

FOR ADDITION
ONLY.

Jenny
Oliver

LOVE STORY

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THEN I WOULD LEAN ACROSS AND WHISPER IN HIS EAR:

HEY, YOU'RE FAR TOO CUTE TO BE IN MOURNING
LAY YOUR WEIGHT OF SORROW TO ONE SIDE
PLAY THOSE CHIRPY SONGS YOU LIKED IN PREP SCHOOL
WAY BEFORE YOU MET YOUR ARTY BRIDE
HEY, I NEVER LIKED IT WHEN YOU CRIED.

ALL

SAY THAT LOVE'S A BRIDGE TO CROSS AN OCEAN
PRAY THAT IT SURVIVES WHEN HOPE DOES NOT
SAY THAT THERE'S A LIGHT THAT SHINES REGARDLESS
PRAY THAT LOVE ABIDES NO MATTER WHAT
PRAY THAT LOVE ABIDES NO MATTER WHAT

OLIVER

WHAT CAN YOU SAY ABOUT A GIRL
A TWENTY-FIVE YEAR OLD GIRL WHO DIED?

(The lights fade on the THREE WOMEN, JENNY, PHIL and OLIVER.)

SCENE ONE

We are in the library of Radcliffe, Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1963. JENNY (19) is wearing glasses. She looks at her watch and smiles.

JENNY Cinque, quattro, tre, due . . .

(She turns round the sign on the desk from OPEN to CLOSED. Just as she does this OLIVER, a 20-year-old student, rushes in and up to the desk. He turns to JENNY.)

OLIVER I need a book.

JENNY Uno. You're in the wrong place. Oliver looks around, confused.

JENNY Or at least at the wrong time. We're closed.

OLIVER I don't have time for this.

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Oliver.

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LOVE STORY

JENNY We have so much in common.

OLIVER I need *The Waning of the Middle Ages*.

JENNY Don't you have your own library?

OLIVER Harvard is allowed to use the Radcliffe library .

JENNY I'm not talking legality, Preppie, I'm talking ethics. You guys have five millions books. We have a few lousy thousand.

OLIVER Listen. The book I need has been taken out by someone else at the Harvard library, my exam is tomorrow morning and I've got one night to learn every thing there is to know about the Middle Ages . . . So give me that goddamn book!

JENNY Wouldja please watch you profanity , Preppie?

OLIVER What makes you so sure I went to prep school?

JENNY (*taking off her glasses*) You look stupid and rich.

OLIVER You're wrong. I'm actually smart and poor.

JENNY Oh, no, Preppie. *I'm* smart and poor.

OLIVER What the hell makes you so smart?

JENNY I wouldn't go for coffee with you.

OLIVER Listen . . . I wouldn't ask you.

JENNY That, is what makes y ou stupid.

 (*OLIVER looks exasperated. JENNY smiles and goes to a shelf. She reaches up high to get the book. Her figure does not go unnoticed by OLIVER. She returns and gives him the book.*)

OLIVER Christ, it looks dull. But thank you. You saved my life.

JENNY Then let's celebrate . . .

 (*As they leave, the set transforms from a library to a coffee shop.*)



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Jenny
Oliver
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LOVE STORY

OLIVER
IT'S HARD TO SEE THE JOKE

JENNY
IT'S MORE IMPORTANT THAT YOU JOKE!

JENNY / OLIVER
BUT WE KNEW THAT WE'D SURVIVE
IF WE KEPT OUR DREAMS ALIVE
THERE'S LINGUINI, RIGATONI,
FETTUCINI, CANNELLONI,
WE WILL MASTER EV'RY PASTA TILL IT'S RIGHT
TAGLIATELLE, LUMACONI,
VERMICELLI, MACARONI,
FOR THE COGNOSCENTI THERE IS PLENTY EV'RY NIGHT

AND THOUGH IT'S SOMETIMES ROCKY
WE ARE FULL OF LOVE AND GNOCCHI
AND WE NEVER FEEL TOO LONELY
WHEN WE'VE SHARED A MINESTRONE
IT'S THE PERFECT WAY TO CELEBRATE THE DAYS
BOLOGNAISE!

(During the applause a letter arrives through the letter box. It falls on the mat and JENNY and OLIVER both look at it. OLIVER looks away.)

JENNY You allergic to letters?

OLIVER I'm allergic to that one. That's my mother's handwriting.

JENNY Then we should read it.

OLIVER Why?

JENNY Because it's more frightening unopened than opened.

OLIVER It's made it this far . . . I think it can just carry on that little further to the garbage can.

JENNY And what if it's bad news.

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Jenny
Oliver

LOVE STORY

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- OLIVER It's already bad news.
- (JENNY picks it up, opens it and reads it out to OLIVER.)
- JENNY Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Barrett III request the pleasure of your company at a dinner in celebration of Mr. Barrett's sixtieth birthday. Saturday, the sixth of March, at seven o'clock.
- (Long pause.)
- JENNY Well?
- OLIVER Do you even have to ask?
- JENNY I think it's about time, Oliver.
- OLIVER For what?
- JENNY Does he have to crawl here on his hands and knees?
- (Pause.)
- JENNY Ollic . . . he's reaching out to you!
- OLIVER Bullshit.
- JENNY Sixty goddamn years old. Nothing says he'll still be around when *you're* finally ready for the reconciliation.
- OLIVER There will never, ever, be a goddamn reconciliation.
- JENNY Someday, when you're being bugged by Oliver V –
- OLIVER He won't be called *Oliver*, be sure of that!
- JENNY Even if we name him Bozo the Clown, the kid's still going to resent you 'cause you were a big Harvard jock. And by the time he's a freshman, you'll probably be in the Supreme Court!
- OLIVER And he'll be proud of me!
- JENNY Jesus! You can guarantee that?

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Jenny
Oliver

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LOVE STORY

OLIVER

Yes!

JENNY

How? How can you be a father if you're not even man enough to be a son?

(Beat.)

JENNY

(calmer) Your father loves you, Ollie. He loves you just the way you'll love Bozo. But you Barretts are so damn proud and competitive, you'll go through life thinking you hate each other.

OLIVER

The case is closed.

JENNY

There's still the matter of the R.S.V.P.

OLIVER

I'm sure a Radcliffe graduate can handle that.

(She looks at him and then she suddenly gets up and goes to the telephone. JENNY dials.)

OLIVER

Can't you just write a note?

(JENNY ignores him and listens to the phone ringing at the other end.)

JENNY

Oh – good evening, sir. Yes it is. Thank you for the invitation . . . that's what I was calling about, sir.

(She puts her hand over the phone and turns to OLIVER.)

JENNY

Ollie, does it have to be negative?

OLIVER

Yes!

JENNY

(back to the phone) I'm terribly sorry . . . I mean *we're* terribly sorry . . .

(OLIVER turns to her, furious that she's said "we're".)

JENNY

. . . but we can't make it this time.

(She listens and then turns back to OLIVER, her hand over the phone.)

JENNY

He's wounded, Oliver.

OLIVER Will you get off the goddamn phone?

JENNY Could you just say a word? Just a word?

OLIVER I will never talk to him. Ever!

JENNY For *me*, Oliver. I've never asked you for anything. *Please.*

(OLIVER stares at the floor.)

JENNY You are a heartless bastard. She speaks into the phone again.

JENNY Mr. Barrett, Oliver does want you to know that in his own special way . . .

(OLIVER stands in disbelief, staring at her.)

JENNY Oliver loves you very much.

(OLIVER suddenly runs to her, grabs the phone from her hands, rips it from the wall and hurls it across the room.)

OLIVER God damn you, Jenny! Why don't you get the hell out of my life!

(He storms out. JENNY looks around. It is no longer their home. She reaches under a table and drags out a suitcase. She begins to throw things into it at random. Then she sags.)

OLIVER walks in. They look at each other in silence.)

Music No. 10: EVERYTHING WE KNOW

OLIVER
NOT A WORD
OR A SIGN
NOT A WORLD
THAT WE DEFINE
FOR LOVE ISN'T MINE
AND LOVE CANNOT BE YOURS
IT'S WHAT WE MAKE
AND THE GAMBLE WE TAKE

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~~Jenny's Mother~~
Oliver
Jenny

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LOVE STORY

OLIVER I can get the money. I want the best for her. The very best, do you hear!

DR. ACKERMAN Of course. We will do our very best . . .

(OLIVER backs down and looks away again.)

OLIVER And what in Christ's name can I do?

DR. ACKERMAN Be honest with her. I'm sorry.

(Beat. OLIVER turns and leaves the room in a daze.)

Put in some Mother's Pause
SCENE FOURTEEN

JENNY is in the kitchen cooking. She is stirring the sauce she's made to go with some pasta.

JENNY'S MOTHER is sitting on the kitchen table watching JENNY. Long pause. JENNY never looks round, always concentrating on the sauce.

JENNY Mama?

JENNY'S MOTHER I'm here, Jenny.

JENNY I miss you every day.

JENNY'S MOTHER I know. But you have done so well. Pause.

JENNY Does it hurt?

JENNY'S MOTHER No, Jenny. It doesn't hurt. It's like falling off a cliff in slow motion.

JENNY Thank you mama. I love you.

JENNY'S MOTHER I love you too.

(JENNY'S MOTHER walks into the shadows. OLIVER enters brightly with an envelope.)

OLIVER Guess what, Mrs Barrett.

JENNY You got fired.

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Jenny

LOVE STORY

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OLIVER You damned optimist!

JENNY I do my best.

OLIVER I have a question for you. What do the Eiffel Tower, the Champs-Élysées and . . . er . . .

JENNY The Louvre? Moulin Rouge?

OLIVER Yeah . . . what do they all have in common . . .

JENNY They 're not round the corner?

(OLIVER pulls two aeroplane tickets out of the envelope.)

OLIVER But tomorrow night they will be! We're going to Paris!

JENNY Ollie . . . that's not the way we're gonna do it.

OLIVER Do what?

JENNY I don't want Paris. I don't need Paris. I just want you.

OLIVER . . .

JENNY And I want time, which you can't give me.

(Beat.)

JENNY I called the doctor and asked what the hell was happening.

(Pause.)

OLIVER I was going to tell you, Jen.

JENNY I know.

(They hug.)

JENNY I don't want any treatment. It won't make any difference and I'll just spend what little time I have running in and out of hospital. It's too messy.

OLIVER Okay. Whatever you want.

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LOVE STORY

JENNY I want to be here. With you. Doing what we do. And when I can't cope we'll go to hospital. Just the once.

(OLIVER *nods.*)

JENNY I'm counting on you to be strong, you hockey-jock.

OLIVER I will. I will. I promise.

JENNY I mean, for Phil. It's gonna be hardest for him. You, after all, you'll be the merry widow.

OLIVER Jen . . . stop this . . . how can you make jokes about me being merry for God's sake?

JENNY (*losing it for a moment, angry*) You'll be merry, goddammit! I want you to be merry! Okay?!

Music No. 13: EVERYTHING WE KNOW – Reprise

JENNY
ALL I ASK
ALL I FEEL
DON'T PRETEND
WE MADE A DEAL
WHEN TIME DOESN'T HEAL
WHAT NEED HAVE WE FOR TIME?
WE JUST NEED NOW
JUST A LITTLE MORE NOW

OLIVER
ALL WE'VE SAID
ALL WE'VE KNOWN
CAN'T BE LOST
OR FACED ALONE
WHEN HOPE'S OVERTHROWN
WHAT NEED HAVE WE FOR HOPE?
WE JUST NEED NOW
JUST A LITTLE MORE NOW

JENNY
I NEVER THOUGHT THERE'D BE A DAY WITHOUT YOU
HOW CAN THERE BE A DAY WITHOUT YOU HERE?