

I'm going to lose you and I'm afraid I'm gonna lose myself, too. See? It's still all about me! I was a screw up with Mike and I'm a screw-up with you!

MORRIE. So I guess all that forgive yourself stuff really sunk in, huh?

MITCH. Why'd you let me come back? All the people who want to see you. I'm not special! I forgot you, Morrie! Why'd you let me in?

MORRIE. Same reason I took to you twenty years ago. *Fachaltnisht deine licht unter a shorten.*

MITCH. Morrie, I STILL don't speak Yiddish.

MORRIE. You never looked it up. "Don't hide your light under a bushel."

MITCH. What are you talking about, "hide my light"? I'm in "the spotlight."

MORRIE. Not *that* light. (*Touches his heart.*) *This* light. You have it.

MITCH. How do you know?

MORRIE. Because I heard that said about someone else when I was younger.

MITCH. Who?

MORRIE. Me. (*Long silence.*) Mitch, I have one last favor to ask. I've picked a place to be buried. It's on a hill, beneath a tree, overlooking a pond. After I'm gone, I want you to come and visit.

MITCH. Sure.

MORRIE. Not the way most people visit, drop a few flowers, get back in the car. I want you to come when you have some time. Bring a blanket. Pack a lunch.

MITCH. A lunch?!

MORRIE. You always bring food.

MITCH. You never eat it!

MORRIE. (*Wry.*) Well, I won't eat it then either. Bring your lunch, sit ... and talk to me. Tell me your problems. Tell me about what's going on in the world. Make it a Tuesday. You always come on Tuesdays.

MITCH. Wait, you want me to come to the cemetery, have a picnic at your tombstone, and talk to the air?

MORRIE. Just like we're talking now.

MITCH. Well, it's not gonna be like we're talking now because ... you won't be able to talk back.

MORRIE. I'll make you a deal. After I'm dead, you talk ... I'll *listen*.

MITCH. Coach ... I don't know how to say goodbye.

MORRIE. This ... is how we say ... goodbye ... Love you.

MITCH. I love you, too.

MORRIE. I know ... I know something else ... too ...

MITCH. What?

MORRIE. You ... always ... have (*Cries.*) ... (*Morrie weeps. Finally Mitch's tears come. He cries and cries. After it's over ...*)

MORRIE. If I could have had another son, I would have liked it to be you.

MITCH. (*Rises, sniffs.*) I'll, uh, I'll be back next Tuesday. I'll expect you to be a little more alert by then, thank you. OK?

MORRIE. OK ... Mitch?

MITCH. Yeah? ...

MORRIE. (*Victorious.*) ... Made you cry. (*Inhales, exhales.*) One ... two ... (*Morrie's bed goes away. He is gone. Light change. Mitch comes downstage. Into a light.*)

MITCH. (*To us.*) Two days after that Morrie stopped breathing. Charlotte kept the funeral small, as Morrie wanted. And I flew back to Detroit. The class was over. All the way home, I kept hearing Morrie's voice: "You talk, I'll listen." And in that little phrase, I finally figured out what Morrie knew that I didn't. If you lead your life as Morrie did, with people as the priority, making memories, giving of yourself, then when you die, you're not really gone. You live inside the hearts of everyone you've ever touched. So when they visit a cemetery or they're walking alone or when they're playing the piano you taught them to play. They can hear everything you've ever given them. (*Lights change.*) The next time I visited the cemetery, I brought a blanket and some food and laid out a picnic. Morrie was right. It was a lovely spot. "You talk, I'll listen." I tried doing that and, to my surprise, the conversation felt almost natural. I realized why. It was Tuesday. (*Mitch goes and sits at the piano. Music: "The Very Thought of You." Lights upstage reveal Morrie dancing. Lights fade.*)

End of Play