

JENNY God. Did he win?

OLIVER No.

*(They smile and hug lovingly. OLIVER III enters wearing a cashmere sports jacket and a warm smile.)*

OLIVER III Ah, hello there.

OLIVER Oh, hello, sir.

OLIVER III Sorry to keep you waiting.

OLIVER This is Jennifer –

OLIVER III *(cutting him off)* Hello, Jennifer. Did you have a nice trip down?

JENNY Yes. Nice and swift.

OLIVER III Oliver is a swift driver.

OLIVER Not as swift as you, Father.

OLIVER III I suppose not.

ALISON Oliver . . .

*(The moment is interrupted by the arrival of ALISON, OLIVER'S mother.)*

OLIVER III Ah . . . There you are Alison. This is Jennifer . . .

OLIVER Calliveri.

JENNY Cavilleri.

ALISON As in *Cavalleria Rusticana*?

JENNY Right. No relation.

ALISON *(confused)* Well, you couldn't very well be related to an Opera, could you?

JENNY No. It was a joke.

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LOVE STORY

ALISON Ah.

OLIVER III Ah.

*(JENNY and ALISON shake hands.)*

ALISON It's a real pleasure to meet you. I'm so looking forward to your thoughts on Puccini.

JENNY *(smiling)* . . . Good. I'm looking forward to seeing if I have any.

ALISON You are studying music?

JENNY When I'm not at hockey matches.

OLIVER Jenny's very supportive.

ALISON How lovely.

*(Beat.)*ALISON *(gesturing at the table)* Shall we?

OLIVER Thank you . . . but we'll have to be going soon.

ALISON But you did come for dinner, didn't you?

OLIVER We can't.

JENNY *(at the same time)* Of course.OLIVER *(to JENNY)* I've got to get back.

OLIVER III You're staying for dinner. That's an order.

OLIVER We can't, sir.

JENNY We have to, Oliver.

OLIVER Why?

JENNY I'm hungry.

ALISON Then that's settled. Please, Jenny . . . would you care to sit over