

Mitch - A

TUESDAYS WITH MORRIE

A spare playing space. Tracks bring in props and stage pieces. At rise a piano is set onstage. A light comes up on Mitch Albom.

MITCH. *(To us.)* The last class of my old professor's life met once a week, in his house, by a window in the study where he could watch a small hibiscus plant shed its leaves. The subject of the class was The Meaning of Life. It was taught from experience. There was no required reading, but many topics were covered: love, work, aging, family, community, forgiveness ... and death. The class met on Tuesdays and had only one student. I was that student. This is Professor Morrie Schwartz. *(Lights up on Morrie Schwartz upstage center. He looks out front. He has a slight smile on his face, like he knows a secret. Mitch sits at the piano.)* This is Morrie Schwartz dancing. *(Mitch plays a tune akin to "Tiko Tiko."** Morrie suddenly changes his pose to that of a Latin dancer, caught in the middle of a particularly passionate dance step.) Morrie is dancing the tango. *(Light change. Mitch plays a tune akin to "Cheek to Cheek."** Morrie changes his pose again, and his arms are high, his eyes shut.) This is Morrie dancing the foxtrot ... *(Looks closely.)* ... There's kind of a "Fiddler on the Roof" thing going on there. *(Light change. Mitch plays a tune akin to "Sing Sing."** Morrie changes his pose again. His arms are in a wide stretch. He's crouching. His right leg is in the air. His eyes are wide.) And this? ... I don't know what this is. *(Mitch plays "The Very Thought of You." Morrie closes his eyes, and starts to move to his own inner rhythm.)* Morrie used to go to this church in Harvard Square every week for something called "Dance Free," which he took very literally. He'd grab a partner or dance by himself. He didn't care. He could've danced forever. *(Mitch stops playing. The music stops. A little echo of the last note remains. Mitch stands. Morrie comes downstage.)*

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