Filmer's area railings. 'The coward!' cried Dr. Holmes, bursting the door open. Rezia ran to the window, she saw; she understood (...) Who could have foretold it? A sudden impulse, no one was in the least to blame (he told Mrs. Filmer). And why the devil he did it, Dr. Holmes could not conceive."

Epilogue

LUCREZIA: It is time.²³⁷

SEPTIMUS: Beauty! That's the truth now. Beauty is everywhere.²³⁸

RICHARD DALLOWAY [*Watching Elizabeth cross the room*]: Who is that lovely girl?²³⁹

SALLY: The young are beautiful!²⁴⁰

MRS DALLOWAY [*Walks to the window. Parts the curtains and looks as in the opening scene. Then faces the audience and exclaims*]: What an extraordinary night!²⁴¹ I have never been so happy.²⁴²

²³⁷ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013 : 64

²³⁸ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013 : 64

²³⁹ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 180

²⁴⁰ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 182

²⁴¹ Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 174.

²⁴² Mrs Dalloway, [1925] 2013: 174 "Odd, incredible; she had never been so happy. Nothing could be slow enough; nothing last too long (...) She walked to the window. It held, foolish as the idea was, something of her own in it, this country sky, this sky above Westminster. She parted the curtains, she looked."

