
OLD LOVE

by

Norm Foster

SECOND SCENE EDITIONS

Playwrights Canada Press
Toronto • Canada

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Old Love was first produced at The Lighthouse Festival Theatre in Port Dover, Ontario, from May 20 – June 11, 2008 with the following cast:

BUD MITCHELL

ARTHUR GRAHAM

ARTHUR JUNIORJerry Franken

MOLLY GRAHAM

KITTY MITCHELL

KENDRA

SHIRLEY

SANDRA

DELORES

CLAIREBrenda Bazinet

DirectorChris McHarge

Stage managerBill Brillinger

Set designerEileen Earnshaw-Borghesan

Lighting designerRenee Brode

Costume designerJasmine Aitcheson

CHARACTERS

BUD MITCHELL

MOLLY GRAHAM

KITTY MITCHELL

ARTHUR GRAHAM

ARTHUR JUNIOR

KENDRA

SHIRLEY, SANDRA, DELORES & CLAIRE

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The play can be done with only **two** actors, one male and one female, playing all of the parts, or it can be done with **four** actors, two male and two female.

With four actors:

Actor #1

BUD in the present, ARTHUR.

Actor #2

MOLLY in the present, SHIRLEY, SANDRA,
DELORES, CLAIRE.

Actor #3

YOUNGER BUD in the flashbacks, ARTHUR JUNIOR.

Actor #4

YOUNGER MOLLY in the flashbacks, KITTY, KENDRA.

ACT ONE

Time: The present.

The stage is bare except for a couch and a kitchen table with two chairs and a park bench. These objects represent different settings throughout the play. The play can also be done with raised levels representing the furniture.

Lights up to reveal a spotlight area onstage. BUD Mitchell steps into the spotlight and speaks to the audience.

BUD: This is the story of my pursuit of a good woman. And I don't mean just any good woman, because I know there are millions of good women out there. I'm sure there are some here right now. But I have a particular woman in mind. Her name is Molly. I first met Molly twenty-five years ago. We met only three times, very briefly, over the course of the next three years. We were both married back then. Me to my wife Kitty, and Molly to Arthur Graham, the owner of the company I worked for. Eventually Arthur Graham sold the company and I didn't see Molly again, but she would always come back to me. Sometimes in a dream. Sometimes while I was just sitting at home going over the monthly bills. Or sometimes when I was driving over a long distance. Her face would suddenly pop into my mind at these times and I would wonder how she was doing. Now, I didn't really know Molly all that well, so it's hard to explain my

infatuation with her. I do know that the few times we did meet and talk she left quite an impression on me. And after my wife and I got divorced I would think about Molly more and more. Oh, I tried dating other women, but nothing ever came of that. They just weren't what I was looking for. I always found something wrong with them. That's when I started to wonder, "Am I being too picky? Am I hard to please?" Well you be the judge. First of all there was Sandra.

Lights up on SANDRA.

SANDRA: What do you mean I'm needy? I'm not needy. What do I need? I just need you. That's all I need. And if you leave me I'll kill myself. I swear to God. You don't think I will? Just try me. Needy. I'm not needy. Who in the hell are you calling needy?! Oh God, don't leave me!!! I'm begging you!!

BUD: *(to the audience)* That was our first date. And then there was Delores.

Lights up on DELORES.

DELORES: You think three margaritas is too much? Honey, that's breakfast.

BUD: And finally Claire.

Lights up on CLAIRE.

CLAIRE: There will be no kissing until the fourth date, and we will always make love in complete darkness. You will never ever see me naked, so you can get that sick thought out of your head right now, mister.

BUD: So as you can see... *(He speaks to CLAIRE.)*
Never?

CLAIRE: Never.

Lights out on CLAIRE.

BUD: So as you can see, this whole dating concept just wasn't working out for me. But then something miraculous happened. I was in my office one morning a few months ago when an inter-office memo came across my desk.

SHIRLEY the secretary enters carrying a memo. She walks with a limp.

SHIRLEY: Memo, Bud. *(She hands the memo to BUD.)*

BUD: Thanks, Shirley.

SHIRLEY turns to leave.

Uh, Shirley. Do you think it's appropriate that you call me Bud? I mean, I'm the boss now. Maybe you should call me Mr. Mitchell.

SHIRLEY: Okay. Sure. And you can call me "I'm taking a three hour lunch because the new boss is getting uppity on my ass."

BUD: ...Bud's good.

SHIRLEY exits. BUD speaks to the audience.

So I got this inte-roffice memo one morning and here's what it said: "Former CEO Arthur Graham has died." Well it said more than that. I just skipped right to the good part. Now, as you recall, Arthur Graham is Molly's

husband. Molly is the woman I've been infatuated with all these years. The memo said the funeral would be held on the Wednesday of that week.

MOLLY Graham enters. She carries a rose. She looks to the ground. She is looking at her husband's grave.

MOLLY: Goodbye my love. My life. (*MOLLY throws the rose on the ground.*)

BUD moves to MOLLY.

BUD: *Spartacus.*

MOLLY: Excuse me?

BUD: That's a line from *Spartacus*, when Jean Simmons is leaving Rome and she sees her man, Spartacus, hanging from a cross at the side of the road, she says "Goodbye my love. My life."

MOLLY: It was my husband's favourite movie. I thought he should hear those words out of my mouth at least once.

BUD: Think he heard it under all that dirt?

MOLLY: Well it's the thought that counts. And you are?

BUD: Bud Mitchell.

BUD shakes MOLLY's hand.

MOLLY: Molly Graham. How do you do?

BUD: Hello. It's a good location.

MOLLY: What is?

BUD: Your husband's plot. Up here on a hill like this. It's got good drainage. He won't be getting damp. Those poor buggers at the bottom of the hill will be soaked but your husband will be dry as a bone.

MOLLY: Uh-huh.

BUD: ...Nice day, isn't it? I mean the weather is nice. I don't mean it's nice because your husband is being interred. I just mean the weather.

MOLLY: Yes. I know what you mean.

BUD: Funerals are awkward, aren't they? I mean, for conversation. I never know what to say. You can't be too cheerful for obvious reasons, but by the same token you don't want to be too miserable, otherwise you bring everybody down. I mean, they're already down, but my God, you don't want it to be like a funeral. Well it is a funeral, isn't it? You see? I just never know what to say. *(pause)* ...Would you like to have dinner with me sometime?

MOLLY: ...I just buried my husband.

BUD: Well that's why I figured you'd be free for dinner.

MOLLY: No thank you.

BUD: You don't remember me, do you?

MOLLY: I'm afraid not, no.