



Scripts.com

# Love Story

By Erich Segal

What can you say about  
a 25-year-old girl who died?  
That she was beautiful and brilliant?  
That she loved Mozart and Bach?  
The Beatles?  
And me?  
- Do you have this book?  
- You have your own library.  
- Answer my question.  
- Answer mine first.  
We're allowed to use  
the Radcliffe library.  
I'm not talking legality,  
I'm talking ethics.  
Harvard's got five million books,  
Radcliffe a few thousand.  
I only want one. I've got  
an hour exam tomorrow, damn it!  
Please watch your profanity, preppy.  
Why do you think  
I went to prep school?  
- You look stupid and rich.  
- Actually, I'm smart and poor.  
No, I'm smart and poor.  
- Why are you so smart?  
- I won't have coffee with you.  
- I wouldn't ask you.  
- That's what makes you stupid.  
Comp. Lit. 105. Not bad.  
Music 150. Not bad.  
Music 201, that's a graduate course.  
- Renaissance polyphony.  
- What's polyphony?  
Nothing sexual, preppy.  
I told you, my name is Oliver.  
- First or last?  
- First.  
- Oliver what?  
- Barrett.  
- Barrett like the poet?  
- Yeah, no relation.  
- Barrett like the hall?  
- Yes.  
I'm having coffee

with a Harvard building.

I'm not Barrett Hall. My great grandfather just gave it to Harvard.

So his not-so-great grandson could get in?

If you think I'm a loser, why did you bulldoze me into buying you coffee?

I like your body.

- I major in Social Studies.

- It doesn't show.

- It's an honours programme.

- I know you've got a few brains.

- Really?

- You're hung up on me, aren't you?

- Jenny?

- Yeah?

Listen, you Radcliffe bitch.

There's a hockey game on Friday.

- So?

- I want you to come.

Why would I go

to a lousy hockey game?

- Because I'm playing.

- For which side?

Two minutes for number seven.

Holding.

Penalty, Barrett, Harvard,

Two minutes, Holding,

Why are you here

when your friends are playing?

I'm in the penalty box.

- What did you do?

- I tried too hard.

- Is that a big disgrace?

- I'm trying to concentrate.

- On what?

- On how I'll total that bastard.

Come on, Harvard, let's go!

Are you a dirty player?

Would you ever total me?

- I will right now if you don't shut up.

- I'm leaving. Goodbye.

Barrett back in the game,

Harvard have full strength,

And a goal, Ackerman,

Assist, Barrett,

- Now I've seen a hockey game.

- What did you like best?

- When you were on your ass.

- Thanks for coming.

I didn't say you could kiss me.

- I was carried away.

- I wasn't.

I may not call you for a few months,

or I might call you

when I get back to my room.

- Bastard.

- You can dish it out, but not take it.

- Hello, animals.

- Hey, Ollie.

- What did you get?

- An assist.

- Off Cavilleri?

- None of your business.

- I'm your roommate!

- Has Barrett got a new goodie?

Jenny Cavilleri.

It's a music type from Rhode Island.

- I know her. Real tight-ass.

- Plays piano for the Bach Society.

- What does she play with Barrett?

- Probably hard to get.

Simpson. Up yours.

That proves it.

Hello, Jen?

What would you say if I told you...

I think I'm in love with you?

Never say "love" if you don't mean it.

You're a known quantity.

Meaning?

You're known for quantity.

At Radcliffe, every hall is Barrett Hall.

- You've been checking up on me.

- I won't dine outdoors with anybody.

- Am I just anybody?

- What do you think, preppy?

You'll have to fend for yourself

this weekend.

I'll be mixing it up  
with Francis LaPierre.  
- Very funny.  
- Are you jealous?  
He's the captain  
of the Cornell hockey team.  
You've been reading the sports page.  
I wouldn't mind  
watching you play against Cornell.  
No. I'll be involved.  
Oh, yeah. The All-Ivy title.  
- More than the All-Ivy title?  
- A lot more.  
Cornell goal,  
Score tied, 3-3,  
Come on, man! Quit!  
I'll kick your ass back to Montreal!  
Get up!  
You're out of the game, Barrett.  
Come on!  
- Je vais te casser la gueule!  
- I'll break yours before mine!  
Come on, Barrett, get off the ice!  
You Montreal faggots!  
What?! Francis LaPierre  
started the fight!  
- Get in!  
- Come on!  
Five minutes for number seven. Fight.  
Penalty, Barrett, Harvard,  
Five minutes for fighting,  
You probably want a steak, son.  
No, thanks. The doctor took care of it.  
I meant for your stomach, Oliver.  
- I'm supposed to eat with the team.  
- Oh, that's fine.  
- Does your face hurt?  
- No, sir.  
- Jack Wells should take a look at it.  
- That's not necessary.  
- Jack's a specialist.  
- It's nothing special.  
- My car's there. Can I give you a lift?  
- I'll walk you to your car.

Have you heard from the Law School?

I haven't exactly decided

on the Law School.

I was merely asking

if the Law School had decided on you.

- No.

- There really isn't any doubt.

- About what?

- The school needs good men like you.

- They haven't got a hockey team.

- You have other qualities, Oliver.

I'm sorry you had to see Harvard lose.

I came to see you play.

The Dean of the school

is an old classmate...

That's very nice, sir.

- Goodbye.

- Goodbye, sir.

- Give my best to Mother.

- Yes, I will.

Briggs Hall. Sandy Davidson.

Jennifer Cavilleri.

You have a call.

She's in the downstairs phone booth.

- Where is that?

- Around the corner.

Would you please...

For God's sake, Phil!

Yes. Yeah, yeah,

for the million-and-oneth time, yeah!

Absolutely! Oh, I love you, too, Phil.

Yeah, I love you, too.

Goodbye.

- What happened? You look terrible.

- I'm injured.

Did you make

the other guy look worse?

I always make

the other guy look worse.

- Jenny?

- Yeah?

- Who's Phil?

- My father.

You call your father Phil?

- It's his name, what do you call yours?  
- Son-of-a-bitch.  
- To his face?  
- I never see his face.  
- Why? Does he wear a mask?  
- In a way.  
He must be proud.  
You're a Harvard jock.  
- So was he.  
- Bigger than All-Ivy?  
He rowed single sculls  
in the 1928 Olympics.  
- Did he win?  
- No.  
- Then why is he a son-of-a-bitch?  
- He leans on me.  
- He makes me do the right things.  
- So?  
I don't like to have to put out X amount  
of achievement every term.  
You hate making the Dean's list  
and being All-Ivy!  
He expects no less, and when  
I come through, he is so indifferent.  
- Ridiculous!  
- And what did he say after the game?  
He went all that way to watch you play?  
After we blew the title  
and after I was nearly massacred,  
do you know what he said to his son?  
- Whores in Ithaca?  
- "I know the Dean of the Law School. "  
What did you expect him to say?  
"How is your sex life?"  
- Whose side are you on?  
- I didn't know it was a war.  
- You don't understand.  
- More than you wish I did.  
Did the son-of-a-bitch  
at least get lousy grades?  
- He was a Rhodes scholar.  
- There's a problem of overachievement.  
- Forget about it. There's no problem.  
- Right.

Do I call my father on the phone?

Do I say, "I love you, Phil?"

- No.

- There you are.

And do you know why?

Because his name is Oliver.

The great Barrett Hall.

Don't you salute when you pass it?

- It's ugly. I've never been inside.

- That's a mature attitude.

It's not easy living with history.

- How many have to cope with that?

- I could name two.

Thanks.

Must you play music while we study?

I'm studying the music,

It's called "Analysis of Form",

Yeah...

You'll flunk if you just stare at me,

- I'm not, I'm studying,

- Bullshit, You're looking at my legs,

- You're not that great looking,

- I can't help if you think so,

- Let's change the subject,

- I wasn't aware there was one,

You think that I wanted

to make love to you,

- But I'm not interested,

- Then we've got one thing in common,

I'm tired of playing your game.

You are a supreme Radcliffe smart-ass.

The best. You put down

anything in pants.

But verbal volleyball

is not my idea of a relationship.

If that's what you think it's all about,

go back to your music waltz.

I think you're scared. You put up

a wall to keep from getting hurt,

but it also keeps you

from getting touched.

It's a risk, isn't it, Jenny?

At least I had the guts

to admit what I felt.



Some day you'll have to come up with  
the courage to admit that you care.

I care.

- Would your priest like this?

- I don't have one.

- Aren't you a good Catholic girl?

- Well, I'm a girl...

...and I'm good, right?

So that's two out of three.

- Why do you wear it?

- It was my mother's.

Why did you leave the Church?

I don't know.

I never really joined.

I never thought there was another world  
better than this one.

What could be better than Mozart?

Or Bach?

Or you?

Jenny?

I'm up there with Bach and Mozart?

And The Beatles.

- Let me sack in your couch.

- How come?

- Barrett.

- Who's the guest of honour?

- Cavilleri.

- Again? Still?

Barrett's slipping.

It's amazing.

I'm really studying.

- I'm studying.

- Sorry.

Oliver?

I love you.

You were great.

- You know nothing about music.

- I know enough.

Wise up, would you please, Barrett?

I wasn't great or All-Ivy, just OK. OK?

OK.

- I mean you should keep at it.

- Who said I won't?

I'm going to study

with Nadia Boulanger.

Who?

Next year.

I have a scholarship in Paris.

Paris?

Yeah, I've never been to Europe.

I can hardly wait.

- How long have you known?

- It's inevitable.

What is?

That we'll separate.

You'll go to Law School.

- What are you talking about?

- You're a millionaire, I'm a social zero.

What do you mean?

We're together, we're happy.

Harvard is like a bag full of toys,

but when the holiday is over,

you have to go back

where you belong.

- Back to bake cookies?

- Pastries. Don't make fun of my father.

Then don't leave me, Jenny!

Please.

What about my scholarship

and Paris, which I've never seen?

- What about our marriage?

- Who said anything about marriage?

I'm saying it, now.

You want to marry me?

Yeah.

Why?

Because.

That's a good reason.

- You're driving like a maniac.

- Everybody does in Boston.

You'll kill us before

your parents can murder us.

- My parents will love you.

- Even the son-of-a-bitch?

Of course. Where is

the old Radcliffe confidence?

- Back at Radcliffe.

- It's going to be OK, Jenny.

- What did you say on the phone?
- Just that I'd drop by.
- Very casual, huh?
- Yeah, right.

How often do you visit during a term?

- Never.
- Oh, that's casual...

Holy shit!

Stop, Oliver. No kidding, stop the car.

I didn't think it would be like this,

- Like what?
- I mean, like this rich.
- This is too much for me.
- Don't worry. It'll be a breeze.

Yeah, but why do I wish my name were Abigail Adams or Wendy Wasp?

Don't be scared.

- Aren't you?
- No.
- So far, so good.
- That's not saying much.
- Your hand is cold.
- So is yours.
- Let's get away from here.
- Master Oliver! Hello!

Hello, Florence. This is Jenny.

"Master"? I always knew you had slaves.

Let me take your wrap.

Your parents are in the drawing room.

Thank you, Florence.

Half the buildings of Harvard are hanging there.

Oh, it's nothing.

You're related to the Sewall Boat House?

Yes, I come from a long line of wood and stone.

Hello there.

- I'd like you to meet Jennifer Calaveri.
- Cavilleri.
- As in "Cavalleria Rusticana"?
- Right. No relation.
- Hello, Mum.

- Hello, darling.  
Nice to meet you.  
How are you, son?  
Fine, sir, fine.  
Please sit down  
and make yourself at home.  
We'll have to go soon.  
Why are you so uncomfortable  
with your parents?  
- Why did you want to leave at once?  
- I didn't like how they treated you.  
"What is it your parents are in?"  
- What is it your people are in?  
- My father bakes cookies.  
- What's the name of the firm?  
- Phil's Bake Shop.  
- Of Cranston, Rhode Island.  
- How interesting...  
- So your people are from Cranston?  
- Mostly. My mother is from Fall River.  
- The Barretts have mills in Fall River.  
- Where they exploited the poor.  
In the 19th century.  
When you inherit,  
you can give all our money back.  
That's what the philosopher  
Saint-Simon advocated.  
In the 18th century.  
- It's late.  
- Aren't you staying for dinner?  
- Yes.  
- No. I have to get back.  
You're staying for dinner  
and that's an order.  
Everything is an order,  
a directive, a command.  
Where is your sense of humour?  
In school, he used to send me memos.  
Memos! Don't you find that odd?  
I find it rather cute.  
Have you heard from Law School?  
- Not yet.  
- He'll get in. Who's better than Oliver?  
I agree. He'll graduate with honours.

He's always done well in school.

At Exeter, he was...

It doesn't mean a thing.

I'm just one of many trying to get in.

- I could give Price Zimmermann a ring.

- No! I mean, please don't, sir.

Just to find out if he knows.

I want to get my letter

with everyone else. Please.

- He was only trying to be helpful.

- I don't need that kind of help.

- OK.

- No, it's not OK.

He's not going to be satisfied

until he cuts them off.

What you wouldn't like to be cut off.

Oh... Well, we've got

to take care of those.

- Take care.

- Get there a minute later, but get there.

- You really like to bug your father.

- The feeling is mutual.

You wouldn't stop at anything

to get to him.

It's impossible to get to Oliver Barrett III.

Unless maybe if you marry

Jennifer Cavillari?

- Is that what you think?

- Yes, it's part of it.

You don't believe I love you?

Yes, but you also love

my negative social status.

No.

I can't pass judgement.

I just think so.

I love not only you,

but also your name and your numeral.

After all, it's part of what you are.

- Oh, how can you do it?

- What?

How can you see me

and still love me?

That's what it's about, preppy.

- How are you, son?

- I'm OK, sir.

Did you hear from Law School?

- Yes. I called you, remember?

- Yes. Congratulations.

- You'll be on the Supreme Court.

- I may just chase ambulances.

Fine. How's Raymond?

He's fine. Got into OCS.

Army? That's good.

That's bad.

You haven't mentioned Jennifer.

What is there to say? You're presenting us with a fait accompli,

- But what did you think?

- She's absolutely charming.

With her background,

to get to Radcliffe is...

- Get to the point!

- It doesn't concern her, but you.

Your rebellion. And you are rebelling.

I fail...

I fail to see how marrying a brilliant Radcliffe girl constitutes rebellion.

She's not some crazy hippie.

She's not many things.

What irks you most,

that she's Catholic or poor?

- What attracts you most?

- I'm leaving.

Don't go off half-cocked.

I would only ask that you wait a bit.

Define "bit".

Finish Law School.

If it's real, it'll stand the test of time.

It is real,

but why should I put it through a test?

- I'm asking you.

- You're commanding me!

If you marry her now,

I'll not give you the time of day.

Father, you don't know the time of day!

We're looking forward

to having you with us.

Me too, Dean Thompson.

- Something has come up.

- A change of heart?

No, I'm still set on Law School, but...

I'm going to need a scholarship.

- Really?

- That's why I'm here.

That's rather curious,  
considering your background.

- I'm not his son anymore.

- I beg your pardon?

We have had a misunderstanding.

It's a parting of the ways.

- This is very unfortunate, Mr Barrett.

- I'm not exactly jumping for joy.

We have many entering students  
in far worse straits than you.

What's worse than destitution?

I'm getting married next month.

We'll work all summer, and then  
Jenny will teach in a private school.

That's a living, but not tuition.

Your tuition is pretty steep.

Yes.

I need a scholarship.

I have already been accepted.

- I don't have any money.

- You have a millionaire father.

Had, Why should I be penalised just  
because I was related to a rich man?

Mr Barrett, I don't think that this office  
should enter into a family quarrel.

- A rather distressing one, at that.

- I see. Thank you.

Perhaps at mid-year's.

Thank you. You've been  
very generous with your time.

- We just passed my junior high school.

- I can't believe he liked my poverty.

He did! Now you've got  
something in common.

God, when I first told him  
Oliver Barrett...

- Yeah?

- He couldn't believe it.

He reminded me

of the Eleventh Commandment.

- Eleventh?

- "Do not bullshit thy father. "

Any other commandments

I should know?

Yeah. "Stay loose. "

- So is he for it? Does he approve?

- What do you think?

- I won't allow it, do you get me?

- You're tilting at windmills, Phil.

Stop calling his father a windmill.

He's a distinguished citizen...

- Mr Cavilleri...

- Phil.

- I'll call his goddamn father.

- It won't do any good, goddammit!

- Don't use profanity in this house.

- You do.

- What will he think?

- That you've gone mad.

Because I won't allow a parent

to reject a child?

- Mr Cavilleri...

- Phil.

Phil, sir... I reject him, too!

Don't talk like that. A father's love

is something to cherish and respect.

- It's a rare thing.

- Especially in my family.

- Let's get him on the phone.

- We have this cold line.

He'll thaw and melt. Believe me,

when it's time to go to church...

Let's get him on the phone.

- Please, Phil.

- What?

About the church bit...

Well, we're kind of negative on it.

I didn't necessarily mean

the Catholic Church.

You know that Jennifer is Catholic?

She may have told you that.

And her sainted mother



always dreamed of  
the whole mass rigmarole,  
but you're...  
But God would bless this union  
in any church.

- Phil?
- Yeah?
- About the God bit.
- Yeah?
- We're sort of negative about that, too.
- About God?
- About anybody's God?
- Neither of us believe.

And we won't be hypocrites.  
If that's what you wish.  
Just tell me who performs the wedding.  
We do.

You mean to do it yourself?  
That's... wonderful.  
I mean, that's just... wonderful.  
Do it yourself, huh?  
I think that's just wonderful.  
But, tell me, is it...?

What's the word?

- You mean "legal"?
- Is it?

Yes. One of the college chaplains  
just sort of...  
He presides over it,  
and the couple address each other.

You mean the bride speaks, too?

- It's a new world, Philip.
- Oh, yeah. It's new, all right.

Ready?

- Amen.
- They haven't started, yet.

How will I know?

I've never been to a do-it-yourself.  
Listen to the words they have chosen  
to read on this occasion.

Amen.

The priest said "sacred".

- He's not a priest.
- He is to me.

"When our two souls stand up  
erect and strong  
"Face to face, silent,  
drawing nigh and nigher  
"Until the lengthening wings  
break into fire at either curved point,  
"What bitter wrong  
can the earth do to us  
"That we should not  
long be here contented?  
"Think! In mounting higher,  
the angels would press on us  
"And aspire to drop some golden orb  
of perfect song  
"Into our deep, dear silence  
"Let us stay rather on earth, Beloved,  
"Where the unfit contrarious  
moods of men recoil away  
"And isolate pure spirits  
"And permit a place  
to stand and love in for a day  
"With darkness and  
the death-hour rounding it. "  
"I give you my hand!  
"I give you my love  
more precious than money  
"I give you myself  
before preaching or law  
"Will you give me yourself?  
Will you come travel with me?  
"Shall we stick by each other  
as long as we live?"  
I, Oliver Barrett,  
take you, Jennifer Cavilleri,  
to be my wedded wife  
from this day forward...  
...to love and to cherish  
till death do us part.  
I, Jennifer Cavilleri,  
take you, Oliver Barrett,  
as my wedded husband  
from this day forward,  
to love and to cherish  
till death do us part.

By the authority vested in me by  
the Commonwealth of Massachusetts,  
I pronounce you man and wife.

Now I'm being kept.

- You won't like it.

- I already do.

The school only pays me 3,000 a year.

- Why?

- Because my name is Mrs Barrett.

- Couldn't you be Miss Cavilleri?

- Then I'd be the Queen of Paris.

It's a bargain.

Four rooms for 82.50 a month  
is impossible this side of Mongolia.

But this is the Mongolian section  
of Cambridge.

Gee...

I have to admit that  
it's even worse than I expected.

- Yeah, but it's home.

- Yeah.

- Well?

- Well what?

- Carry me over the threshold.

- Do you believe that nonsense?

- Carry me and I'll tell you.

- We're at the top floor!

OK, I'll be a young  
and beautiful divorcee.

Hey, what is this, Barrett?

I'll tell you after we cross the threshold.

- This is not a threshold.

- Our name is there.

It's not an official threshold.

Upstairs, you preppy!

- Why are you so heavy?

- I might be pregnant.

- Are you?

- Scared you, didn't I?

- No, I...

- Don't bullshit me.

For a second I clutched.

Is this the official threshold?

- What do think?

- If you don't say yes...

Yes!

- Where's Barrett?

- Where are the kids?

Asleep, thank God. It's siesta time.

I've got 45 minutes.

That's more than they give me.

Damn it!

- What's wrong with this engine?

- You're a Harvard Magna.

- Not in mechanics.

- Welcome to the world, preppy.

- Listen, Cavilleri...

- The name's Barrett, Barrett.

Sometimes you are really a bitch.

- How are they treating you?

- Fine, except for one brat.

He'll be breaking and entering

before 10.

- What now?

- He tried to pinch me.

- I don't blame him.

- Next time, I'll wallop him.

Not until you get his parents' tip.

Damn it!

- Let's get out of here.

- Don't touch me.

- What a thing to say to your husband!

- Wash. You can touch me afterwards.

I had another salary hassle today

with Miss Anne Miller Whitman.

- I hope you laid it on thick this time.

- I told her I was proud to work for them.

I said, "Even Barretts  
have to pay their rent. "

- To which she retorted...

- "Ho, ho, ho!"

- Define "Ho, ho, ho".

- 3,500 for the year.

Ridiculous!

Would you like to support me while I  
take courses to teach in public school?

- Would you please say something?

- Ho, ho, ho.

- I thought you'd call after the meeting.
- I wanted you to study.
- Have you eaten?
- I waited for you.
- You're a growing boy.
- Not anymore.

Yes, in the mind.

Did you check the mail?

Just one second.

This is a crucial precedent.

- Did you check the mail?
- No. Anything vital?
- We are cordially invited...
- ... to pay the light bill.

To a dinner.

Your father's 60th birthday.

- Did you hear me?
- Yes.

RSVP.

- You even have to ask?
- It's about time.
- For what?
- You know.

Does he have to crawl here?

He's reaching out.

My mother addressed it.

Think. 60 years old. Maybe he won't be around for a reconciliation.

There won't be one.

- Oliver V will bug you...
- He won't be called that!

He can be called Bozo. He'll still resent you for being a Harvard jock!

- You'll be on the Supreme Court...
- He won't resent me!
- Why not?
- Because I...

Your father loves you like you'll love Bozo, but you Barretts are so proud that you'll always think you hate each other.

If it weren't for you?

The case is closed!

- There's still the RSVP.

- I think you can handle it.  
I have never deliberately hurt anyone,  
and I don't think I could.  
Jennifer!  
Just answer no.  
- OK. What's the number?  
- Can't you write a note?  
I'll lose my nerve.  
What's the number?  
338-3434, and dial 1 first.  
Good evening, this is Jennifer Barrett.  
Mr Barrett! Good evening, sir.  
Fine, thank you.  
Yes, we did. That's why I'm calling.  
I'm terribly sorry,  
I mean we're terribly sorry,  
but... no we can't.  
I'm sorry.  
Oliver, please talk to him.  
Just say hello.  
- I will never talk to him.  
- Can't you do it for me?  
I've never asked you to do anything  
in my whole life. Just for me.  
No.  
You're a heartless bastard.  
Mr Barrett?  
Oliver would like you to know,  
that in his own special way,  
he loves you very much.  
Get the hell out of my life!  
I forgot my key.  
Jenny, I'm sorry.  
Don't.  
Love means  
never having to say you're sorry.  
Concentrate on blending  
and stop showing off your voice.  
But I wasn't!  
- No bullshit. You were showing off.  
- Sorry, Jenny.  
One last time and this time  
I want crisp diction.  
Wow! That was really

incredibly, absolutely...

...not bad.

- Tomorrow at 8.30, OK?

- OK. Bye, Jenny.

Well, Barrett,

what brings you to church?

The saloons closed early.

Did you get us a tree?

Don't worry about it.

We'll get one on the way home.

What are you doing New Year's Eve?

Sleeping.

I thought you'd want

to spend it with me.

What are you doing?

Sleeping.

Some day, we'll look back

on these days...

The sooner, the better.

Go!

Jennifer, come here!

Jennifer, come here!

What? Come on!

Start it over again.

- What is it?

- I have something important to tell you.

- Couldn't you tell me over there?

- No, I want to be alone with you.

Fantastic news. Here, read.

Harvard Law School?

You got kicked out.

Read it, will you?

It's great news.

- You were first in the class?

- Not quite. Third.

- Only third, huh?

- That means I make the Law Review.

Say something, please.

Not until I've met

numbers one and two.

And the William DeJersey Memorial

Award for the finest senior essay to...

...Oliver Barrett IV.

- On your feet.

- How much?

500 big ones!

Holy shit!

- Get up! Come on!

- Quiet!

The Jennifer Barrett Maternity Award!

- It was a good apartment for 80 bucks.

- Now our garage will cost that.

- Why have a car in New York?

- House calls, Jenny.

Lawyers for Jonas and Marsh

don't make house calls.

- Yes, to Mr Jonas and Mr Marsh.

- You can walk there.

- Rich people ride.

- Nouveau riche people.

That's us.

You won't laugh? I'm actually  
getting to like the name Bozo.

- For what?

- Our kid.

Our huge and bruising All-Ivy tackle.

- Bozo Barrett?

- It's the name of a Harvard superjock.

You would actually call

our offspring Bozo?

Only if it's a boy.

- We have crossed the poverty line.

- Not quite.

- What?

- Not until I'm carried over the threshold.

- We've done that!

- Now you're a lawyer. It'll be legal.

- It's on the tenth floor!

- Carry me in the elevator.

Thank God for that.

- Can I help?

- Barrett. 10-H. The bags are in the car.

- Is the lady all right?

- I will be when I'm over the threshold.

- Newly-weds, huh?

- Eternally.

Move your ass, preppy.

You've got it made, you bastard.



Made in the shade.

- Snug as a bug in a rug.
- Cut the crap and play.

Working for Jonas and Marsh,  
pulling in the coin...

- Play, damn it!
- I can't help it.

Married to "Foul Mouth Angelface".

Pay attention.

- Why should you have all the luck?
- It was a long drag.

This is the first week  
that Jenny hasn't had to work.

- What is she going to do?
- I want her to study, she wants a baby.
- So?
- So we're making babies.
- Do you need any help, old buddy?
- I'll call you if I need you.
- Whose fault is it?
- I wouldn't use the word "fault".

OK, we'll put it your way.

Two 24-year-olds can't make a baby.

One must be malfunctioning. Who?

Jenny.

All right, then we'll adopt kids.

The problem is more serious.

Jenny is very sick.

Define "very sick".

She's dying.

That's impossible.

I'm sorry to have to tell you this.

That's impossible.

It's a mistake, it has to be.

We repeated her blood test three times.

The diagnosis is correct.

She'll have to be told soon.

We can withhold treatment

for a little while, but not for long.

We'll have to begin therapy

sometime during the next few weeks.

She's only 24.

- Will it be painful?
- Hopefully not.

You'll want to talk to a haematologist.

I can refer you to Dr Addison.

Yeah.

What do I do?

What can I do for Jenny?

Act as normal as possible,

for as long as possible.

That's really the best thing.

Normal.

OK, I'll be as normal as hell.

Jen?

Jenny, I'm home.

- I need a lawyer.

- I'm a lawyer.

I need you.

- I need you, too.

- Why? I'm not a lawyer.

No, but you're a nut,

and I happen to need a nut.

- You look lovely, Jenny.

- Bullshit.

- OK, you look terrible.

- No, I never look terrible.

- I look OK for Thursday evening, OK?

- There's no poetry in "OK".

Screw poetry.

Just tell me what you see.

- I see you.

- That's poetry.

Did Dr Shapeley tell you

that we both checked out?

Yeah.

So we just have to keep trying, right?

- Yeah, let's try now.

- At this very minute?

Even sooner.

Jenny?

Get out there and support me in  
the manner to which I'll be accustomed.

Get up.

- Are you meeting Stratton today?

- Who?

Ray Stratton, your best friend.

Your roommate before me.

- We're supposed to play, but I'll cancel.
- The hell you will!
- Why not?
- I don't want a flabby husband.
- All right, but I'll take you out to dinner.
- Why?

Can't I take my wife  
to dinner if I want to?

- OK, Barrett, what's her name?
- What?

If you take your wife out in the middle  
of the week, you're screwing somebody.

- What's the matter?
- Off day.

You've had an off day  
for two weeks now.

Jonas wants me to go to Chicago  
on a big case.

That newscaster  
that got beat up by the cops.

Fantastic. You on the other side  
of a punch-out rap.

- I turned him down.
- Why?

I couldn't see living in some hotel.

Boy, you're really married!

Your time will come.

Mrs Barrett!

I'm in the kitchen where I belong.

Come here.

- Guess what.
- You got fired.
- I got fired up. Guess where to.
- Reno, Nevada.

Paris, France.

We'll be there Christmas Day.

No, that's not the way we'll do it.

- Do what?
- I don't want Paris, I don't need Paris.
- I just want you.
- That you got, baby.

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

You saw Dr Shapeley?

And his buddy, too.

He's a very nice guy.

- Good. Who?

- Dr Addison.

He's a Yalie, college and med school.

But I said you wouldn't mind.

Not if he's nice.

He didn't bullshit me,

and that's what I wanted.

- OK, then for the Yalie doctor.

- OK.

I'm counting on you to be strong,

you goddamn hockey jock.

I will, baby. I will.

It will be hardest for Phil.

You, after all, are going to be

the merry widower.

- I won't be merry.

- Yes, you will. I want you to be merry.

You'll be merry, OK?

OK.

OK.

- Enough?

- No. I love watching you.

- The old hockey fake-out.

- That's you, the old hockey fake-out.

- Can we get hot chocolate?

- Sure, I'll even pay.

- Very gracious of you.

- I liked it best when I supported you.

You always supported me.

After all, what's money?

I don't know.

- Could we afford a taxi?

- Sure. Where do you want to go?

The hospital.

She's getting white cells and platelets,

which she needs most.

- She doesn't want antimetabolites.

- What's that?

A treatment that slows cell destruction.

But there are unpleasant side effects.

Jenny's the boss.

Whatever she wants.

Do everything you can  
to make sure it doesn't hurt.

- We will.
- I don't care what it costs.
- It could take months.
- Screw the cost.

There's no way of knowing  
how long she'll linger.

I want her to have the very best.

I'm wealthy. I'm rich.

Really, I'm like a millionaire.

- How have you been?
- Fine, sir.
- And how is Jennifer?
- She's fine, sir.

I need to borrow 5,000 dollars  
for a very good reason.

Well?

- Sir?
- May I know the reason?

I can't tell you.

Just lend me the money, please.

- Don't they pay you at the firm?
- Yes, sir.
- And doesn't she teach...
- Don't call her "she".
- Doesn't Jennifer...
- Leave her out of it.

Just write out a cheque.

It's a very important personal matter.

You got some girl in trouble?

Yeah, that's it.

Please lend me the money.

Thank you, Father.

How is she?

She wants the troops home  
for Christmas.

- Always running the show.
- She may succeed.
- That fast?
- Yes.

Hello, baby.

Phil.

How is it going, Mrs B?

It's going, preppy.

The troops will be home for Christmas.

- That's a little trite.

- It's the goddamn truth.

Watch your language.

There's a grown-up present.

I hope so. Phil made a few promises.

Don't worry, Jenny.

Maybe I ought to let you guys...

I'll be nearby.

It doesn't hurt, Ollie.

It's like falling off a cliff in slow motion.

Only after a while you wish you'd hit

the ground already, you know?

Yeah.

Bullshit. You've never fallen off a cliff.

Yes, I did. When I met you.

Yeah.

"What a falling off was there. "

- Who said that?

- I don't know. Shakespeare?

Yeah, but who?

I mean, what play?

I went to Radcliffe, I'm supposed  
to remember those things.

I once knew all  
the Mozart Kochel listings.

- Big deal.

- You bet it was.

What number is  
the A Major Concerto?

- I don't know. I'll look it up.

- But I used to know all those things.

- Do you want to talk music?

- What do you want to talk? Funerals?

No, I don't.

Ollie?

I told Phil you could have  
a Catholic service  
and you'd say OK. OK?

It'll really help him a lot, you know?

OK.

Now you've got to stop being sick.

Me?

That guilty look on your face,  
it's sick.  
Stop blaming yourself,  
you stupid preppy. It's nobody's fault.  
It's not your fault.  
That's the only thing I'll ask you.  
Otherwise, you'll be OK.  
Screw Paris!  
What?  
Screw Paris and music and everything  
you thought you stole from me.  
I don't care, don't you believe that?  
Then get the hell out of here!  
I don't want you at my deathbed!  
I believe you.  
I really do.  
That's better.  
Would you please  
do something for me?  
Would you please hold me?  
I mean really hold me. Next to me.  
Philip?  
I wish...  
I wish I hadn't promised Jenny...  
I wish I hadn't promised Jenny  
to be strong for you.  
Oliver.  
Why didn't you tell me?  
I made some calls, and when I found out  
I jumped in the car.  
Oliver, I want to help.  
Jenny's dead.  
- I'm sorry.  
- Love...  
Love means  
never having to say you're sorry.