

Begin with gray film countdown from 5-4-3-2-

Cut to the pair of Anne's barn windows at night

(we hear very present night sounds)

On lower screen left in typewriter font

Fades in the following credit:

Room

Then added below it:

Adapted from the SITI stage production directed by Anne Bogart

Both fade out

Then fades in:

Words by Virginia Woolf

Then aprox 3 to 5 sec's each

Cut to Nature Cutaway DJI_20200530_113723_872_video

Cut to Nature Cutaway DJI_20200530_112402_391_video

Cut to Nature Cutaway DJI_20200530_114834_083_video

Cut to Nature Cutaway DJI_20200530_115148_108_video

Cut to Ext. Red Barn DJI_20200530_120944_866_video

Cut to Interior DJI_20200530_115649_697_video

**Cut to Interior DJI_20200530_120655_391_video or maybe
DJI_20200530_132550_445_video @ :15 to :22 ?**

X-fade to Sequence 1 / redbarn small desk / Cannon 5.30

Before I begin, I must ask you to imagine a room.

Any room. But it must be your room.

A room of which you are mistress, and where you can close the door to the world outside, and sit and think; perhaps even write.

A retreat.

A sanctuary.

A refuge.

Call it what you will. But it must be a room that you can call your own.

Do you have such a room?

I pity you if you do not.

A room of one's own is not a luxury but a necessity.

This is not a pretty room, is it? Some of the furniture, well, I have seen better. But it will do.

It is our room now.

How are your seats? (Are they) comfortable?

Good.

But, you may say we asked you to speak about Women and Fiction, what does that got to do with a room?

I will try to explain.

- a woman must have a room of her own if she is to write fiction, and that as you will see leaves the great problem of the true nature of women and the true nature of fiction unsolved. I have shirked the duty of coming to a conclusion upon these two questions - women and fiction remain, so far as I am concerned, unsolved

problems. But in order to make some amends I am going to do what I can to show you how I arrived at this opinion about the room. I am going to develop in your presence as fully and freely as I can the train of thought that led me to think this. Perhaps if I lay bare the ideas, the prejudices, that lie behind this statement you will find that they have some bearing upon women and upon fiction.

At any rate when a subject is highly controversial - and any question about sex is that - one cannot hope to tell the truth. One can only show how one came to hold whatever opinion one does hold. One can only give one's audience the chance of drawing their own conclusions as they observe the limitations, the prejudices, the idiosyncracies of the speaker.

Fiction here is likely to contain more truth than fact.

As I try to answer it, I may perhaps turn up a memory or two; I may perhaps revive certain of your memories; at any rate, I will try to give you facts; and though of course I shall not tell the whole truth, perhaps I shall tell enough to set you guessing.

Here then was I.

Slow X-fade to

Headache Insert #1 / chair in gazebo with VO. / 8mm 5.31

"Now may I pluck," Isa murmured, picking a rose, "my single flower. The white or the pink? And press it so, twixt thumb and finger ..." She dropped her flower. What single, separate leaf could she press? None. Nor stray by the beds alone. She must go on.

Slow fade to black then cut to:

Nature Cutaway DJI_20200530_112810_308_video

Slow X-fade to

Sequence 2 / redbarn chair lamp / Cannon 5.30

This room explains a great deal

Is it not possible - I often wonder - that things we have felt with great intensity have an existence independent of our minds; are in fact still in existence? And if so, will it not be possible, in time, that some device will be invented by which we can tap them? I see it - the past - as an avenue lying behind; a long ribbon of scenes, emotions. Instead of remembering here a scene, there a sound, I shall fit a plug into the wall; and listen to the past ... I feel that strong emotion must leave its trace; and it is only a question of discovering how we can get ourselves again attached to it, so that we shall be able to live our lives through from the start.

I can only note that the past is beautiful because one never realizes an emotion at the time. It expands later, and thus we don't have complete emotions about the present, only about the past.

What is meant by "reality"? It would seem to be something very erratic, very undependable - now to be found in a dusty road, now in a scrap of newspaper in the street, now in a daffodil in the sun. It lights up a group in a room and stamps some casual saying. It overwhelms one walking home beneath the stars and makes the silent world more real than the world of speech -

and then there it is again, it seems to dwell in shapes too far away for us to discern what their nature is. But whatever it touches, it fixes and makes permanent. That is what remains over when the skin of the day has been cast into the hedge; that is what is left of past time and of our loves and hates.

I hope I am not giving away professional secrets if I say that a novelist's chief desire is to be as unconscious as possible; to induce a state of perpetual lethargy so that nothing may disturb or disquiet the mysterious nosings about, feelings round, darts, dashes and sudden discoveries of that very shy and illusive spirit, the imagination.

X-fade to

Sequence 3 / Bogart barn theatrical sequence / Cannon 5.31

I wish you could live in my brain for a week. It is washed with the most violent waves of emotion. What about? I don't know. It begins on waking; and I never know which - shall I be happy? Shall I be miserable.

I never really know which.

But one could perhaps go a little deeper into the question of novel writing and the effect of sex upon the novelist. If one shuts one's eyes and thinks of the novel as a whole, it would seem to be a creation owning a certain looking-glass likeness to life, though of course with simplifications and distortions innumerable. At any rate, it is a structure leaving a shape on the mind's eye, built now in squares, now pagoda shaped, now throwing out wings and arcades, now solidly compact and domed-like the Cathedral of St. Sophia in Constantinople. This shape, as I think back over certain famous novels, starts in one the kind of emotion that is appropriate to it. But that emotion at once blends itself with others, for the "shape" is not made by the relation of stone to stone, but by the relation of human being to human being. Thus a novel starts in us all sorts of antagonistic and opposed emotions. Life conflicts with something that is not life.

Then since life it is in part, we judge it as life. James is the sort of man I most detest, one says. Or, This is a farago of absurdity. I could never feel anything of the sort myself. The whole structure, it is obvious, thinking back over any famous novel, is one of infinite complexity.

The wonder is that any book so composed holds together for more than a year or two, or can possibly mean to the English - or American - reader what it means for the Russian or the Chinese. But they do hold together occasionally very remarkably.

And what holds them together in these rare instances of survival (I am thinking of War and Peace) is something that one calls integrity, though it has nothing to do with paying one's bills or

behaving honourably in an emergency. What one means by integrity, in the case of the novelist, is the conviction that he gives one that this is the truth. Yes, one feels, I should never have thought that this could be so; I have never known people behaving like that. But you have convinced me that so it is, so it happens.

One holds every phrase, every scene to the light as one reads - for Nature seems, very oddly, to have provided us with an inner light by which to judge of the novelist's integrity or disintegrity. Or perhaps it is rather that Nature, in her most irrational mood, has traced in invisible ink on the walls of the mind a premonition which these great artists confirm; a sketch which only needs to be held to the fire of genius in order to become visible. When one so exposes it and sees it come to life one exclaims in rapture, But this is what I have always felt and known and desired!

If on the other hand, these poor sentences that one takes and tests rouse first a quick and eager response with their bright colouring and their dashing gestures but there they stop: something seems to check them in their development; or if they bring to light only a faint scribble in that corner and a blot over there, and nothing appears whole and entire, then one heaves a sigh of disappointment and says, Another failure. This novel has come to grief.

And for the most part, of course novels do come to grief somewhere. The imagination falters under the enormous strain.

The insight is confused; it can no longer distinguish between the true and the false; it has no longer the strength to go on with the vast labour that calls at every moment for the uses of so many different faculties.

But how would this be affected by the sex of the novelists? Would the fact of her sex in any way interfere with the integrity of a woman novelist - that integrity which I take to be the back bone of the writer.

Now begins the part I always like. I love talking about reading. It is impossible to read too much. Listen to this.

Cut to Headache insert #2 w VO / Chair in Yard / 8mm 5.31

"Where do I wander?" she mused. "Down what drafty tunnels? Where the eyeless wind blows? And there grows nothing for the eye. No rose. To issue where? In some harvestless dim field where no evening lets fall her mantle; nor sun rises. All's equal there. Change is not; nor the mutable and lovable; nor greetings nor partings; nor furtive findings and feelings, where hand seeks hand and eye seeks shelter from the eye."

Fade to Black (Seq 4 should start in black so no interstitial here, Ellen lights a candle from darkness)

Sequence 4 / EL redhouse kitchen candle light / Cannon 5.31

But to tell you my story - it is a simple one. You have only got to figure to yourselves a girl in a bedroom with a pen in her hand. She had only to move that pen from left to right.

I discovered that I needed to do battle with a certain phantom. And the phantom was a woman, and when I came to know her better I called her after the heroine of a famous poem, The Angel in the House. It was she who used to come between me and my paper when I was writing. It was she who bothered me and wasted my time and so tormented me that at last I killed her. You who come of a younger and happier generation may not have heard of her - you may not know what I mean by the Angel in the House. I will describe her as shortly as I can.

She was intensely sympathetic. She was immensely charming. She was utterly unselfish. She sacrificed herself daily. If there was chicken, she took the leg; if there was a draught she sat in it - in short she was so constituted that she never had a mind or a wish of her own, but preferred to sympathize always with the minds and wishes of others.

And when I came to write, I encountered her with the very first words. The shadow of her wings fell upon my page; I could hear the rustling of her skirts in the room. Directly, that is to say, I took my pen, she slipped behind me and whispered: "My dear, you are a

young woman. Never let anybody guess that you have a mind of your own."

I turned upon her and caught her by the throat. I did my best to kill her. My excuse, if I were to be had up in a court of law, would be that I acted in self- defense. Had I not killed her she would have killed me. She would have plucked the heart out of my writing.

Thus, whenever the shadow of her wing or the radiance of her halo upon my page, I took up the inkpot and flung it at her. She died hard.

Her fictitious nature was of great assistance to her. It is far harder to kill a phantom than a reality. She was always creeping back when I thought I had dispatched her. The struggle was severe; it took much time that had better have been spent upon learning Greek grammar; or in roaming the world in search of adventures. But it was a real experience.

If I have laid stress upon these experiences of mine, it is because I believe that they are, though in different forms, yours also.

Slow X-fade to

Headache Insert #3 w/ VO / EL bushes shot / 8mm 5.30

(She had come into the stable yard where the dogs were chained; where the buckets stood; where the great pear tree spread its ladder of branches against the wall. The tree, whose roots went beneath the flags, was weighted with hard, green pears. Fingering one of them she murmured: "How am I burdened with what they drew from the earth; memories; possessions. This is the burden that the past laid on me, last little donkey in the long caravanserai crossing the desert. - Kneel down, said the past. - Fill your pannier from our tree. Rise up, donkey. Go your way till your heels blister and your hoofs crack.")

X-fade to Sequence 5 / EL redhouse vanity / Gimble 6.1

There was a small looking glass in the hall. It had, I remember, a ledge with a brush on it. By standing on tiptoe I could see my face in the glass. When I was six or seven perhaps, I got in to a habit of looking at my face in the glass. But I only did this if I were sure I was alone. I was ashamed of it. A strong feeling of guilt seemed attached to it. Why was this so?

One obvious reason occurs to me - my sister Vanessa and I were both what were called tomboys; that is we played cricket, scrambled over rocks, climbed trees, were said not to care for clothes and so forth. Perhaps therefore to have been found looking in the glass would have been against our tomboy code. But I think my feeling of shame went a great deal deeper than that. And it has lasted all my life, long after the tomboy phase was over. I cannot now powder my nose in public. Everything to do with dress - to be fitted, to come into a room wearing a new dress - still frightens me; at least makes me shy, self conscious, uncomfortable. Yet femininity was very strong in my family. We were famous for our beauty - my mother's beauty, my sister Stella's beauty, gave me as early as I can remember, pride and pleasure. What then gave me this feeling of shame, unless it were that I inherited some opposite instinct.

My father was spartan, ascetic, puritanical. He had I think no feeling for pictures; no ear for music; no sense of the sounds of words. This leads me to think that my natural love for beauty was checked by some ancestral dread. Yet this did not prevent me from feeling ecstasies and raptures spontaneously and intensely and without any shame or the least sense of guilt, so long as they were disconnected from my own body. I thus detect another element in the shame which I had in being caught looking at my face in the glass in the hall. I must have been ashamed or afraid of my own body.

Cut to Sequence 6 / Bogart Barn Window / Cannon 5.31

A self that goes on changing is a self that goes on living.

There was a slab outside the dining room for standing dishes upon. Once when I was very small Gerald Duckworth, my half brother, lifted me on to this, and as I sat there he began to explore my body. I can remember the feel of his hands going under my clothes; going firmly and steadily lower and lower. I remember how I hoped that he would stop; how I stiffened and wriggled as his hand approached my private parts. But it did not stop. His hand explored my private parts too. I can remember resenting, disliking it - what is the word for so dumb and mixed a feeling. It must have been strong since I still recall it. This seems to show that a feeling about certain parts of the body; how they must be touched; must be instinctive. It proves that Virginia Stephen was not born on her birthday but was born many thousands of years ago: and had from the very first to encounter instincts already acquired by thousands of ancestresses in the past.

What a subject to talk about on a night like this!

We are all women here, however, and let us admit in the privacy of our own society that these things sometimes happen.

I do not know how much of this, or what part of this, made me feel what I felt. Why should I have felt shame then? I don't know.

And this throws light not merely my own case but, on one of the problems I touched at the beginning of the evening. Why it is so difficult to give any account of the person to whom things happen the person is evidently immensely complicated. In spite of all this people write what they call lives of other people, that is they collect a number of events and leave the person to whom things happen unknown. This leads me to another digression, which perhaps explains a little of my own psychology; even of other people's. Often when I have been writing one of my so-called novels I have been baffled by this same problem; that is how to describe what I call in my private shorthand - "non being". Everyday includes much more non being.

Yesterday for example was as it happened a good day; above average in being. It was fine. I enjoyed writing a few pages of a

new "memoir", I walked over the river and along the down; and save the tide was out, the country which I notice very closely always, was coloured and shaded as I like - there were the willows, I remember, all plummy and soft green and purple against the blue. These separate moments of being were however embedded in many more moments of non-being.

I have already forgotten what Leonard and I talked about at lunch; and at tea; although it was a good day the goodness was embedded in a kind of nondescript cotton wool.

This is always so. A great part of everyday is not lived consciously. One walks, eats, sees things, deals with what has to be done; the broken vacuum cleaner, cooking, washing dishes. When it is a bad day the proportion of non being is much larger. I had a slight temperature last week; almost the whole day was non- being. The real novelist can somehow convey both sorts of being. I think Jane Austen can; and Trollope; perhaps Thackerary and Dickens and Tolstoy.

I have never been able to do both. I have tried -

As a child then, my days, just as they do now, contained a large proportion of this cotton wool, this non being. Week after week passed at St Ives and nothing made any dint upon me. Then for no reason that I know about, there was a sudden violent shock; something happened so violently that I have remembered it all my life.

I suspect there will be a short nature cutaway montage

Sequence 7 / Pink Dress Field / Cannon 6.1

And so I suppose that the shock receiving capacity is what makes me a writer. I hazard the explanation that a shock is at once in my case followed by the desire to explain it.

I feel that I have had a blow; but it is not, as I thought as a child, Simply a blow from an enemy hidden behind the cotton wool of daily life; it is or will become a revelation of some order; it

is a token of some real thing behind appearances; and I make it real by putting it into words.

It is only by putting it into words that I make it whole; this wholeness means that it has lost its power to hurt me; it gives me, perhaps because by doing so I take away the pain, a great delight to put the severed parts together. Perhaps this is the strongest pleasure known to me. It is the rapture I get when in writing I seem to be discovering what belongs to what; making a scene come right; making a character come together.

From this I reach what I might call a philosophy; at any rate it is a constant idea of mine; that behind the cotton wool is hidden a pattern; that we - I mean all human beings - are connected with this; that the whole world is a work of art; that we are parts of the work of art.

Hamlet or a Beethoven quartet is the truth about this vast mass that we call the world. But there is no Shakespeare, there is no Beethoven; certainly and emphatically there is no God; we are the words; we are the music; we are the thing itself. And I see this when I have a shock.

Fades to black

Cut to interior cut away interstitials

DJI_20200530_115437_588_video

DJI_20200530_115649_697_video

DJI_20200530_120533_447_video

DJI_20200530_120655_391_video

DJI_20200601_121821_774_video

Cut to Sequence 8 / redhouse kitchen coffee / Gimble 6.1

All artists I suppose feel something like this.

This room explains a great deal.

Examine for a moment an ordinary mind on an ordinary day. The mind receives a myriad impressions - trivial, fantastic, evanescent, or engraved with the sharpness of steel. From all sides they come, an incessant shower of innumerable atoms; and as they fall, as they shape themselves into the life of Monday or Tuesday, the accent falls differently from of old; the moment of importance came not here but there.

Cut to Sequence 9 / kitchen candle light / Cannon 5.30

Let us record the atoms as they fall upon the mind in the order in which they fall, let us trace the pattern, however incoherent that each sight or incident scores upon the consciousness. Let us not take it for granted that life exists more fully in what is commonly thought big than in what is commonly thought small.

Cut to Sequence 10 / chair in yard / Gimble 6.1

There is no limit to the horizon, and no experiment, even of the wildest - is forbidden, but only falsity and pretense. "The proper stuff of fiction" does not exist; everything is the proper stuff of fiction, every feeling, every thought; every quality of brain and spirit is drawn upon; no perception comes amiss.

Cut to Sequence 11 / Gazebo Chair / Gimble 6.1

All that you will have to explore. Above all, you must illuminate your own soul with its profundities and its shallows, and its vanities and its generousities, and say what your beauty means to you or your plainness, and what is your relation to the ever changing and turning world of gloves and shoes and stuffs swaying up and down among the faint scents that come through the chemists' bottles down arcades of dress material over a floor of pseudo-marble.

Cut to Sequence 12 / Bogart Barn Window / Cannon 6.1

You cannot write without having a mind of your own, without expressing what you think to be the truth about human relations, morality, sex.

Cut to Sequence 13 / EL Barn big desk / Cannon 5.31

To write a work of genius is almost always a feat of prodigious difficulty. Everything is against the likelihood that it will come from the writer's mind whole and entire. Generally material circumstances are against it. Dogs will bark; people will interrupt; money must be made; health will break down. Further, accentuating all these difficulties and making them harder to bear is the world's notorious indifference. It does not ask people to write poems and novels and histories; it does not need them.

VO over while Elle writes at the desk (aka Headache insert #4)

("That was the burden," she mused, "laid on me in the cradle; murmured by waves; breathed by restless elm trees; crooned by singing women; what we must remember: what we would forget." She looked up. The gilt hands of the stable clock pointed inflexibly at two minutes to the hour. The clock was about to strike. "Now comes the lightning," she muttered, "from the stone blue sky. The thongs are burst that the dead tied. Loosed are our possessions.")

dissolve to panning nature clip

DJI_20200530_112810_308_video picking up at :31 thru :51

X-fade to Sequence 14 / we return to the redbarn small desk / Cannon 5.31

I am, as I have admitted, filled, not with forebodings of death, but with hopes for the future. But one does not always want to be thinking about the future, if, as sometimes happens, one is living in the present.

Therefore I would ask you to write all sorts of books, hesitating at no subject however trivial or however vast. For I am by no means

confining you to fiction. If you would please me - and there are thousands like me - you would write books of travel and adventure, and research and scholarship, and history and biography, and criticism and philosophy and science. By so doing, you will certainly profit the art of fiction. For books have a way of influencing each other. Fiction will be much better standing cheek by jowl with poetry and philosophy.

Thus when I ask you to write more books I am urging you to do what will be for your good as well as the good of the world at large. How to justify this instinct or belief I do not know, for philosophic words, if one has not been educated at university, are apt to play one false.

What is meant by "reality"? It would seem to be something very erratic, very undependable - it seems to dwell in shapes too far away for us to discern what their nature is, But whatever it touches, it fixes and makes permanent. That is what remains over when the skin of the day has been cast into the hedge; that is what is left of past time and of our loves and hates.

Now the writer, as I think, has the chance more than other people to live in the presence of this reality. It is her business to find it and collect it and communicate it to the rest of us. So that when I ask you to have a room of your own, I'm urging you to live in the presence of this reality, an invigorating life, it would appear, whether one can impart it or not.

Here I would stop but I should implore you to remember your responsibilities, to be higher, more spiritual; I should remind you how much depends upon you and what an influence you can exert upon the future.

But when I rummage in my mind I find no noble sentiments about being companions and equals and influencing the world to higher ends. I find myself saying simply and prosaically that it is much more important to be one self than anything else. Do not dream of influencing other people, I would say, if I knew how to make it sound exalted. Think of things in themselves.

And again I am reminded by dipping into histories and biographies that when a woman speaks to women she should have something very unpleasant up her sleeve. Women are hard on women, Women dislike women. Women - but are you not sick to death of the word. I can assure you I am.

The truth is I often like women.

Do not start. Do not blush. Let us admit in the privacy of our own society that these things sometimes happen. Sometimes women do like women.

I like their unconventionality. I like their subtlety. I like their anonymity. I like - but I must not run on in this way.

How can I further encourage you? There must be freedom and there must be peace. One has only to read, to look, to listen, to remember. I have enjoyed myself in this room so much. My time is up. I must cease.

Thank you.

X-fade to the shot out the window showing Ellen in the chair in the gazebo and then fade to black from there

Cut to sequence of Ellen in the pink dress walking up the path into the distance with camera audio for the credit sequence.

Final credits: In/out's like opening credits

Room

Adapted from the SITI stage production directed by Anne Bogart

Words by Virginia Woolf

Text by Jocelyn Clarke

Starring Ellen Lauren

Directed by Darron L West

Editing and Post Production by Brian H Scott and Darron L West

Costume Design by James Schuette

Movement Barney O'Hanlon

Shot on location in West Fulton N.Y. May 30 to June 1 2020.

Then Scrolling Credits:

Special Thanks

Anne Bogart

Nicole Bettancourt

Boris McGiver

the residents of West Fulton NY

the estate of Virginia Woolf

SITI Co

Shot on Cannon and iPhone cameras